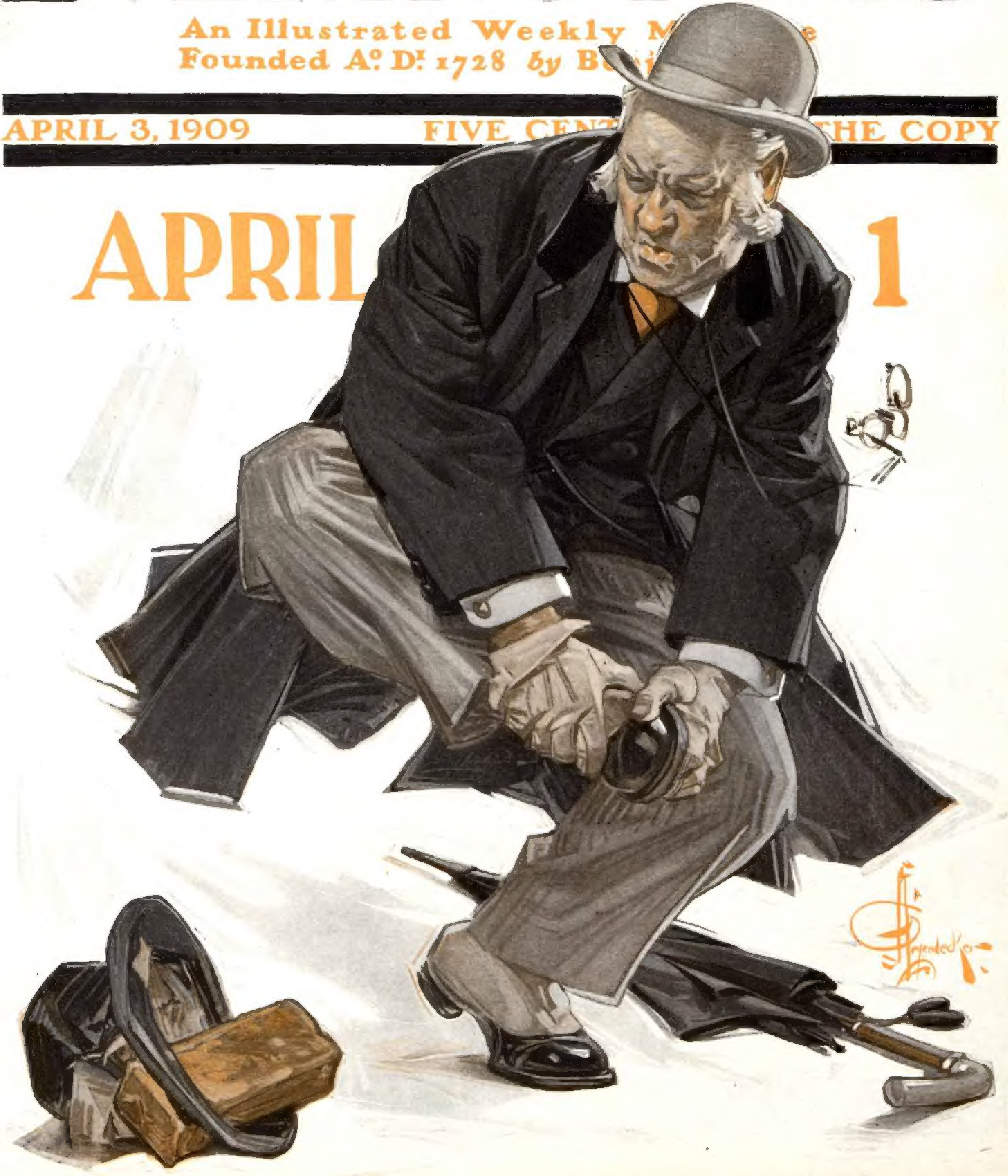
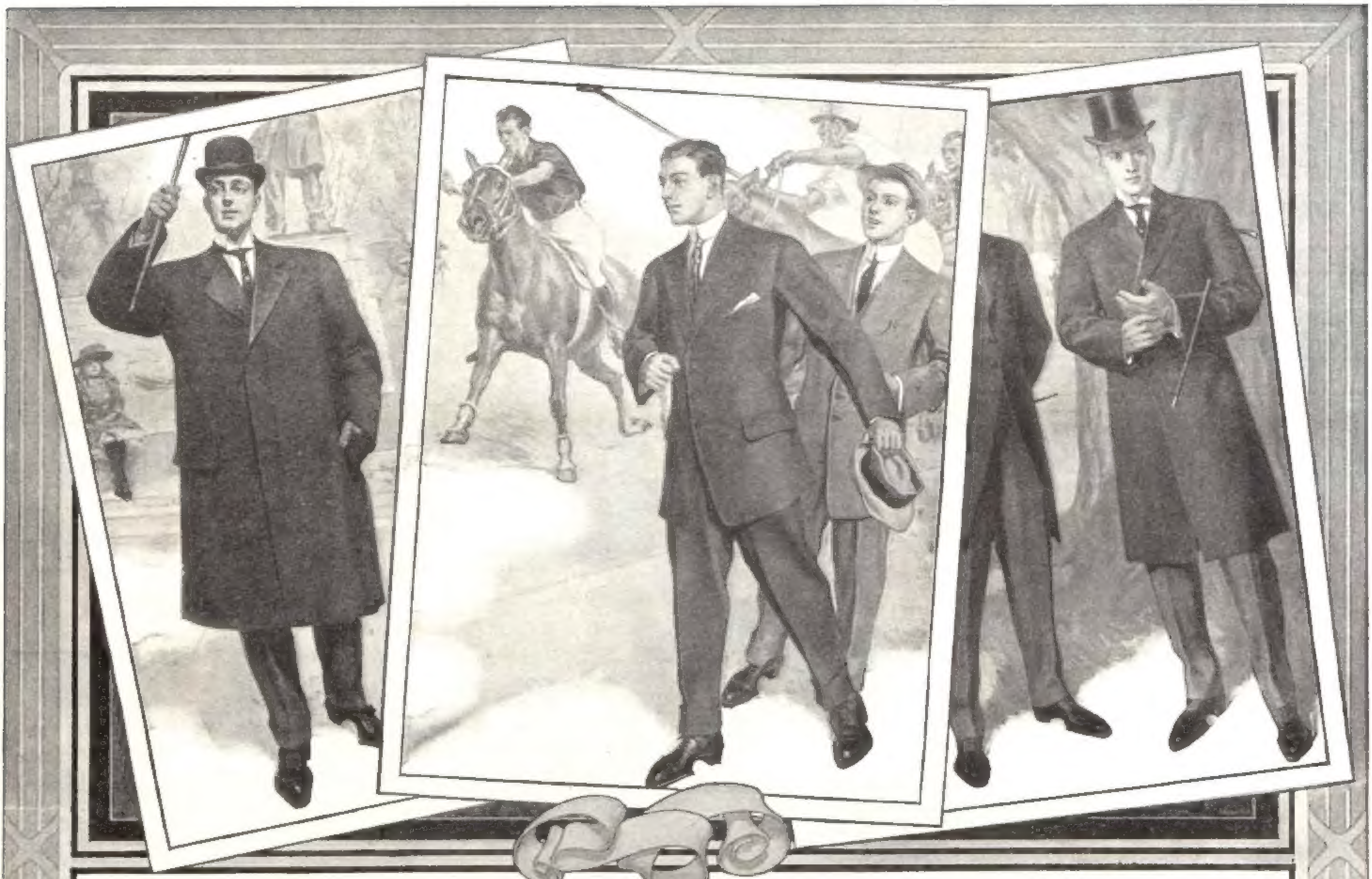
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly M e
Founded A° D° 1728 by B

APRIL 3, 1909 FIVE CENT THE COPY


APRIL 1
JCLeyendecker



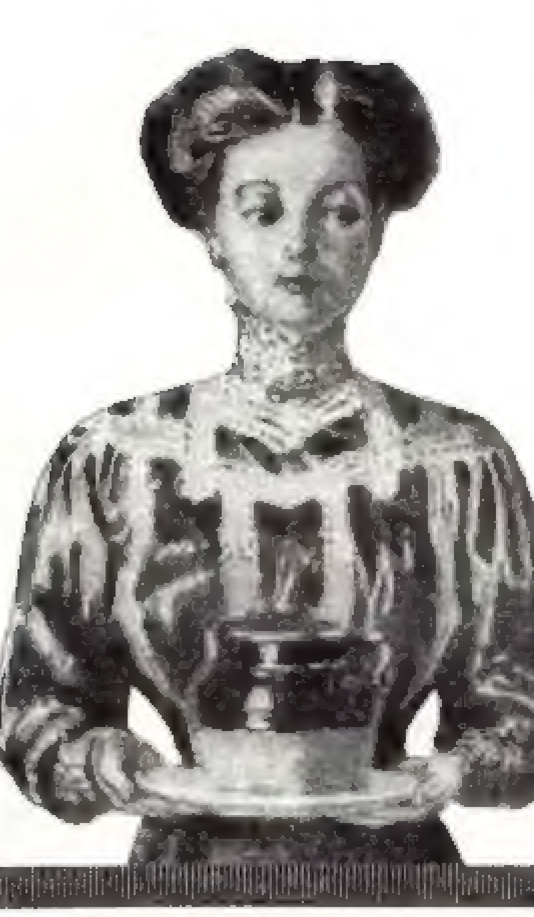
Copyright 1909 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

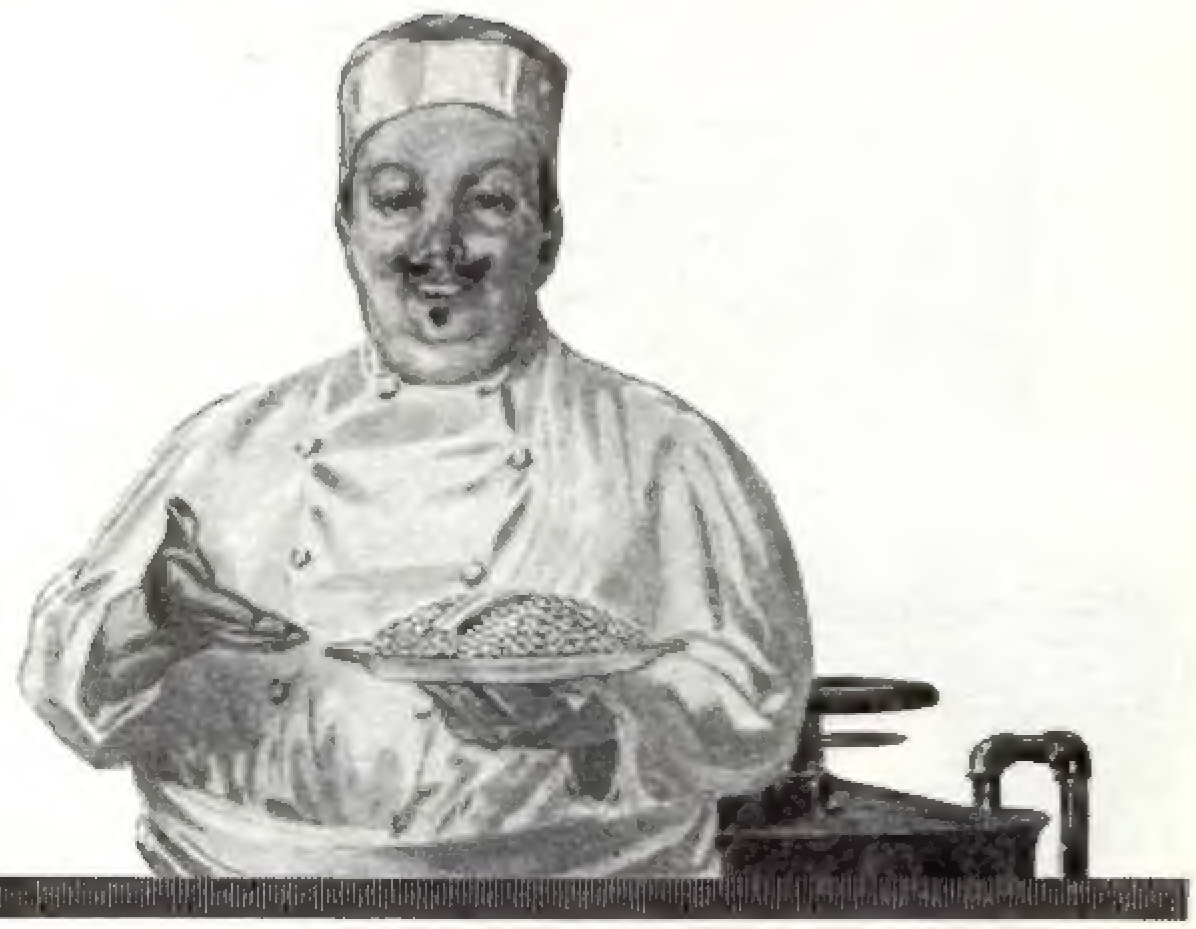
THE important thing in buying clothes is to know beforehand how they're going to look, on you; the important thing in selling them is to show you just that, as well as we can, and then be sure that the clothes are as good as we lead you to expect.

That's practically all there is to our success as clothes makers; we make them right in style, in quality, in tailoring; we adhere to the highest standards of quality; none but all-wool fabrics find a place with us; and then we show the clothes as they are.

We have so many good styles that you really need the Style Book; sent for six cents.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers
Chicago Boston New York





Your Way

You buy the dry beans that your grocer sells, for you have no means of selection. You soak and parboil them in several waters, as we do.

Then you bake in dry heat, because you lack a steam oven. The beans, in the process, become mushy and broken. The top beans become crisped in the baking, but the beans below are rarely heated above 100 degrees.

That heat is not half sufficient. It can't break up the particles so the digestive juices can get to them. So your beans—instead of digesting—ferment and form gas.

You can't bake the tomato sauce into the beans, so you add it on top as a dressing.

You have gone to a deal of trouble, and used considerable fuel. But the dish which results is a primitive one. Some beans are over-baked, some are under-baked. All are mushy and broken, heavy and hard to digest.

So you serve baked beans—Nature's choicest food—perhaps only once a week.

This isn't criticism. The fault isn't yours. It lies in your lack of facilities.

Our Way

We buy the choicest Michigan beans—the whitest, the plumpest, the fullest grown. They are picked out by hand from the cream of the crop. They cost us $2.25 per bushel, while some beans sell as low as 30 cents.

We bake in a steam oven—in a heat of 245 degrees. Thus no beans are crisped, no skins are broken. The beans come out as people like them—nutty, mealy and whole.

We bake in small parcels, so the full heat goes through. All beans are baked alike. And all are baked until they are digestible—until they don't ferment and form gas.

We make our tomato sauce of whole ripe tomatoes, picked when the juice fairly sparkles. It costs us five times what common sauce would cost. But the flavor and zest are worth it.

Then we bake the beans, the pork and tomato sauce all together, and get a delicious blend.

We send you the dish ready for instant serving. No work and no waiting. It comes to you just as fresh and savory as it came from our ovens. Your people delight in it—want it often. You can serve it in some form daily.

Van Camp's

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

If you but knew what you miss—what your people are missing—you would cease to serve your home-baked beans. Try one can of Van Camp's and see.

Beans are 23% nitrogenous—84% nutriment. They contain more food value, pound for pound, than does the choicest beef. Yet they cost not a third as much.

There's no other way to get so much food value at such a little cost.

Serve beans as your people like them. Serve them so that they will digest. Then serve them often, for your people won't tire of them. You will save in labor, and save on your meat bills. Try it.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

This Paint Protects Your Buildings

WHEN your buildings need painting, every day's delay costs you money. Lumber is too expensive to permit it to decay for want of a little paint. ***Good paint*** is fully as important as insurance—but, be sure of ***good,*** reliable paint. Pure White Lead and pure linseed oil mixed with the color at time of painting, have been, for hundreds of years, the only safe and sure protection against the elements—Rain, Sun, Snow and Wind. Other combinations may temporarily beautify, but will not permanently protect.

Pure White Lead Paint forms a tough, elastic film, which expands and contracts with the weather changes. It will never crack, scale or check—only years of wear will remove it.

The Pure White Lead, linseed oil and colors should be mixed at the time of painting and nothing else added or the strength and elasticity of the paint film will suffer. The addition of other ingredients destroys the perfect combination that exists between pure white lead and linseed oil, and the paint film becomes brittle. It no longer expands or contracts without breaking. Fine cracks, no matter how small, allow moisture to reach the wood and your buildings are no longer protected.

White Lead Substitutes

Beware of paints containing substitutes for pure white lead, such as barytes, silica, clay, whiting, chalk, etc., also zinc in excessive quantities.

Zinc is a very white pigment often added to ordinary brands of white lead to make them white. Zinc—the pigment—has the qualities of zinc the metal. Zinc is very brittle. This brittleness prevents paints containing zinc from contracting and expanding with weather changes. Such paint soon cracks and scales off.

Lead—the paint, has the qualities of lead—the metal. Sheet lead is ductile, plastic, elastic and can be twisted, stretched or molded into almost any form without breaking.

Barytes is a soft stone, quarried for the purpose of adulteration. Silica is sometimes called glass sand and has no paint value. The only excuse for adding these ingredients is that they are white and cheap.

Clay, Whiting and Chalk, need no description—they make excellent calcimine—but poor paint.

"Paints" containing these substitute pigments soon perish, crack and scale, and must be burned off before a new coat of real paint can be successfully applied—an expensive operation.

CARTER
Strictly Pure
White Lead

How to Know Pure Paint

The test for pure paint is very simple—any one can make it. Make a small hole in a piece of charcoal, in it place a small piece of the white lead to be tested. Direct a steady flame from an alcohol lamp by means of a blowpipe. If the white lead is pure, it will reduce to metallic lead. If a blowpipe is not available, the following test is just as sure and is more easily made: Place a piece of Carter White Lead, about the size of a pin head, on a match, half an inch from the head and light the match. Hold one or two lighted matches immediately under the lead. The white lead will quickly reduce to small globules of metallic lead, easily seen on close inspection. "White Lead," in the least adulterated, cannot be reduced in this or any other way and is unfit for use.

What Whiteness Means

Having satisfied yourself of purity, next consider the quality of the pure white lead. There are many pure leads, but a vast difference in their quality.

WHITENESS is the positive proof of quality in a pure lead.

CARTER White Lead is the WHITEST pure lead you can buy. Other leads look gray by comparison with Carter—compare for yourself and see. This supreme whiteness means exceptional purity—it means that the modern Carter Process has eliminated every particle of discoloration and impurity.

WHITENESS means fineness of grain—the reduction of the metallic lead is perfect. This fineness makes Carter spread farther, just as a cup of flour will spread farther than a cup of wheat—it means economy in painting.

WHITENESS means even quality. Every ounce in every keg of Carter is just like every ounce in every other keg. Ask your painter what this means.

WHITENESS means stronger, truer, more brilliant and durable colors. Remember this point in particular.

Carter Pure White Lead will never crack or scale. It forms a tough, durable and elastic film which only years of wear will remove. Houses painted with Carter White Lead are really protected with a thin sheet of metallic lead—think what that means.

By the pound, CARTER costs a trifle more than other leads. Figured by yards of surface covered and years of wear, however, it is the most economical paint you can buy. Carter is sold by all reliable dealers—used by ***first class*** painters. When you paint, engage your best painter and insist upon the use of CARTER PURE WHITE LEAD.

VALUABLE BOOK AND COLOR SCHEMES

Every owner of a building should have a copy of our valuable book, "PURE PAINT," with set of modern color schemes. The book tells how to test paint for purity, enabling you to detect adulteration before the paint is applied—it will save you guess work. With the book we will send you six accurately colored half tone prints from photographs of houses showing several very effective modern color schemes applied to different types of architecture. These phototypes have been prepared with great care and at large expense. They will give you a nearly exact idea of how you want to paint your home. No doubt, you will find among them a type of house similar to yours and a color scheme to match. A postal card will bring the book and the color schemes—send for them today.

Carter White Lead Company

12040 S. Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

Factories: Chicago—Omaha

"To be sure
it's pure,
look for
CARTER
on the keg"

"We will pay $100.00 and cost of Analysis for the detection of any adulteration in this, or any other package bearing this brand"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Copyright, 1909 by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY in the United States and Great Britain. Founded AºDⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.
Volume 181 PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 3, 1909 Number 40

The Theatrical Syndicate From the Inside —The Story of Its Growth and Profits

By Marc Klaw

(OF KLAW & ERLANGER)

SHORTLY before Sir Henry Irving's last trip to America, Mr. Bram Stoker, his business manager, came to New York from London on a fast liner to arrange the American tour. Mr. Stoker arrived in New York on Saturday, came to the offices of Klaw & Erlanger that afternoon, and returned to England on the following Wednesday's steamer, bearing with him contracts signed and sealed for a thirty weeks' tour on this side. To the Englishman, accustomed to his deliberate system of booking a tour in the provinces, the rapidity with which this tour was arranged, together with all the details of the contracts, was almost incomprehensible.

The following May I happened to be crossing the stage of the Drury Lane Theater in London with Mr. Arthur Collins, the manager of the house, while Sir Henry was conducting a rehearsal of The Merchant of Venice, with Miss Wynne Matthison as Portia. Sir Henry stopped the rehearsal long enough to permit me to pay my respects to him. Referring to the so-called American Theatrical Syndicate he said:

"What a wonderful plant you must have to have enabled Stoker to arrange the tour so quickly."

I laughingly told Sir Henry that our plant consisted largely of lead-pencils and rubber erasers, and that Mr. Erlanger and I very often referred to the institution as the "Rubber Trust."

The great booking agency, commonly known as the Theatrical Syndicate, was the inevitable outgrowth of the chaotic conditions which existed in the theatrical world before its formation and which made the operation of a theater or an attraction the most precarious and hazardous of commercial enterprises. Less than a score of years ago an overwhelming percentage of the business of the theater was conducted on the sidewalk, in hotel offices, cafés and, I regret to say, places of even less respectability. The manager who had a star, a play or an opera which he wanted to present to the public wandered over the sunbaked streets of New York in the dog-days of June, July and August in the hope of meeting some of the managers of theaters in order to book dates for the following season. The business was done with a small book and pencil, and with about as much dignity and system as a bookmaker registers a bet on a horse-race on Suburban Day. On the other hand, the out-of-town manager, lessee or owner of a theater came to New York in the hope of meeting some one who had an attraction so that the time of his theater in the small town where he lived might be properly filled. It was the era of curbstone management, and, like the curb stock market, was decidedly speculative.

The Old-Time Methods of Dog Eat Dog

IN ORDER that the reader may have an intelligent understanding of the technical details that follow, it may be well to explain that, in theatrical terminology, the lessee or operator of a theater is called the "local" or "theater" manager, while the man who has a traveling company is known as the "combination" or "producing" manager. The theater, then as now, was an expensive establishment, and if a local manager from Detroit or Cleveland or Louisville found four or five out of a possible thirty weeks' season unfilled when he went back home in September, he realized that the loss entailed by this open time would come very near eating up his whole season's profits.

At that time there were a few booking agents, but the booking agent represented a few theaters and was unable to fill any appreciable time of a traveling company's season. In New York, the manager was an autocrat who dictated unbelievable terms to the traveling company. Few except the New York manager made a penny out of a New York engagement. Usually the New York autocrat took five hundred or a thousand dollars out of the gross receipts before any division was declared with the traveling company, even though the traveling company's expenses were as large as the theater's. The local managers and the producing managers were at the mercy of each other. Many a local manager found when he got back home that the traveling manager with whom he had booked in good faith was holding the same time in one or more other theaters so that he could pit one against the other to get the best terms. To offset this, an unscrupulous local manager, who found when he got home that he could book a better attraction than the one already booked, deliberately canceled the first engagement. This caused the traveling company much trouble and expense in rearranging its tour.

Out of this chaos of conflicting interests sprang a desire for a larger booking agency which could offer consecutive seasons to both traveling and local managers.

How the Managers Joined Forces

EARLY in 1896 Mr. Al Hayman, who owned the Empire Theater in New York; Mr. Charles Frohman, who leased and operated that theater and who also conducted a booking agency which included in its representation a chain of Western theaters whose time was controlled by Mr. Hayman; Mr. Erlanger and I, who, at that time, were booking attractions for practically the entire South, and Messrs. Nixon & Zimmerman, of Philadelphia, who were operating some of the best houses in that city, met by chance at a luncheon at the Holland House in New York. The three years following the panic of 1893 had brought about a great depression in the theatrical business as in other commercial enterprises, and at this luncheon we discussed the theatrical demoralization, the looseness with which contracts were entered into and violated, the big losses resulting from small traveling companies being pitted against each other in small towns which could only support one first-class attraction, and the useless traveling expenses which were piled up by sudden shifts and rearrangements of tours.

We decided, then and there, that the betterment of the whole theatrical business would be achieved if the bookings of all the theaters could be centered in one office. Within a few weeks we had organized those theaters which we ourselves were representing, into one chain; had arranged that all the open time of these theaters should be on file in our offices, that they should be booked in connection with each other, and that the managers of traveling companies could apply there for time. It was understood from the start that, when time and terms had been agreed upon, the respective contracts should be submitted to the local managers for their approval and signature. This was the beginning of that great bugaboo, the so-called Theatrical

Trust, as foreign to the popular idea of a trust as anything could possibly be. If, during the past twelve years, this booking agency, so widely heralded as The Octopus, has become more and more powerful, it is only because it has rendered great service to its clients who have given it that power and who can take that power away any time they choose.

That memorable meeting at the Holland House marked an epoch in the history of the American theater. Within a year a complete revolution had been effected in the methods of transacting theatrical business. Management became a dignified calling and was removed from the curb and the café. In compelling the fulfillment of contracts actors, authors and mechanics of all kinds connected with the theater were assured of steady employment and honest returns.

How the Booking Machinery Works

THE machinery which made possible the arranging of Sir Henry Irving's tour, as related at the beginning of this article, was at the command and within the reach of the smallest manager in a remote Texas town. In fact, that far-away manager does not have to come to New York, because his open time is on file in our office and we are able to know, by keeping in touch with him, what attractions are most desired for his section of the country. By "open time" I mean a memorandum of such weeks of the theatrical season for which he has not made engagements for attractions.

On the other hand, the traveling manager living in a remote part of the United States can come to New York and, within forty-eight hours, go back home with contracts signed for a whole season's tour safely stowed away in his pocket. Better still, he can stay at home and within a week have done all this by correspondence with us.

All this is done by the following very simple process:

In large books, properly printed and indexed for the purpose, we keep a record of all the theaters we own, operate or represent in the order of the cities in which they are located, and, consequently, "played." For example, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington would be found on consecutive pages because they follow each other in the natural progress of a traveling company. Then there are other books arranged in the same way for cities of smaller size, which are played to fill in the time between the big cities, as it is not always convenient to go, for example, direct from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. This minimizes the cost of railroad fares, which, in view of the growing size of companies and the high rates under Interstate Commerce regulations, is a very important item of expense.

Let us assume, for the purpose of a concrete illustration, that Manager John Jones, of Oshkosh, comes into our offices to have a certain number of weeks booked at his house. We simply ask him when he wants to begin his season. If he says September 1, we say to him: "All right, your time will be filled."

We know from our books just what companies will be going West, and since we make the time ourselves we know just when to put these companies into Mr. Jones' house. It is important not to put too many companies playing the same kind of plays in the same territory at the same time. You must follow comedy with serious plays and then bring in a musical piece.

Since the theatrical business is so precarious, it follows that companies fail, new attractions spring up, theaters sometimes close, and there must inevitably be changes in a program set so far ahead. The result is that we are constantly shifting attractions around. Every Monday morning we go over our books to see what time is open. We might find that Charleston, Savannah and adjacent cities will need attractions for a few weeks, several months hence. We find from our bookings that there have been few musical shows down there; so we book them in. If the star or leading woman in a company suddenly falls sick, and the time must be canceled, it takes swift movement to substitute a good piece in a hurry.

Mr. Erlanger's Business Memory

WHEN a traveling manager comes in to have a tour booked the plan is also simple. We ask him when he wants to begin and in what section he wants to travel. If he should select the West we book his tour, first selecting the large cities, but not in consecutive order. Then we fill in the weeks between these cities with one-night stands in the smaller towns, always keeping in mind that there must be no conflict with similar attractions in the same territory at the same time.

In a word, the syndicate managers move theatrical companies like pawns, with the country as a chess board.

Presiding faithfully and relentlessly over these books at all times is my partner, Mr. A. L. Erlanger, who combines with a natural head for mathematics the most marvelous memory I ever knew. Many times at luncheon with his other associates and myself, when some question was asked about an attraction that was going on the road, I have heard him tell the exact whereabouts of fifty or sixty companies scattered all over the United States, and, I believe, he could do this for a whole year ahead.

Here is an example of the way his memory works: Shortly after the opening of Miss Mabel Taliaferro's New York season in Polly of the Circus, her husband, Mr. Frederic Thompson, joined us at luncheon one day. It was his opinion that Miss Taliaferro would have to go on tour shortly after Washington's Birthday. Mr. Erlanger, without a moment's hesitation, and between soup and fish, writing with a lead pencil on the back of the menu card, gave him a tour beginning with the week of February 22 and ending some time in May. When we got back to the office and looked into the time book we found that, in every instance, Mr. Erlanger was correct in the dates he had selected, and, in every instance but two, he had properly quoted the opposition attractions in every house of the cities in which Miss Taliaferro would play.

A conspicuous example of the advantages of our organization in a crisis was evidenced during the last yellow fever epidemic in New Orleans, when many companies scattered throughout various parts of the South were all making New Orleans and Texas their objective points. We quickly rearranged the time of these companies, sending them East and West. Then we made up a company of the actors and actresses quarantined in New Orleans, transforming them temporarily into a big stock company, and kept them there for weeks, thus enabling them to make a living and at the same time lightening the gloom of the stricken city. For this we received the grateful thanks of the most prominent citizens of the community. Without our organization in such a crisis hundreds of actors would have been thrown out of employment and many places would have been deprived of theatrical amusement.

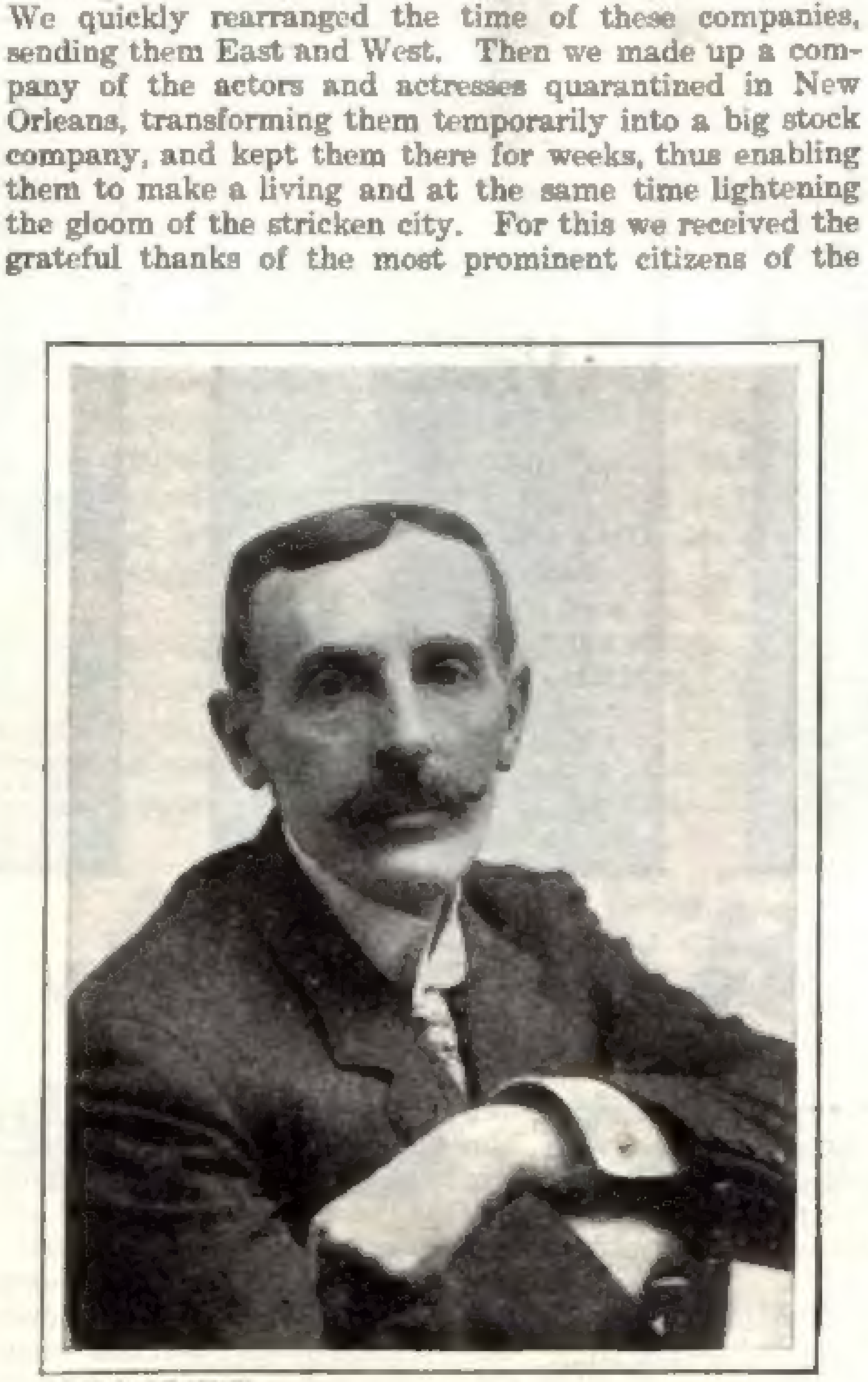


PHOTO. BY WHITE, NEW YORK

Marc Klaw

After the great earthquake at San Francisco and before that, following the floods of the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys, we have given illustrations of the advantages of our system of booking attractions. Previous to the organization, these emergencies and disasters would have entailed incalculable loss to the managers and playhouses and actors. The traditional idea that the disbanded actor walks the railroad ties has been eliminated by the introduction of business methods into theatricals, and we have never had a company that did not retreat in good order if its season was unsuccessful.

In brief, the Syndicate is a clearing-house for the theater manager and the play producer. It is the medium through which they do business with each other. Confining itself strictly to the matter of bookings, its influence upon stage productions has, of necessity, been neutral, beyond the fact that it has insisted upon reputable plays.

There has been a great deal of discussion this year, especially in New York, about vicious plays. Unfortunately we cannot have a pure food law for the drama that will label every play good or bad (incidentally, I should not want to be the Doctor Wiley of this task), but those performances which are clearly catering to pernicious tastes and instincts and whose advertisements clearly indicate the intent should be frowned upon. Speaking for the Syndicate, we will not book such plays in the theaters we own, control or represent.

Plays and actors continue to be good or bad, as they always have been and always will be. It is true that some of the members of the Syndicate are play producers, but they are individually responsible for the merits and demerits of their productions, just as other managers are.

The performance in the theater may be artistic or it may be allied to art, but the business conduct of the theater *is, and must be, commercial.* The theater in the United States is still a private enterprise without subsidies of any kind, and so long as it is so its business conduct must be carefully guarded and guided as in other commercial enterprises. The erection of a so-called New Theater in New York may demonstrate advantages of an endowed theater, but that remains to be seen.

The Conflict Between Art and Business

THE hue and cry that has been raised about the alleged "commercialization of the drama" is as illogical as it is ridiculous. The theater to be successful must be conducted on a business basis. Even poets must be fed. So with all artistic enterprises. The greatest magazine, with a purpose so lofty and æsthetic as to be a real inspiration, must have a counting-room and business offices, just as the paintings of a Sargent or a Whistler must, at some time, find their sale through the medium of an art dealer who is a business man. There will always be a conflict of opinion between the business and artistic sides of the theater, just as there must often be between the editorial department and the counting-room of a newspaper.

The other night I picked up a magazine of the forties, and read an arraignment by a well-known writer of the time of the managers of New York and of England because they were giving too many performances of Shakespeare. It was claimed by the critic that penuriousness inspired this, and that they were simply producing the Great Bard's plays because there were no royalties to pay on them. According to this writer, the English stage of that day had become debauched by a lot of purse-proud individuals who had favorites to exploit and who foisted them upon the public irrespective of what the box-office receipts showed. A commercialism which makes the success or failure of a star depend upon public approval or disapproval seems to me to be preferable to the conditions existing then.

An attempt is made now and then to draw a parallel between the theater and the railroad as a public institution. There is this difference to be remembered: a railroad takes up the public highway, which is yours and mine and everybody's. The theater, on the other hand, does not take up one inch for which it does not pay—and, in most cases, it pays twice as much as anybody else would pay for the same thing.

The theater, in my opinion, is not primarily, but incidentally, an educator of the public. It does not exist to dictate to public taste but to satisfy public demand, and by public demand I do not mean the "first night" theatergoer. I mean that great home-loving, respectable and intelligent majority which is often alienated from the theater by distasteful plays.

There has always been a great deal of curiosity and misapprehension about the emoluments coming to us for the service we render as booking agents. It has been insisted for years that we get a percentage of the gross receipts. I wish we did. If such were the case we could make the critics of our so-called "commercialism" green with envy. Our payment has always been based upon profits. Whenever any local manager has come to us (and let it be distinctly understood that we have never solicited business in our lives) to have his house represented or booked by our institution, we have always based our commission on what we could earn for him. In other words, we have usually allowed him to deduct his rent and all other expenses and a good living salary for himself. After that we get a percentage of the remaining profits. In some of the smaller towns we have received as much as 5 per cent of the manager's share, which is vastly different from getting, as some of our critics have maintained, 5 per cent of the gross receipts.

Splitting Up the Profits

TO ILLUSTRATE: Suppose an Uncle Tom's Cabin company plays an engagement in Geneva, New York. The company exacts 70 per cent of the gross receipts and the home house, or local manager, gets thirty. A big house there would be five hundred dollars, of which the traveling company, on the basis just enumerated, would get three hundred and fifty dollars and the local manager one hundred and fifty dollars. Of this we should get the munificent sum of seven dollars and fifty cents, which is 5 per cent of the manager's share. Now, if we got 5 per cent of the gross receipts we would get twenty-five dollars, or 16⅔ per cent, of the manager's share, which is vastly different from getting 5 per cent of his share.

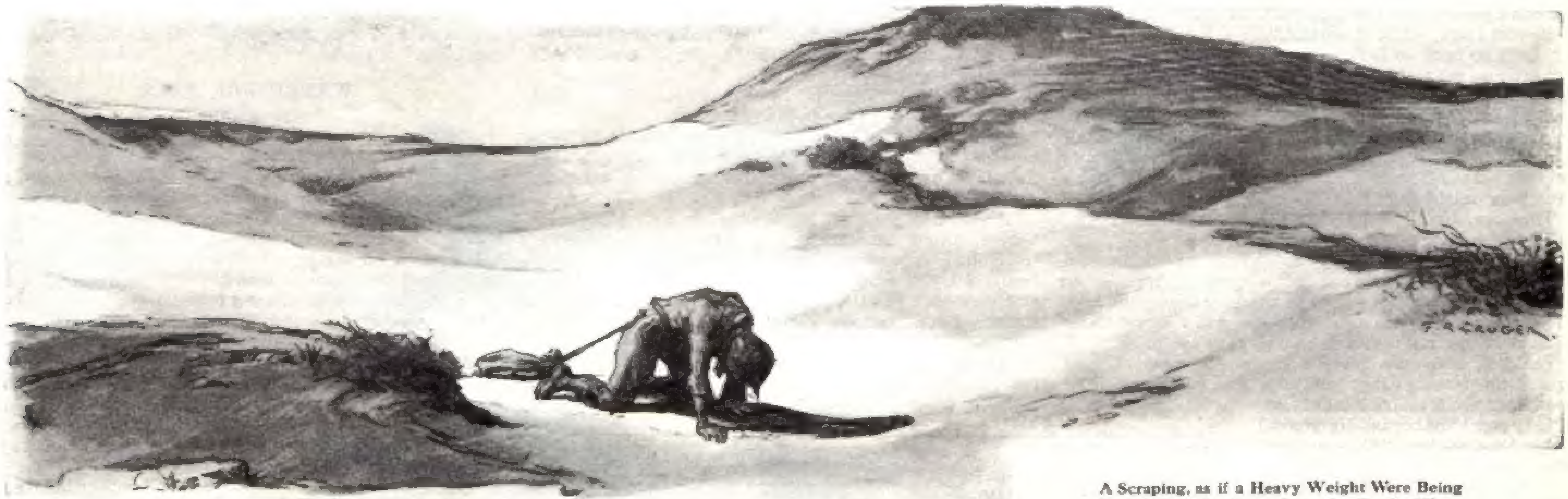
The question of terms between a traveling attraction and a local theater has always been a matter of individual

(Concluded on Page 38)

FIGGERIN' JIM

By ELEANOR GATES

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



A Scraping, as if a Heavy Weight Were Being Pulled Foot by Foot Over the Rocky Waste

A Deal in Water and Quartz

THE camp-fire glowed on the wide level of the desert like a star fallen out of the wider reaches of the cloudy sky. Beside the fire, within the narrow circle of its warmth, lay two blanket-wrapped sleepers, the man's long, lank figure outstretched, so that his feet were close to the double line of stones that compassed the embers; the woman's brown head touching the shaggy head of her husband, and her back rounded comfortably. Beyond the fire stood the white-topped prairie-schooner, two horses tied to the brake-rod on its outer side.

A desert stillness was over the camp. The team had long since finished the grinding of their feed, and now dozed, standing, shifting their weight only occasionally, with a soft rub of their ropes against the wheels. The fire had ceased to snap and crackle; with now a little movement and, again, a tiny start of flame, it was noiselessly settling. The breathing of the sleepers was quiet. One sound broke the silence—at steadily lengthening intervals. From under the bed of the wagon came the musically clear *drip, drip, drip* of water.

Suddenly, another sound—out of the blackness toward the east. It was a scraping, as if a heavy weight were being pulled foot by foot over the rocky waste. Gradually it came nearer. The horses heard it and raised their heads to look and listen. Soon there mingled with the scraping a stifled breathing that was not from the sleepers at the fire. Then, after a long wait, there emerged from out of the dark, advancing to the end of the wagon-pole by laborious inches and with frequent halts, a creeping Something.

The horses backed to the end of their ropes and blew with fear. The Thing at the end of the wagon-pole answered with a gasp and dragged its way forward to the whiffletrees, where it lay prone for a long moment; to the shadow midway of the wagon-box, where it rested again, panting weakly; for an arm's length more, when it uttered a low, hoarse, choking cry. It crawled no farther. With great effort, and after twice falling back to the ground, it struggled up to the wagon-bed. Then there came, from where the clear drip had sounded, a frantic sucking.

A horse snorted and pulled at his rope, rattling the brake-rod. Instantly the man beyond the fire sat up, reaching one hand under his blanket for a weapon. A moment he waited, listening and peering. Then, "Who's there?" he called out sharply.

There was no reply. But a bulk, black and partly upright, swayed in the shadows under the wagon.

"Who's *there?* I'll shoot! Mary!"

The woman roused, throwing aside her covers. Her hair was in disorder about her frightened, girlish face. Her eyes were wide with sudden alarm. "Jim! What is it?" She scrambled on hands and knees to crouch behind him.

"Don't know. A' animal, likely. Sh!"

They waited, watching. The fire glinted on the steel of his revolver and on her wide eyes, now tearful with fear.

A moment, and a piteous moan came to them.

Each gave the other a startled look. Then Jim rose to his feet, letting his blankets fall, and stepped forward, stooping as he went, the revolver ready at his knee. Mary followed him, one timid hand holding to his coat. They skirted the fire and stole beyond it, far enough to bring the wagon between them and the light. Here, Jim stooped lower, Mary still at his back, and advanced to a hind wheel. Then, dropping to one knee, he at once leveled the revolver and struck a match.

"A man!" They cried it together and recoiled. The black bulk was a man, bareheaded and in rags, kneeling, with his hands clutching the rear axle of the schooner. His bearded face was toward them, but lifted. His mouth was pressed hard against the drip of the wagon.

The match burned out. "My Gawd!" said Jim, and dropped his weapon. He reached a long arm between the wheels, grasped the man by a shoulder and drew him out. "Light the lantern, kid," he bade, and carried the man bodily to the pile of blankets.

When Mary brought the lantern and held it tremblingly above the stranger, husband and wife looked down upon a face masked by dirt that was cemented with sweat and blood. The eyes were half-closed, dull and red, the nostrils torn, the lips cracked, the mouth clogged, the tongue ——

The man moaned again, feebly moving his head from side to side, and striving to move his tortured lips and tongue. Then he opened his eyes and stared wildly.

"Water," said Jim; "in the basin." He lifted the wagging head to his lap.

Mary brought the water—a basin full—all the while whispering questions.

"He's a greaser, I figger," said Jim, "an' about done fer. It's funny how some fellers just *will* monkey with this valley." He hunted his own big, red handkerchief, pushed it under the water in the basin and, having soaked it, lifted it to let a few drops fall into the open mouth of the sufferer. Then, after dipping his handkerchief again and squeezing it, he wiped carefully at the grimy face.

The man struggled a little, raising his chin and trying to raise his body. He reached up with one shaking hand.

Jim restrained him gently. "I'll give you four more drops," he said soothingly. "Say, you had a close shave, didn't y'?"—wiping again. "Wal, you'll be all right in a jiffy. We'll do our best fer y', yas, we will. Why, Mary! He's a *white* man!"

She held the lantern closer. Wherever Jim had wiped clean the forehead, hollow cheeks and thin neck of the stranger there was now revealed a fair skin.

"He's a prospector, mebbe," she said in a low voice.

At that the man turned his head to stare at her. After watching her a moment out of burning eyes he struggled to his hands and knees.

"Here, here!" reproved Jim. Again he put a restraining arm about the other and drew him back. "I ain't done with you; no, sir. I got to finish washin' your face an' hands. They feel like sandpaper. Now, lean back." He pressed the fevered head against his shoulder and wet the eager lips with the handkerchief.

At the end of an hour Jim and Mary were aware that the wanderer knew them for fellow-humans. There was understanding in his look, and he smiled—gruesomely enough. A little strength had returned, so that he was able to help brace himself into a sitting posture. He took a survey of the fire, the wagon and them. Presently, with painful effort, he framed one word—"Hungry."

"I'll git him a cracker," said Mary.

"Dip it," advised Jim. "I'm goin' to give him one hull swaller of water, an' besides that, he can have what'll stick to the cracker."

The man drank his swallow almost frenziedly, his hands helping Jim's to hold the cool dipper. Then, piece by piece, he ate the wet cracker. When he had finished, Jim laid him flat upon a blanket, covered him carefully with another, and blew out the lantern-light.

"Sleep's what he wants," said Mary. "You'd better lay down, too, honey."

"No, we might both git to snorin' an' let him drink hisself to death. *I* know them thirsty kind. The man ain't in his right mind. I'd better just keep my peepers open. He'll need another swaller pretty soon." He seated himself beside the coals, his knees up, his chin on them, and each hand grasping a sockless ankle.

"I'll stay awake, too, Jim." The young wife placed herself beside him, snuggling one hand under his arm. "I ain't over my scare yet. Let's put my blanket acrost our backs."

Thus they spent the earlier part of their watch. They spoke seldom, and then in undertones, for the stranger beneath Jim's blanket tossed and moaned and babbled incessantly, crying out in his thick voice a hundred things, none of which was understandable.

Jim sat with his face ever turned to the restless figure. Jim's was a striking visage, curiously homely, like a caricature. His sandy hair, now uncovered, grew in a stiff mop, forming heavy, overhanging eaves for his large, outstanding ears, for the back of his long, thin neck, for the deep hollows of his eyes. At the crown it made a tuft. His skin was as colorless as his hair. Over his sharp-peaked Roman nose it was stretched so tight that the peak seemed ready to come through; but elsewhere on his face there was too much of it. It stood in ridges under the eaves on his forehead, it lay in bias folds along the sides of his sun-browned neck, it fell into gores about his eyes. At either end of his big, good-natured mouth it disposed itself in a billow born of years of persistent smiling. His eyes were blue, a kindly, reflective, pale and —usually—sleepy blue. But now, as he kept his vigil, they were alert, and full of a compassion that transformed themselves and his whole plain countenance.

"Honey," ventured Mary, when the sick man had finally fallen into quiet, "mebbe we done wrong to put almost our last nickel in this team an' wagon an' try to come out here. Suppose we don't do much at Hull's Ledge, Jim?" She looked up at him anxiously.

Jim patted her rumpled hair. "I figger we can allus sell the team an' wagon fer just about what we paid fer 'em. An' ain't we got six barrels of water? We'll make good on that."

"How much money we got left?" she whispered. "We done pretty well in Los Angeles peddlin' that cleanin'-fluid."

Jim cocked his head at her. "Yas," he whispered back. "But, in the long run, I figger we'll lose on *that* proposition. That cleanin'-fluid, fer all the nice things the agent said about it, plumb et holes in my coat." Smiling, he reached into a pocket and drew forth a long, soiled buckskin bag which he turned upside down into his wife's lap.

"Eighteen dollars and ten cents," she counted. She slipped it back, coin by coin, into the bag. "I wish it was more, Jim—out here where it's so easy to die!"

He leaned his rough cheek down to touch hers, so smooth and round and childish. "This is the last prospectin' trip we make, kid," he said. "Do you say O. K.

to that? You know your paw, he never saved a red cent at this minin' business. Ev'ry year he drug his feet off over Californy lookin' fer gold, an' you an' your maw went without grub. I'm glad you see it don't pay. I'm a strong man. An' I'm fine at figgerin' things out. I'd keep you in dandy shape if we'd just put minin' outen our heads. We don't want t' live like your maw an' paw did, an' then —die like them, without nothin'."

"Let's go back to Lerida, Jim."

"After we sell the water, we will. An' I'll hunt a job with the team. Then, when we've got some money t'gether, we'll buy a lot in a town somewheres up around the bay, an' we'll build a little house on it, an' have a garden all around the house. An' you'll learn t' play the pyano an' sing. An' I'll learn t' eat with a fork, an' we'll join a church an' settle down."

"But, aw, Jim, if we only could strike it just *oncet!*"

The figure beyond the fire moved a little.

Jim began to whisper again. "Your paw allus said there was slathers of gold out in this country. He said the feller that would find it would be the feller that could take out enough water to last. But you can't carry water without burros, an' they drink up all they can pack."

The sick man was moving again. A moment, and he sat up, leaning uncertainly on one hand and fixed upon them a look that was full of fear.

"My sack!" he began. He croaked rather than spoke. "Do you hear? *Where's my sack?*"

"I ain't saw it," said Jim mildly. "Where did you leave it, my friend?"

The other made no reply. His head was lolling again. Presently he could prop himself up no longer and lay back, still covertly watching.

"Crazy as Lucifer," said Jim. "Likely as not that bag of his'n is fifty mile away—out yonder." He made a sweeping gesture with one arm. Through the night nothing was discernible save the ragged line cast upon the dark sky by the distant and darker mountains.

"I reckon our talkin' bothers him," said Mary. As Jim got to his feet to search for the dipper she curled down into her blanket again and soon was fast asleep.

Jim tucked her up carefully; next, brought a short length of board from the wagon-boot, mixed some flour in the bowl of a big tin spoon and began painstakingly to cut out tiny squares from an old newspaper. His task was difficult, for the firelight was dim. He finished it leisurely, however, pasting his cuts with much exactness. At the end of an hour he took the board back to the wagon, hung it conspicuously against the white cloth of the cover on the near side, and returned to the fire for a doze.

Meanwhile the man beyond the fire had not shut his eyes. Presently the clouds parted, letting down the light of the stars; then the eastern sky began slowly to brighten so that the dark shadows of the mountains drew back from the level desert. He got to his hands and knees—cautiously—and picked his way toward where the neck-yoke lay at the end of the wagon-pole. Every few feet he glanced back at the two by the dead fire. When he had gained the neck-yoke he rested a moment. This was the way over which he had dragged himself early in the night. His anxious look searched every yard of the arid flat.

Suddenly, with a low exclamation, he stood up unsteadily, and half-walked, half-hobbled to where a small brown heap showed among some scattered stones a rod farther on. The heap was a gunny-sack, partly full. Yet it was so heavy that he could not lift it. He seized it by its top and pulled it after him slowly. When he reached his blankets he folded a part of the cover over it. Then he propped his head against its lumpy side.

"Say! You're gittin' stronger!" It was Jim, a curious smile bending his wide mouth.

"Y-yes." The stranger abruptly sat up.

"Why, you're a *young* man!" went on Jim. "Darned if I could tell *what* you was last night."

"I'm getting to be my old self now, you see. Thank Heaven!"

"Did you find all what you was lookin' fer?" queried Jim.

"Yes"—shortly.

"Prospector, ain't you? Where you been?"

The stranger's eyes narrowed resentfully. He gave Jim a keen glance of suspicion.

"Sometimes I mine a little," he answered carelessly. "I've been over there for a week or so." He pointed to the mountains.

"What's your name?"

"Volly."

"Volly. You must a-got plumb offen your track yesterday. Hull's is in that direction." He pointed under the schooner with one finger. "Was you figgerin' t' pass her?"

For a moment Volly did not answer. But a change came into his face. He smiled—an amused, tolerant, mocking smile. "No, I wasn't figuring to pass her by," he said. "By the way, isn't your name Chapin?"

Jim blinked with surprise. "Why, yas. How ——"

"Jim Chapin—'Figgerin' Jim.' You were at Randsburg two years ago."

Jim nodded. "Figgerin' Jim—that's me," he declared.

"Where's your father-in-law?"

"Ole Dan Wheelock? He's dead. But here"—he tapped the shoulder of his sleeping wife—"here's a gal that's just as loco about prospectin' as ever he was."

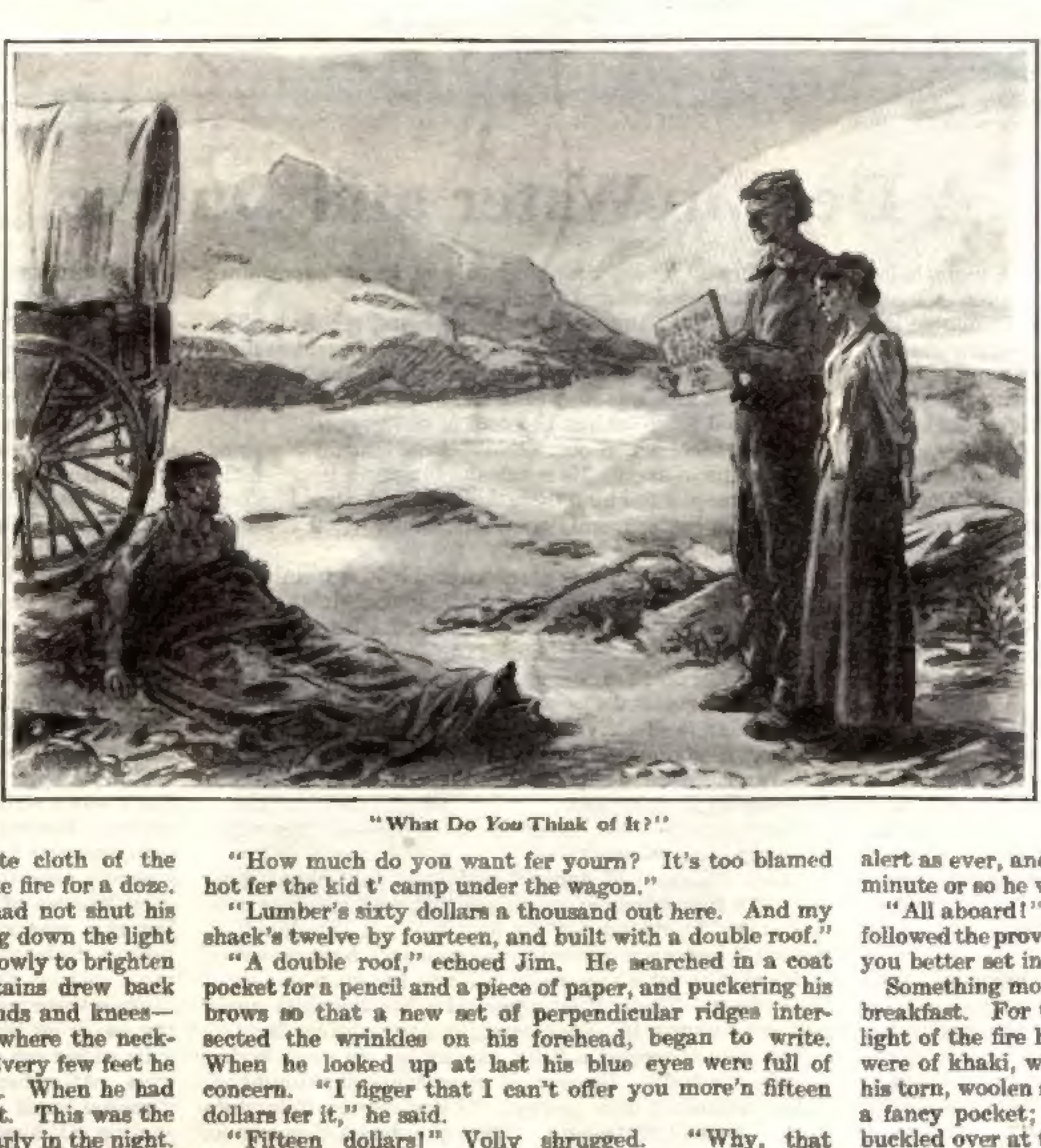
"*Is* she?"

"Yas. But she ain't so turrible strong. I hope I'm a-goin' to find some shade to put her under at Hull's."

"Hull's!" repeated Volly in a tone of disgust. Then he paused. Presently he began again: "I've got a shack at Hull's—a nice little building, too. Just one room, of course. I don't suppose I'll ever go back to it."

"Want t' sell?"

"I *could* sell, I guess. You're planning to stay some time, then? Shacks are—scarce."



"What Do *You* Think of It?"

"How much do you want fer yourn? It's too blamed hot fer the kid t' camp under the wagon."

"Lumber's sixty dollars a thousand out here. And my shack's twelve by fourteen, and built with a double roof."

"A double roof," echoed Jim. He searched in a coat pocket for a pencil and a piece of paper, and puckering his brows so that a new set of perpendicular ridges intersected the wrinkles on his forehead, began to write. When he looked up at last his blue eyes were full of concern. "I figger that I can't offer you more'n fifteen dollars fer it," he said.

"Fifteen dollars!" Volly shrugged. "Why, that wouldn't pay for the hauling of the lumber."

"But fifteen would come pretty nigh t' cleanin' me out. I couldn't offer *that* if it wasn't fer the water I'm haulin'. I figger, though, that the water was a good investment, 'cause it's scarce at Hull's. Five barrels oughta bring me in quite a little pile."

"Well, maybe, I *could* take fifteen."

"I'll pay you now," said Jim. "If the kid was awake she wouldn't let me, knowin' it was fer her." He hunted his money-pouch, drew forth the required amount from it noiselessly and threw the coins, one by one, across the stones of the fire.

"Thanks," said Volly. "The shack is yours."

Jim gently touched his wife's cheek.

"Wake up, little gal," he said. "It's mornin'. That's right! Jim's got t' feed Peter an' Hannah." He stood up, a tall, leaning figure that seemed regardless of a center of gravity.

Volly was smiling again. "How tall *are* you, Chapin?" he inquired.

"Six feet three—lean on me, honey, if your foot's asleep"—this last to his wife who, aware again of a stranger's presence, was half-hiding behind him, somewhat abashed. "Ever since I was fifteen I been bumpin' my head. That's why I ain't six feet four." He chuckled. "An' I'm consider'ble thin in the middle, you'll notice, like a yalla-jacket. If I stretch ——"

A little cry from Mary cut him short. "Why, Jim! When did you make that?" she asked, pointing to the board against the schooner. "*My!* it's so pretty!"

"Glad you like it," said Jim modestly. He brought it over to her. "We'll need it the minute we git to Hull's. What do *you* think of it?" He held it up for Volly to read.

The board was somewhat irregularly lettered, and more or less daubed with flour paste. But the notice upon it was clear. It read:

WATER FOR SALE
5c A CUP
LARD-CAN FULL, 25c

While Jim pulled a railroad tie out of the schooner and split a part of it up for a fire, Mary went beyond the wagon and made a hasty toilet with a basin of water, a hand-towel and a comb. She returned with a shining face and hair that curled damply at either white temple. She was slender and pretty in the morning light, and stepped with the grace and freedom of a girl raised in the open.

"I'm glad you're better," she said to Volly shyly, balancing the coffee-pot on the rubbles bordering the blaze.

Volly was sitting up, his back still against the gunny-sack. Jim had handed him the dipper, from which he was now drinking, sip after sip. "I'm a strong man," he answered. There was pride in his voice. "I always recuperate very quickly."

Jim watered and fed the team and brought the provision box from under the seat of the schooner. There were only two tin cups in the box. Mary filled one for the guest. She and Jim drank from the other. Breakfast was of toasted crackers, fried bacon and dried peaches. The peaches had been scorched in the cooking, and Volly did not eat his portion. Mary ate little, and that, timidly. But Jim crunched his crackers noisily and in haste. The red sun was breasting the mountains. All the shadows were gone from the desert and the distant cañons. It was time to be moving on.

The meal over, he scattered the fire with one vigorous, thick-soled boot. "No use to waste the wood," he said to Mary. "It can help out some other campers. Gimme the grub-box."

She folded the blankets, Volly having moved aside with his gunny-sack so that she might shake out the one upon which he had slept. He did not offer to help her, or Jim, busily harnessing the team. Cup in hand he sat on his sack, his eyes as alert as ever, and the mocking smile still in them. Every minute or so he wet his lips from the cup.

"All aboard!" said Jim to Mary when the blankets had followed the provisions. Then, politely, to Volly: "Hadn't you better set in the middle, Mister?"

Something more than haste had made Jim silent during breakfast. For the first time he had seen what the poor light of the fire had not revealed: Volly's ragged trousers were of khaki, wide at the hip and buttoned at the knee; his torn, woolen shirt was soft and striped, and made with a fancy pocket; his boots, where they met his trousers, buckled over at the top like those of a mining expert or a college-bred surveyor. These marked Volly as a city man.

"I'll sit in the back of the wagon," said Volly. He stood up, keeping in front of the sack. "Do you mind if the end-board is down?"

"No. But the barrel'll slop on you a little."

Volly gave an affected laugh. "I can't get *too* much water," he said.

"Just as you say," answered Jim. "Hop up, Mary!" Then, stepping over a wheel to a seat beside her, "Come, Peter! Hannah! Giddap!"

The schooner veered sharply to the right. A short half-mile farther on it met a road and turned into it.

"The Lerida track!" called out Volly. His feet were swinging boyishly against the end-board of the wagon. The lumpy sack was by his side.

"Yas."

"I'd have found it then, all right. I wasn't so *far* off, after all."

Jim looked round. "You never would 'a' found it without *water*," he said decisively.

"Oh, I don't know," said Volly.

Again Jim looked back, a shade of resentment in the pale-blue eyes. Then, "Aw, go long, Peter!" he scolded presently, and cracked his whip.

The road was heavy, the sun hot. The team toiled forward slowly, with the schooner rocking gently from side to side. From his seat behind the water-barrels, Volly hummed to himself and beat time to his tune with his heels against the swinging end-board. Jim and Mary talked little, but kept a watch ahead for a first glimpse of Hull's.

At the middle of the morning a black speck came into sight far in advance on the road. It was Mary who saw it first. "Look! A team, Jim!" she cried out.

"It's a yucca, I figger," said Jim.

Volly stood up to peer between their heads. "I can't make out anything," he complained; "my eyes are so bad. Is it a team, sure?"

"It's movin'," declared Mary, all excitement. "Watch that mountain on the left there an' you'll see I'm right."

"A yucca allus looks like somethin' alive," said Jim.

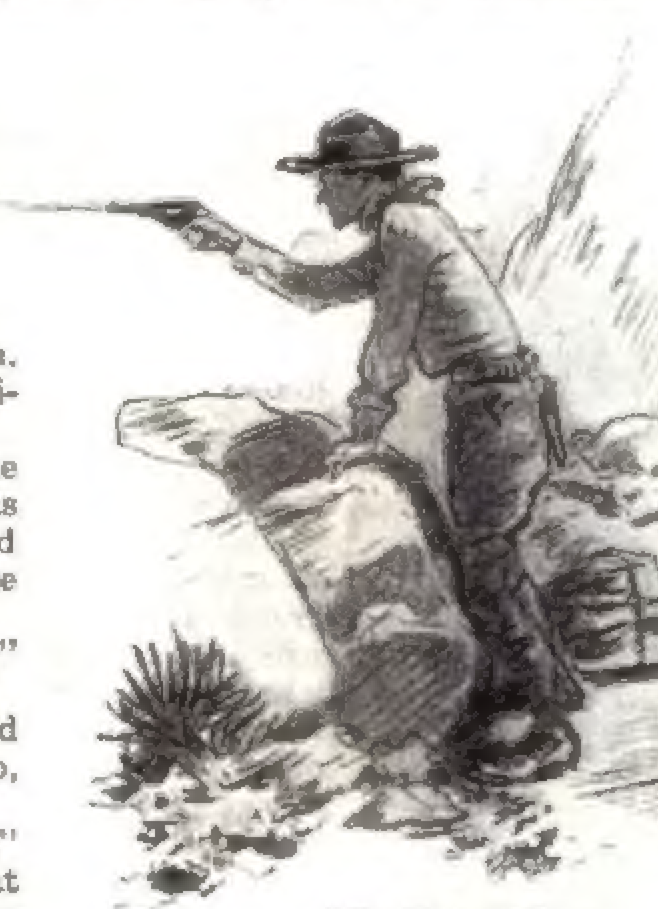
But very soon it became evident that Mary was right.

The speck, at a turn in the road, lengthened out and was seen to consist of two uncovered wagons drawn by an eight-horse team.

"We're gittin' clost to Hull's," said Mary triumphantly.

"Supply wagon, prob'ly," said Jim. "Don't you reckon so, Mister Volly?"

"Oh, lumber, I should think," answered Volly. He had sat down again and was now brushing hastily at his torn shirt.



"He Shot at 'Em"

It was close upon noon when the outbound team drew near, coming at a smart trot. Jim left the Lerida track to give it full right of way.

"Say! What you haulin', pardner?" he shouted to the dusty driver.

"Water—sixteen barrels every week. What *you* haulin'?" Off came a wide sombrero in deference to the pretty face looking out from under the schooner's cover.

"Wa-water," faltered Jim, and jerked Peter and Hannah to a stand. Then he turned to Mary. A sudden redness was darkening all the folds and hollows of his face. His mouth hung open helplessly. "*Water*," he said again, and gulped.

"Why, Jim!" said Mary anxiously. "Why, Jim!"

But Jim had whirled to call over the barrels to Volly. "*You* didn't say nothin' about a reg'lar water-wagon," he began. "An' I *tole* you I was haulin' an' expected to make somethin'." He waited a moment for an answer.

When none came he looked back. "Volly!" he called irascibly. "I said that you didn't ——"

But Volly was not there.

"He's gone!" said Jim. His face was pale now and blank with amazement.

Together he and Mary each leaned over a wheel and looked back. The water-wagons had halted a moment at the foot of a gentle slope. Volly, sack in hand, was clambering into the rear one.

Mary spoke first. "Wal!" she said. "He was et *up* with thankfulness!"

Jim's hair fairly bristled in his anger. "If he'd a-been a dog," he said slowly, "he'd 'a' licked my hand, *any*how."

They sat for a while in silence. Then Jim burst forth. "I'm a fool!" he cried. "I'm a blamed fool! I can be done by *any*body!" He gave a bitter laugh. "Why, *a-course* he didn't tell me I wouldn't sell my load. He wanted me to buy his shack."

"*Buy his shack?*" echoed Mary.

His pale eyes besecched her, then swam with baffled wrath. "I give him fifteen dollars fer it," he explained brokenly.

Her own eyes filled. "Wal, never mind, Jim," she pleaded, reaching to embrace him. "Mebbe we can sell it again."

"I didn't want you should have to sleep out no more, honey. But now—what're we goin' t' *live* on? We got water, but nobody'll want water. I reckon we'd better turn back."

She looked up with a cheering smile. "No!" she cried; "I've got a' idear. *We'll do some washin'* at Hull's!"

"Wal—mebbe we could." He was only half-comforted, however, and sat with his chin on his breast.

"Yas, we will," she reiterated, "an' sell the shack besides. *You'll* see."

They ate their noon meal from the wagon-seat. It was of crackers, with a taste of cheese, but neither had an appetite for it. Peter and Hannah ate their dampened barley greedily, and took impatient turns at the horse-bucket.

Husband and wife sat talking long after lunch was finished. Jim was still for heading back to the railroad, for he had no heart to go forward.

"I don't see how you stick with me," Mary said disconsolately, "when I'm allus pullin' an' haulin' you into the middle of nowhere."

"*I'm* wrong this time. Y' see, I figgered ——"

"Mostly you figger right, Jim. An' whatever you do, it's for me." They kissed each other tenderly.

Late in the afternoon they started forward once more, both hopeful again, and singing together as they went. When a turn at the base of some hilly ground brought Hull's into view the sun was already setting and flashing upon the little windows of the dozen or more board structures in the place and burnishing the tops and walls of some scattered and dusty tents and the sides of their own white-topped schooner. They drove part way down the short single street of the camp, a gaunt dog contesting each step of their progress, and drew up before the door of what seemed to be the town's main building. It was a saloon, square-fronted, unpainted, and set snugly in between two less pretentious board edifices. Jim handed the reins to Mary and took one long step to the ground.

A half-dozen men were seated in front of the saloon on a long bench. They looked him over with indifference. Jim gave them a grave nod.

There was a man in the doorway of the saloon. "Why, hello!" he called, grinning. "If here ain't 'Figgerin' Jim!'"

"Howdy," said Jim, somewhat puzzled.

The other exploded a laugh. "Say, did you ever git a patent on that combined corset an' chest-protector of yourn?" he demanded.

Jim colored. "Ain't never tried," he said shortly.

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed the row on the bench.

"What you haulin'?" went on the man in the doorway.

"Water," said Jim.

"*Water!* Why, Akerly's just unloaded sixteen barrels."

One of the men on the bench now spoke up. He was a thick-set man with red hair.

"Say, 'Figgerin' Jim,'" he began tauntingly, "this town don't drink *water*."

His companions laughed immoderately. They had just caught sight of the sign on the schooner.

"But—but," stammered Jim, "this water is brung to do washin' with. I figger that where water's scarce a person oughta git good pay fer washin'."

At this there was still another burst of mirth.

"Why, Hull's is eighty mile from the tank-cars," said the man in the doorway scoffingly. "Washin' is hauled out to the railroad dirty and brung back clean."

"Is it?" Slowly Jim turned round to the wagon.

A wistful face was looking down at him. "We—we didn't think about that, did we?" Mary half-whispered.

The man in the doorway now caught sight of the girl on the seat. "Y' see," he went on more kindly, "washin' is a heap lighter'n water."

"So it is," admitted Jim. His lips set in a hard line. Then, to the row on the bench: "Will one of you gents please tell me where Volly's shack is?"

The effect of his question was startling. One man rose almost with a leap; the others sat back, leaned forward or turned about one upon another, excitedly. "Volly?" they cried. "Volly! *Volly?* He seen him!"

"Yas," said Jim.

The five that were still seated rose up like one. "When?" they cried again. "Where? How far out? At Lerida?"

"Ten mile out," answered Jim, "an' makin' fer Lerida."

Still exclaiming—to him, to each other, to themselves—they turned and made off, scattering as they went. The man in the doorway ran in to his bar. Behind was left only the thick-set man with red hair.

Jim stepped back, crossed his feet slowly, unwrinkled his forehead and wrinkled it again, and finally hung his long weight to the front wheel by an elbow. All the while he looked at the ground. After a little a faint smile ruffled the folds at either end of his mouth. He glanced at the red-haired man. "Volly ain't been murderin' nobody hereabouts, has he?" he inquired.

"He left here two weeks ago, goin' further in. He was so kinda foxy about leavin'—gittin' away in the dark without a burro—that the camp suspicioned him. Wal, the next mornin' two fellers up an' follers. They goes an' goes. Fin'lly, they see Volly makin' tracks along a draw. They holler, an' ——"

"Yas?" said Jim eagerly. Mary was leaning out at his shoulder.

"He shot at 'em."

"I see," said Jim.

"An' *no* man shoots at people follerin' him unless he don't want 'em to git on to what he's struck."

"I figger that's so," said Jim. He ascended the wheel and grasped the reins. "Which is his shack?"

"The last one on your right," said the red-haired man languidly.

"Thank y'," said Jim, and clucked to the team.

Hull's Ledge was a young camp, as shown by the smallness of the tin-can piles beside each tent and shack. At that hour, with the sun down and a fresh, light wind blowing over it from the west, it was taking on a lively air. Smoke was rising out of chimneys and from the outdoor fires of the tents; men were going to and fro in the street or chattering in groups beside their open doors; from the hilly ground beyond the town other men were straggling home to the evening meal; a couple of burros were hailing each other from opposite ends of the camp, while the gaunt dog was capering in front of the schooner, still challenging its progress with loud, but not unfriendly, barks.

Jim reined again—at the last shack on the right, a forlorn little building, with shattered window-panes and a sagging door.

"Jim," said Mary as she looked at it, "can we git back to Lerida on three dollars?"

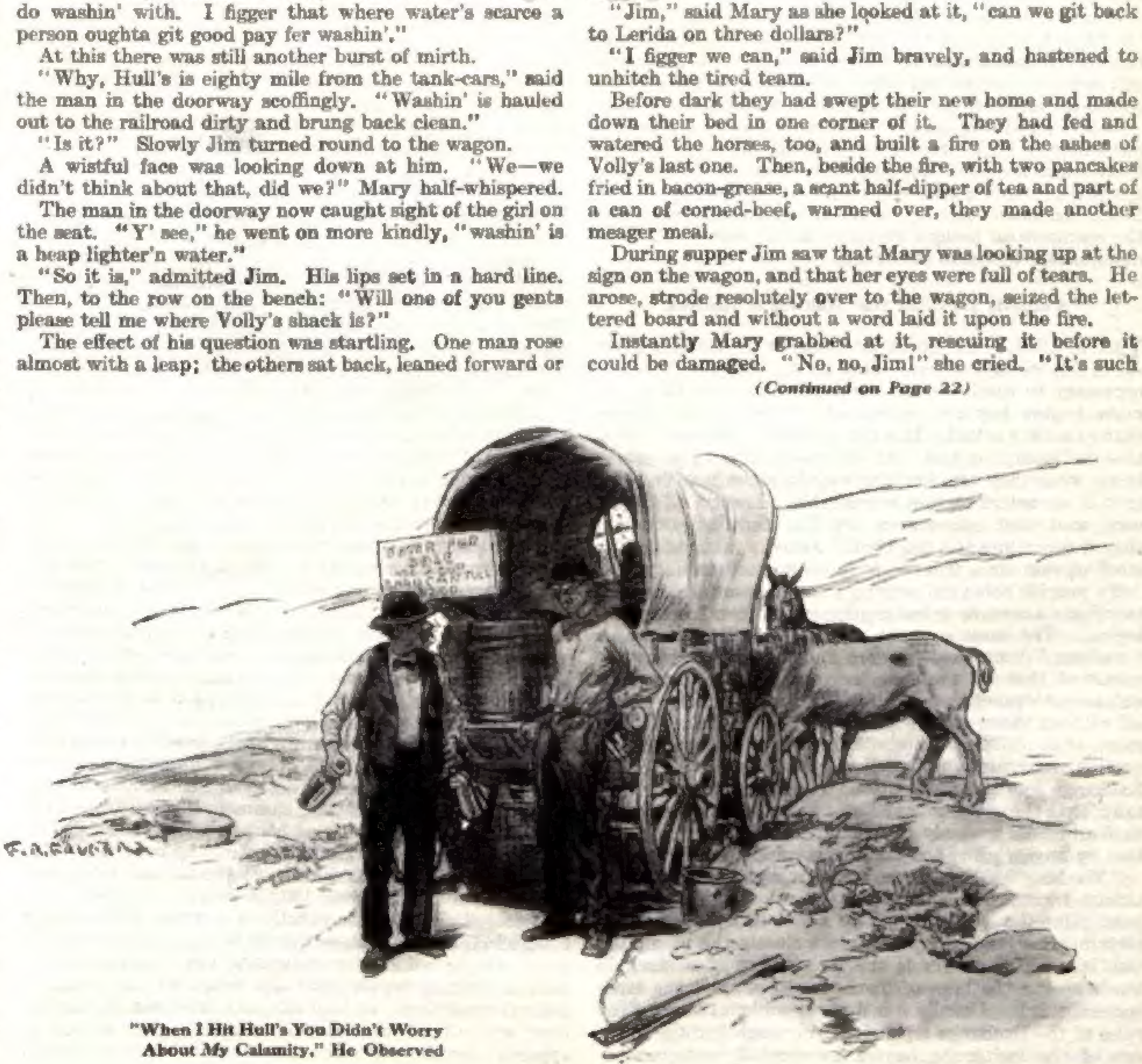
"I figger we can," said Jim bravely, and hastened to unhitch the tired team.

Before dark they had swept their new home and made down their bed in one corner of it. They had fed and watered the horses, too, and built a fire on the ashes of Volly's last one. Then, beside the fire, with two pancakes fried in bacon-grease, a scant half-dipper of tea and part of a can of corned-beef, warmed over, they made another meager meal.

During supper Jim saw that Mary was looking up at the sign on the wagon, and that her eyes were full of tears. He arose, strode resolutely over to the wagon, seized the lettered board and without a word laid it upon the fire.

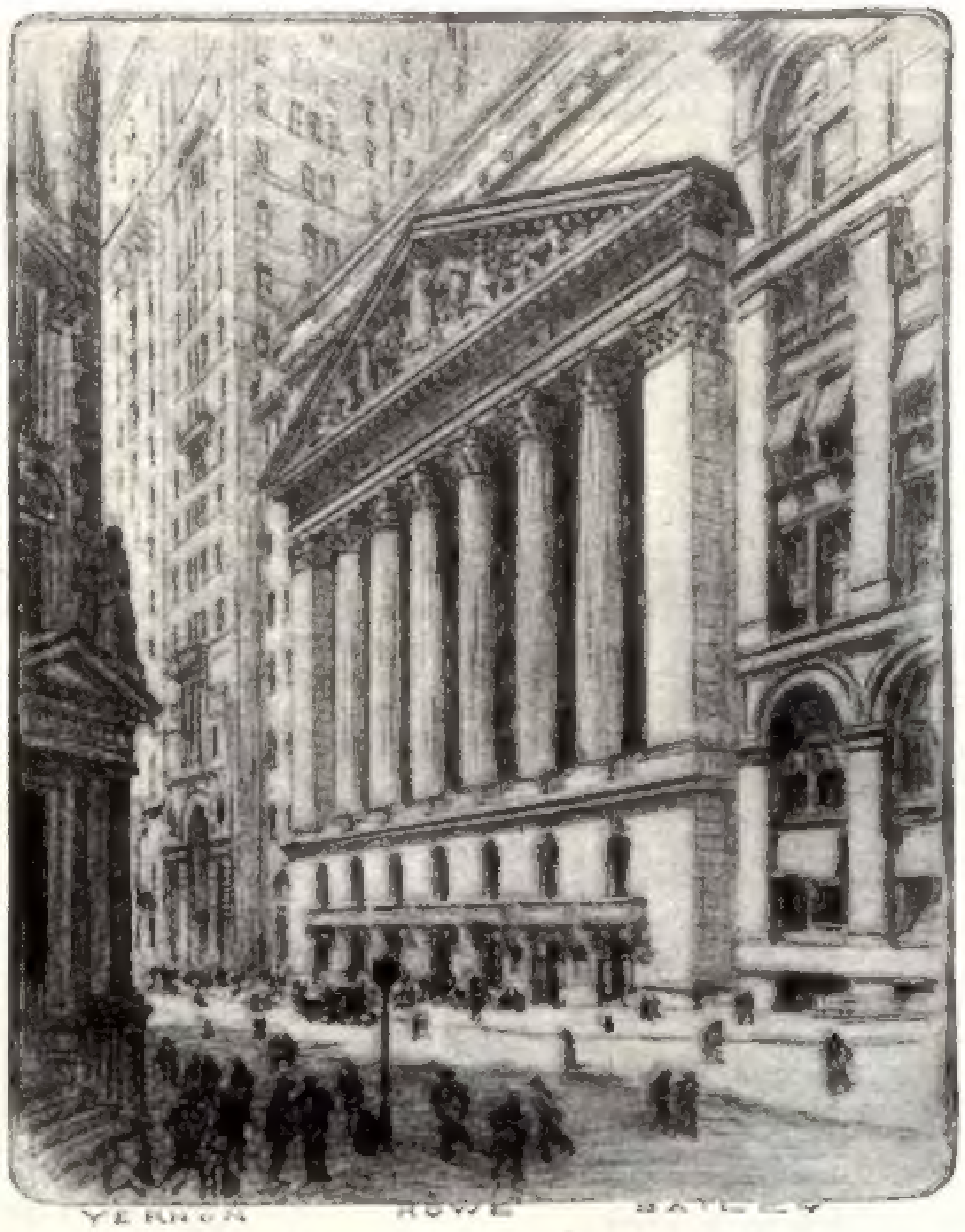
Instantly Mary grabbed at it, rescuing it before it could be damaged. "No, no, Jim!" she cried. "It's such

(Continued on Page 22)



"When I Hit Hull's You Didn't Worry About *My* Calamity," He Observed

STOCK MANIPULATION



By Edwin Lefèvre

III

THE Stock Exchange has a reason for existence. Its functions are well defined, legitimate, useful. We could not do without exchanges today any more than we could do without banks. Because there is graft in politics and because all politicians are not statesmen, it does not follow that democracy is a failure. The leisure and simplicity of the good old days may have been better than the mad pace of today. But we cannot bring back past conditions. Everywhere there are abuses, because all men are not honest or all men wise. It is not even approximately true that all stock-brokers are human parasites nor that Wall Street is entirely bad. Evil is always prominent and, at times, men can see no other side. After all, every man likes to dream of his particular Utopia; reform seems so easy, so practicable. Hard-headed merchants vision to themselves a day when they may go home of evenings conscious not only of having done no wrong, but also of having had no wrong done to them by dishonest customers or unscrupulous competitors. But the mind of the mass moves slowly. The truth is not always recognizable at first sight. Aristotle dominated the human intellect for twenty centuries, and we know that his philosophy retarded scientific progress. Changes had to take place in human minds before Galileo could make people believe that the earth did move. Christianity, the world's greatest civilizing agent, had its Dark Ages when men were burnt for thinking and beheaded for talking. And today, nearly two thousand years after the Sermon on the Mount, what is it that men do? The line of progress has not ascended steadily to the stars; it has had, and will have, its curves and dips. All this is apropos of the American tendency to "do things" in a hurry.

Before analyzing the stories of hard luck and of nefarious doings in Wall Street, let us consider the evils resulting from what is called manipulation—that is, from those operations made possible through the machinery of the Stock Exchange, having for an object to sell dear what the manipulator bought cheap or to buy cheap what the manipulator wishes to sell dear.

Ancient Devices for Making a Market

PRIMARILY, the Stock Exchange is the meeting-place of buyers and sellers. Such being the case, it is unnecessary to dwell on the desirability of undertaking to make buyers buy and sellers sell. It is equally obvious that gambling is bad. It is not so certain that speculation (see dictionary) is bad. At all events, buyers of stocks being what they are, and the way to make money being as it is, an active market is desirable. Francis D. Carley once said that speculators are like certain game-fish; they will not bite at a dead bait. Activity is the life of the stock market since it is so apt to mean marketability.

To provide this vital activity many devices are resorted to. Some are more or less mechanical; others are psychological. The most common are the processes known as "washing," "matched" orders and "tips." It must be admitted that all these devices are bad. Nobody can defend such practices. Wall Street itself would be better off without them. But what also is plain is that it will be more than difficult to eradicate them, even with the utmost determination on the part both of the Stock Exchange and the authorities. It may be said, incidentally, that the great money losses sustained by the public in Wall Street are only indirectly the result of manipulation by any or all of the familiar manipulative devices.

"Washing" a stock consists of a series of really fictitious transactions—purchases or sales which are not *bona fide*—the object being to simulate activity and a certain price tendency. The more closely the manipulation is made to resemble the fluctuations of a stock in obedience to the laws of demand and supply, the more successful it is. Usually it is done by violent rushes. The rules of the Exchange are stringent enough and the interests of the legitimate buyers are carefully safeguarded. Thus, if you give an order to a broker (and he accepts it) to sell 100 United States Steel common at 45, and the stock should go to, say, 45⅛, it is assumed that your broker has sold your stock at 45, since it was for sale at that price, and he should have sold it before buyers had to offer 45⅛ for other sellers' stock. But very often a manipulator, desiring to make the stock appear stronger than it is, finding that 44⅞ is the last sale price and wishing to test the amount for sale at 45, will bid "45 for 10,000." If nobody has a block of it of that amount for sale at that price, no sale follows. There may be more than 10,000 shares for sale at 45, but divided among five or ten or twenty people. If the manipulator had bid "45 for any part of 10,000" he would have got his stock from the different sellers. Again, he might be "landed" with the 10,000 shares at one whack; but if nobody else is willing to pay 45 for the stock, your broker can't sell your hundred. But if the price goes up even ⅛ above your figure, your broker is supposed to have sold your stock. The talk that sometimes your broker may sell your stock at more than the price you fixed and pocket the difference, is nonsense; for no reputable broker would steal any more than a reputable merchant or a reputable physician. In the execution of selling or of "stop orders," the case is different. You may give an order to sell your stock at 42. But you cannot hold your broker responsible for the fact that other people in a hurry to sell may be glad to take 41½.

Not always are the "specialists" or the observant brokers or the floor fooled by the "wash sales," but it is not always possible to discover the identity of the director of the laundry. But, of course, to a big manipulator washing is only an accessory or a makeshift. He is after bigger game—the public who reads the ticker's record of transactions. He is concerned with taking as little stock as possible in order to put up the price, but he has to, and does, take stock which he does not purpose to hold long. For this reason the genuineness of the purchases and sales reported on the tape, while of vital importance to the speculator, cannot always be determined. Mr. Keene used to say that if he had 20,000 shares to dispose of and the market would not take it at his price, he was obliged to develop a market by making it active: he bought 100,000 shares and sold 120,000 shares. In the active trading created or encouraged by his 100,000-share purchase he was able to sell out his manipulatively-purchased block plus his original 20,000. These figures he used to illustrate his point, the actual figures depending upon circumstances, such as floating supply, speculative temper, technical or general conditions. In bear markets, traders and manipulator will often "offer down" a stock—that is, sell at apparent sacrifices a stock—the object being to convey an impression of panic, or of unfavorable but unknown conditions affecting the value of the stock, knowing well the psychology of gamblers—the contagion of example and the arousing of fear.

But washing as such is really child's work, and when it is all there is to a move in a stock, the ground lost is soon recovered. I remember a trick which a rich gambler used to work periodically—a man who was expelled from the Stock Exchange many years ago. He would send agents to scores of bucket-shops all over the country. On a certain day at a certain hour—the difference in time being, of course, considered—these agents would buy, or sell, the same stock. He used to take Western Union, which was not active enough on the Exchange to jeopard his plan nor inactive enough to make the bucket-shops suspicious. Say he bought thousands of shares distributed among twenty or thirty shops—the shops that paid losses. He then, at the agreed hour, would cause the price to be washed up two and a half points. His agents would close out their deals, taking 1½ or 2 points profit. The operator himself, since Western Union would promptly resume its normal price, would take fifty thousand dollars or more from the bucket-shops, and perhaps lose ten thousand dollars or less on the Stock Exchange.

This cannot be done today, because the market is too big and broad to make the feat possible on the Exchange, and also because there are fewer bucket-shops. Time and again in the old days there used to be what they would call "bucket-shop drives" in popular trading stocks. The pikers and shoestring Keenes would go to the bucket-shops and buy, for example, Sugar. The mob, by the way, always plays favorites. The big bucket-shops might thus accept "orders" for thousands of shares, on a margin of one or two points—usually one. Half a dozen shops in lower New Street would have on their books 10,000 shares of Sugar, say, at 90. All the price had to do was to go to 89 or 88½ to wipe out the Napoleons of Finance who had put up their one-point margin. The combination would cause the price to be forced down to 88½ on the Stock Exchange. The tape was what the bucket-shops and their victims abided by; just as the handbook men take racing bets at ticker odds. The bucket-shops would achieve their object, even though immediately afterward the price would rally to 90 or even higher. The big manipulators sometimes resort to not dissimilar devices to wipe out their following. It is called "shaking out weak holders," or a "healthy reaction." The loser is usually told afterward that the market is all the sounder for this elimination of gamblers. But it really should be borne in mind that it is, in truth, usually the little gamblers who lose, and that manipulation is abused as well as used. Ignorance and greed loosen the hold of a fool on his money in or out of Wall Street.

Manipulation by Matched Orders

"MATCHED orders" are orders to buy and sell the same amount of stock at the same price, the orders emanating, of course, from the same source. The object is again chiefly to produce the impression of activity, without adding to or decreasing the manipulator's holdings. Smith, having no desire that speculators should think his pet stock is a dead one, tells Broker Brown to buy 5000 shares at 46 and Broker Jones to sell 5000 shares at 46. He should not—though sometimes he does—let the brokers know his plan, because knowledge would make the brokers his accomplices, and that would subject them to the Exchange's discipline. It must be admitted in all justice that oftener than not the brokers do not know that they are being used for purely manipulative work, though they may have their suspicions. A manipulator, of course, employs many brokers, and it is not always wise to let the right hand know what the left hand is doing. The difficulty of checking abuses of this nature will be explained later.

One of the rankest attempts at manipulating a market was that made by a certain concern only a few months ago. The firm was heavily short of stocks, far beyond what its resources entitled it to be. That it should have fooled the Street, which knew of its plunging operations, so that its perilous condition was not widely known, was due to the impression carefully fostered that the firm was operating for daring, but financially strong, plungers. Moreover, the firm had so many branch offices and direct wire connections with other cities that, though speculating for its partners, it might well have been thought to be executing orders for its hundreds of customers. The firm overstayed its market. It had been a bear because it thought the market's advance had been purely artificial – the result of manipulation by the Harriman, Standard Oil, Morgan and Rock Island coteries. The advance would not hold. But it did, and the limit of the concern's resources was reached. Ruin stared the bears in the face. Now, the firm could not depress the market sufficiently to enable it to abandon its position successfully—that is, to smash the market by further short sales would have necessitated far more capital than the firm could possibly command—even if there had not been serious doubt of eventual success. Moreover, its condition was beginning to be talked about.

The only plan that held any promise was to demoralize the market sufficiently to reduce the firm's short commitments under cover of the confusion. It really was cleverly thought, even if it merely was the desperate venture of gamblers confronted by disaster. To produce the necessary demoralization, the firm planned a series of extraordinary transactions on a stupendous scale. In Wall Street the unusual is significant; the extraordinary is apt to be ominous. A crazy market is always a dangerous market—dangerous to both bulls and bears. When in doubt a man who holds stocks always finds it wise to sell out or, at least, to reduce his holdings. Accidents, of course, always help the bears. That is, it is easy for something to happen overnight that may smash all stocks down twenty points. Financial history is full of thunderclaps that come out of a clear sky. Conversely, it is very difficult to conceive of any event between the close of one day and the opening of the next that can put up prices twenty points. Advances may be logical, but they are gradual; for improvement in value-making conditions is necessarily gradual.

The desperate attempt was successful to some extent. That, technically, the firm had acted intelligently is evident, since, at the close of that memorable Saturday, the firm had reduced its commitments. But what these plungers could not overcome was the alarm of bankers and the voice of rumor. The true inwardness of the firm's affairs leaked out; and, deprived of the banking and Exchange facilities without which no operations, ordinary or extraordinary, can be carried on, the smash followed.

The desperate expedient, as a piece of manipulation, might have succeeded. And, of course, the publicity which necessarily is given to such operations is responsible for much of the condemnation of "Wall Street methods." A story is told of a broker confiding to a friend: "I've got an order to buy 20,000 Reading, but I've got to buy it from a man wearing a red necktie!" There are not many firms like this in Wall Street.

How to prevent washing and the matching of orders is just now puzzling the commission investigating the methods of the Exchanges. We have seen what washing is. The Exchange has, for years, forbidden all practices by its members contrary to good faith. As a manipulative device it is only an incident, not an indispensable tool, but a useful one. It is difficult to wash a stock successfully without a broker being an accessory to the crime, but it can be and is done by manipulators who are not members of the New York Stock Exchange. The manipulator overcomes the difficulty, more or less easily, when he knows his brokers well and the game thoroughly.

By itself washing is not half so harmful as it might appear. All the washing in the world would not make a poor stock vendible; sometimes not even a good stock—and it is resorted to at all only by manipulators who do not wish to follow Roswell P. Flower's advice: "If you wish a stock to go up, buy it!" For example, the pool that worked in International Power, having under control most of the stock, advanced the price—virtually washed it—up to somewhere about 200. The only ones that might have suffered were the shorts, if there were any. The manipulators "jacked-up" the price, but they could not sell it at the high level. They tried to unload, but they merely succeeded in adding another deserved fiasco to the disreputable list of speculative failures. The men behind it were not all fools, though most of them acted as if they were that and more. And not only does "washing up" a stock often fail to return a profit to the manipulators, but even when the advances have been caused by actual purchases failure has followed. Corners, for example, have seldom been profitable. We know of classic instances of victory, such as Commodore Vanderbilt's castigation of the gambler-legislators who were short of Harlem stock and had to settle. But, on the other hand, Jay Gould dropped a million or two in his Northwest corner. The moment that fever trading is made impossible, nobody wins.

It is the same with matching, which I understand Mr. Harriman calls "circular sales." Suppose Smith, a manipulator, is not a member of the New York Stock Exchange. He has accounts with Brown and Jones, who are members and are, moreover, honest, reputable and financially responsible. Smith tells Broker Brown to buy for him 10,000 St. Paul at 145, and Broker Jones to sell 10,000 shares of St. Paul at 145, and suppose Brown does not know—how can he?—for whom Jones is acting. How can they or why should they refuse such orders? And if, instead of two brokers, Smith uses twenty and distributes his matched orders accordingly? Of course, Brown might not buy all his 10,000 St. Paul from Smith, but given such a market as the manipulator knows exists, he is likely to and, moreover, he is apt to accomplish what the manipulator desires should be done—namely, make the stock appear active, make it in reality active, without taking the amount of stock that would be necessary to achieve his object if the manipulator were working as per Flower's advice and really bought the stock.

How to prevent an outsider with money and a reputation for never having been in the shadow of the penitentiary from giving orders to buy or sell stocks to reputable brokers who have no desire to violate any law or ethical principle, is a problem the solution of which does not occur readily to the writer. This, be it borne in mind, is not in

(Continued on Page 49)

The White Mice

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

IV

AFTER their dinner at the hotel, Roddy and Peter strolled down the quay and over the tiny drawbridge that binds Otra Banda to Willemstad. There, for some time, half-way between the two towns, they loitered against the railing of the bridge, smoking and enjoying the cool night breeze from the sea.

After his long nap Roddy was wakeful. He had been told that Willemstad boasted of a *café chantant*, and he was for finding it. But Peter, who had been awake since the ship's steward had aroused him before sunrise, doubted that there was a *café chantant*, and that if it did exist it could keep him from sleep, and announced his determination to seek his bed.

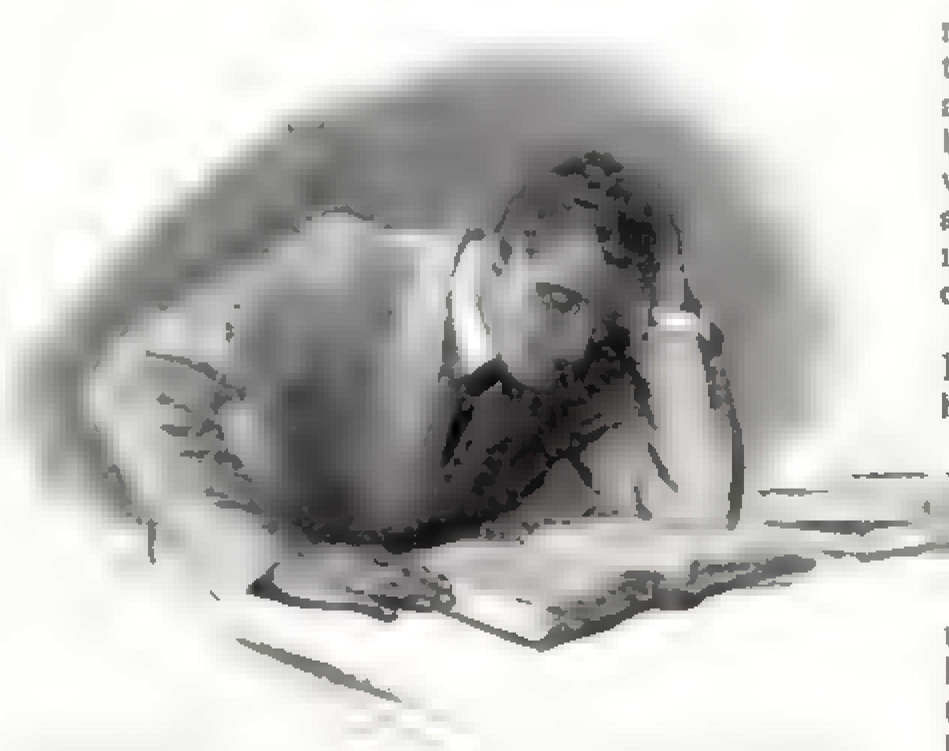
Left to himself, Roddy strolled slowly around the narrow limits of the town. A few of the shops and two of the cafés were still open, throwing bright spaces of light across the narrow sidewalks, but the greater number of houses were tightly barred; the streets slumbered in darkness. For a quarter of an hour Roddy sauntered idly, and then awoke to the fact that he was not alone. Behind him, in the shadow, a man with his face hidden in a shawl, the sound of his footsteps muffled by his rope sandals, was following his wanderings.

Under the circumstances, after the developments of the day, Roddy was not surprised, nor was he greatly interested. Even in Porto Cabello, at one time or another, every one was beset by spies. And that here, in the central office of the revolutionists, Alvarez should be well represented was but natural.

Twice, softly and quickly, the man who followed had approached him from the rear, and each time, lest he should have some more serious purpose than simply to spy upon him, Roddy had side-stepped into the street. But when for the third time the man drew near, his approach was so swift that Roddy had no time to move away. The man brushed against him, and when he had passed Roddy found a letter had been pressed into his hand.

The hour was late, Roddy looked like a tourist, the note had been delivered covertly. Roddy concluded it contained an invitation to some disreputable adventure, and after calling the man the name associated with what Roddy believed to be his ancient and dishonorable profession, he tossed the note into the street.

With a cry of dismay the man ran toward it, but Roddy was before him. As the note had left his hand his fingers had touched upon heavy, waxen seals.



"Through the Tunnel That Connects San Carlos With the Fortress of El Moro"

In an instant he had retrieved the note, and, followed eagerly by the man, carried it to the light of a gas lamp. The envelope was not illuminating, the handwriting was obviously disguised.

After observing that from the shadow the man still watched him, while at the same time he kept an anxious lookout up and down the street, Roddy opened the note. It read: "You have come to Curaçao for a purpose. One who has the success of that purpose most at heart desires to help you. Tomorrow, just before sunrise, walk out the same road over which you drove today. Beyond the Café Ducrot the bearer of this letter will wait for you with a led horse. Follow him. If you think he is leading you into danger, order him to ride in advance, and cover him with your revolver. If you will come, say to the bearer, '*Vengo*,' if not, '*No Vengo*.' He has orders not to reply to any question of yours. If you speak of this to others, or if the bearer of this suspects you have arranged for others to follow you, he will only lead you back to your hotel, and your chance to right a great wrong will have passed."

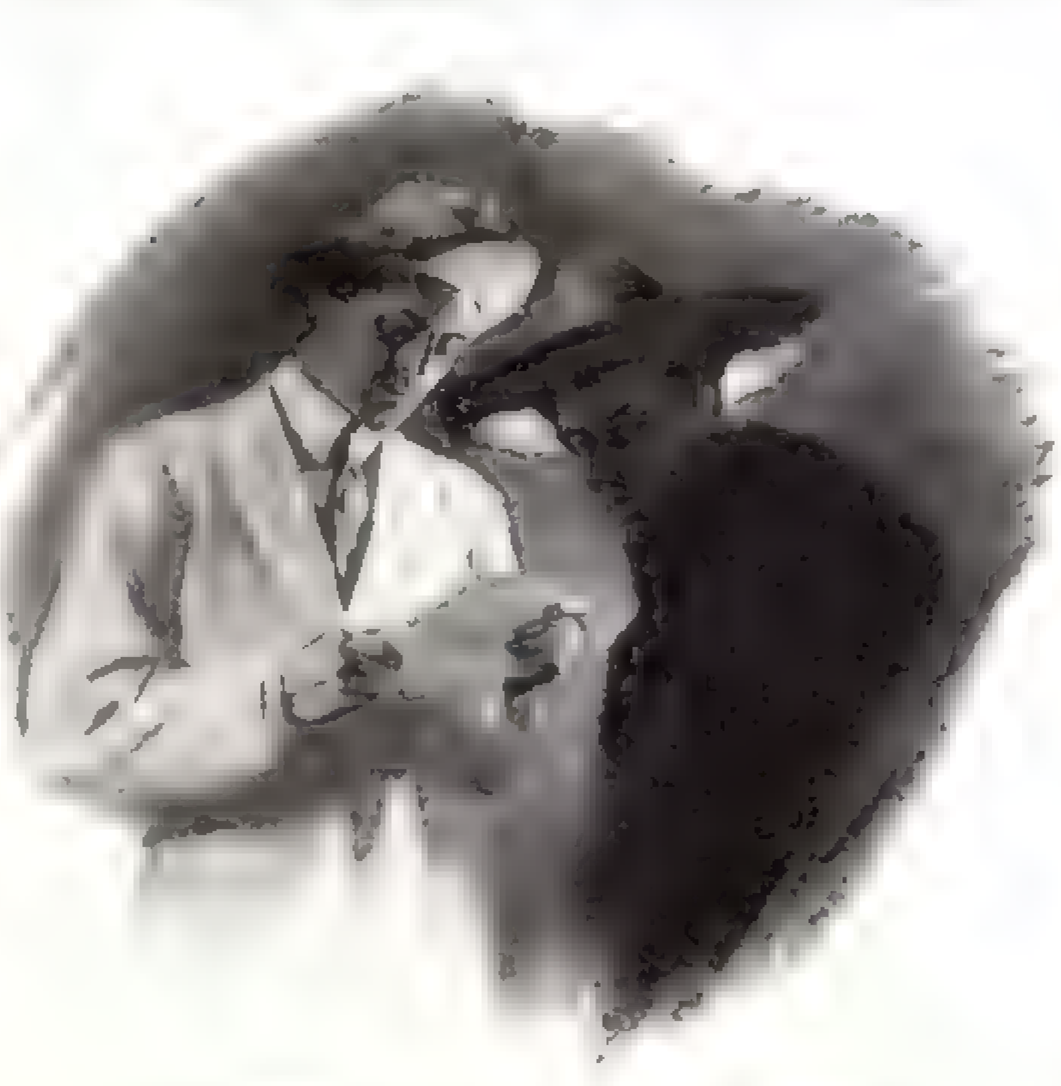
There was no signature. But as though it were an afterthought, at the bottom of the page was written, "Adventures are for the adventurous."

Standing well in the light of the street lamp, with his back to the houses, with his face toward the waiting messenger, Roddy read the letter three times. But after the first reading his eyes neglected the body of the note and raced to the postscript. That was the line that beckoned and appealed; to him it seemed that whoever wrote the letter doubted he would come to the rendezvous, and was by that line enticing him, mocking him, daring him to refuse. It held forth both a promise and a challenge.

As to who the writer of the note might be, there were in Roddy's mind three explanations. He considered them hastily. Peter was the author of the note, and it was a poor joke intended to test him. It was a genuine offer from some one who had guessed the object of his visit to Curaçao and honestly wished to be of service. It came from the man in the mask and his associates, who, resenting his interference of the morning, had pleasant thoughts of luring him down a lonely road and of leaving him lying there. Which of the three suppositions might be correct it was impossible to know, but the postscript decided him. He beckoned to the messenger, and the man ran eagerly forward. "I will come," said Roddy. The man smiled with pleasure, bowed to him, and dived into the darkness. As he ran down the street, Roddy stood listening until the patter of the sandals had ceased, and then returned to the hotel.

For an hour, still speculating as to who his anonymous friend might be, he stood, smoking, upon the balcony. On the quay below him a negro policeman dozed against a hawser-post. A group of *cargadores* stretched at length upon stacks of hides, chattered in drowsy undertones. In the moonlight the lamps on the fishing-boats and on the bridge, now locked against the outside world, burned mistily, and the deck of the steamer moored directly below him was as deserted and bare, as uncanny and ghostlike, as the deck of the ship of the Ancient Mariner. Except for the chiming of ships' bells, the whisper of the running tide, and the sleepy murmur of the longshoremen, the town of Willemstad was steeped in sleep and silence. Roddy, finding he could arrive at no satisfactory explanation of the note, woke the night porter, and telling that official he was off before daybreak to shoot wild pigeons, and wanted his coffee at that hour, betook himself to his cot. It seemed as though he had not twice tossed on the pillow before the night-watchman stood yawning at his side.

Roddy and Peter occupied adjoining rooms, and the door between the two was unlocked. When Roddy had



At the Bottom of the Page was Written "Adventures are for the Adventurous"

bathed, dressed, and, with a feeling of some importance, stuck his revolver into his pocket, he opened the door, and, still suspicious that his faithful friend was sending him on a wild-goose chase, for a few moments stood beside his bed. But Peter, deep in the sleep of innocence, was breathing evenly, stentoriously. Not without envying him the hours of rest still before him, Roddy helped himself to Peter's revolver, left him a line saying it was he who had borrowed it, and went out into the dark and empty streets.

Half awake, and with his hunger only partially satisfied, Roddy now regarded his expedition with little favor. He reverted strongly to the theory that some one was making a fool of him. He reminded himself that if in New York he had received such a note, he either would have at once dismissed it as a hoax or turned it over to the precinct station-house. But as the darkness changed to gray, and the black bulk of the Café Ducrot came into view, his interest quickened. He encouraged himself with the thought that while in New York the wording of the note would be improbable, hysterical, melodramatic, in hot, turbulent Venezuela it was in keeping with the country and with the people.

Since setting forth from the hotel a half hour had passed, and as he left the Café Ducrot behind him the night faded into the gray-blue mist of dawn. Out of the mist, riding slowly toward him, mounted on one pony and leading another, Roddy saw the man who on the night before had brought him the letter. He was leaning forward, peering through the uncertain light. When he recognized Roddy he galloped to him, and, with evident pleasure but without speaking, handed him the reins of the led pony. Then motioning to Roddy to wait, he rode rapidly down the road over which the American had just come. Roddy settled himself in the saddle, and with a smile of satisfaction beamed upon the ghostlike world around him. So far, at least, the adventure promised to be genuine. Certainly, he argued, Peter could not have prepared a joke so elaborate.

Apparently satisfied that Roddy had brought no one with him, the messenger now rejoined him, and with a gesture of apology took the lead, and at a smart trot started in the same direction in which Roddy had been walking.

Roddy gave his guide a start of fifty feet, and followed. With the idea of a possible ambush still in his mind, he held the pony well in hand, and in front of him, in his belt, stuck one of the revolvers. He now was fully awake. No longer in the darkness was he stumbling on foot over the stones and ruts of the road. Instead, the day was breaking and he had under him a good horse, on which, if necessary, he could run away. The thought was comforting, and the sense of possible danger excited him delightfully. When he remembered Peter, sleeping stolidly and missing what was to come, he felt a touch of remorse. But he had been warned to bring no one with him, and of the letter to speak to no one. He would tell Peter later. But, he considered, what if there should be nothing to tell, or, if there were, what if he should not be alive to tell it? If the men who had planned to assassinate Colonel Vega intended to punish him for his interference, they could not have selected a place or hour better suited to their purpose. In all the world, apparently, he was the only soul awake. On either side of him were high hedges of the Spanish bayonet, and back of them acres of orange groves. The homes of the planters lay far from the highway, and along the sides of the road there were no houses, no lodge gates, not even a peon's thatched hut.

Roddy was approaching a sharp turn in the road, a turn to the left at almost right angles. It was marked by an impenetrable hedge. Up to now, although the hedges would have concealed a regiment, the white road itself had stretched before him, straight and open. But now the turn shut it from his sight. The guide had reached the corner. Instead of taking it, he turned in his saddle and pulled his pony to a walk.

To Roddy the act seemed significant. It was apparent that they had arrived at their rendezvous. Sharply, Roddy also brought his pony to a walk, and with a heavy pull on the reins moved slowly forward. The guide drew to the right and halted. To Roddy's excited imagination this manœuvre could have but one explanation. The man was withdrawing himself from a possible line of fire. Shifting the reins to his left hand, Roddy let the other fall upon his revolver. Holding in the pony and bending forward, Roddy peered cautiously around the corner.

What he saw was so astonishing, so unlike what he expected, so utterly out of place, that, still leaning forward, still with his hand on his revolver, he stared stupidly.

For half a mile the road lay empty, but directly in front of him, blocking the way, was a restless, pirouetting pony, and seated upon the pony, unmoved either by his gyrations or by the appearance of a stranger in her path, was a young girl.

As Roddy had cautiously made his approach he had in his mind a picture of skulking Venezuelans with pointed carbines; his ears were prepared for a command to throw up his hands, for the slap of a bullet. He had convinced himself that around the angle of the impenetrable hedge this was the welcome that awaited him. And when he was confronted by a girl who apparently was no more a daughter of Venezuela than she was a masked highwayman, his first thought was that this must be some innocent foreigner stumbling in upon the ambush. In alarm for her safety his eyes searched the road beyond her, the hedges on either side. If she remained for an instant longer he feared she might be the witness to a shocking tragedy, that she herself might even become a victim. But the road lay empty, in the hedges of spiked cactus not a frond stirred; and the aged man who had led him to the rendezvous sat motionless, watchful but undisturbed.

Roddy again turned to the girl and found her closely observing him. He sank back in his saddle and took off his hat. Still scanning the hedges, he pushed his pony beside hers and spoke quickly.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I think you had better ride on. Some men are coming here. They may be here now."

That his anxiety was entirely on her account was obvious. The girl colored slightly, and smiled. As she smiled, Roddy for the first time was looking directly at her, and as he looked his interest in assassins and his anxiety as to what they might do passed entirely from him. For months he had not seen a girl of his own people, and that this girl was one of his own people he did not question. Had he first seen her on her way to mass, with a lace shawl across her shoulders, with a high comb and mantilla, he would have declared her to be Spanish, and of the highest type of Spanish beauty. Now, in her linen riding-skirt and mannish coat and stock, with her hair drawn back under a broad-brimmed hat of black straw, she reminded him only of certain girls with whom he had cantered along the Ocean Drive at Newport or under the pines of Aiken. How a young woman so habited had come to lose herself in a lonely road in Curaçao was incomprehensible. Still, it was not for him to object. That the gods had found fit to send her there was, to Roddy, sufficient in itself, and he was extremely grateful. But that fact was too apparent. Though he was unconscious of it, the pleasure in his eyes was evident. He still was too startled to conceal his admiration.

The girl frowned, her slight, boyish figure grew more erect.

"My name is Rojas," she said. "My father is General Rojas. I was told you wished to help him, and last night I sent you a note asking you to meet me here."

She spoke in even, matter-of-fact tones. As she spoke she regarded Roddy steadily. When, the night before, Inez had sent the note, she had been able only to guess as to what manner of man it might be with whom she was making a rendezvous at daybreak, in a lonely road. And she had been more than anxious. Now that she saw him she recognized the type and was reassured. But that he was worthy of the secret she wished to confide in him she had yet to determine. As she waited for him to disclose himself she was to all outward appearances tranquilly studying him. But inwardly her heart was trembling, and it was with real relief that, when she told him her name, she saw his look of admiration disappear, and in his eyes come pity and genuine feeling.

"Oh!" gasped Roddy unhappily, his voice filled with concern. "Oh, I am sorry!"

The girl slightly inclined her head.

"I came to ask you," she began, speaking with abrupt directness, "what you propose to do?"

It was a most disconcerting question. Not knowing what he proposed to do, Roddy, to gain time, slipped to the ground and, hat in hand, moved close to the pommel of her saddle. As he did not answer, the girl spoke again, this time in a tone more kindly. "And to ask why you wish to help us?"

As though carefully considering his reply, Roddy scowled, but made no answer. In a flash it had at last come to him that what to Peter and to himself had seemed a most fascinating game was to others a struggle, grim and momentous. He recognized that until now General Rojas had never been to him a flesh-and-blood person, that he had not appreciated that his rescue meant actual life and happiness. He had considered him rather as one of the pieces in a game of chess, which Peter and himself were secretly playing against the Commandant of the San Carlos prison. And now, here, confronting him, was a human being, living, breathing, suffering, the daughter of this chessman, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, demanding of the stranger by what right he made himself her father's champion, by what right he pushed himself into the tragedy of the Rojas family. In his embarrassment Roddy decided desperately to begin at the very beginning, to tell the exact truth, to omit nothing, and then to throw himself upon the mercy of the court.

The gray mist of the morning had lifted. Under the first warm rays of the sun, like objects developing on a photographer's plate, the cactus points stood out sharp and clear, the branches of the orange trees separated, assuming form and outline, the clusters of fruit took on a faint touch of yellow. From the palace yard in distant Willemstad there drifted toward them the boom of the morning gun.

With his reins over his arm, his sombrero crumpled in his hands, his face lifted to the face of the girl, Roddy stood in the road at attention, like a trooper reporting to his superior officer.

"We were in the Teahouse of the Hundred and One Steps," said Roddy. "We called ourselves the White Mice."

Speaking quickly, he brought his story down to the present moment. When he had finished, Inez, who had been bending toward him, straightened herself in the saddle and sat rigidly erect. Her lips and brows were drawn into two level lines, her voice came to him from an immeasurable distance.

"Then it was a joke?" she said.

"A joke!" cried Roddy hotly. "That's most unfair. If you will only give us permission we'll prove to you that it is no joke. Perhaps, as I told it, it sounded heartless. I told it badly. What could I say—that I am sorry? Could I, a stranger, offer sympathy to you? But we *are* sorry. Ever since Peter proposed it, ever since I saw your father ——"

The girl threw herself forward, trembling. Her eyes opened wide.

"You saw my father!" she exclaimed. "Tell me," she begged, "did he look well? Did he speak to you? When did you ——" she stopped suddenly, and, turning her face from him, held her arm across her eyes.

"It was four months ago," said Roddy. "I was not allowed to speak to him. We bowed to each other. That was all."

"I must tell them," cried the girl; "they must know that I have seen some one who has seen him. But if they know I have seen you ——"

She paused; as though asking advice she looked questioningly at Roddy. He shook his head.

"I don't understand," he said.

"My mother and sister don't know that I am here," Inez told him. "If they did they would be very angry. No one," she added warningly, "must know. They are afraid of you. They cannot understand why you offer to help us. And they mistrust you. That is why I had to see you here in this way." With a shrug of distaste the girl glanced about her. "Fortunately," she added, "you understand."

"Why, yes," Roddy assented doubtfully. "I understand your doing what *you* did, but I don't understand the others. Who is it," he asked, "who mistrusts me? Who," he added smiling, "besides yourself?"

"My mother," answered Inez directly, "your consul, Captain Codman, Colonel Vega, and ——"

In surprise, Roddy laughed and raised his eyebrows.

"Vega!" he exclaimed. "Why should Vega mistrust me?" Knowing what was in his mind, the girl made him a formal little bow.

"It is not," she answered, "because you saved his life." In obvious embarrassment she added: "Is it not because you are not in the confidence of your father? You can see that that must make it difficult for Colonel Vega."

Bewildered, Roddy stared at her and again laughed.

"And what possible interest," he demanded, "can *my* father have in Colonel Vega?"

For a moment, with distrust written clearly in her eyes, the girl regarded him reproachfully. Then she asked:

"Do you seriously wish me to think that you do *not* know that?"

While they had been speaking, even when Inez had made it most evident to Roddy that to herself and to her friends he was a discredited person, he had smiled patiently His good humor had appeared unassailable. But now his eyes snapped indignantly. He pressed his lips together and made Inez an abrupt bow.

"I assure you, I know nothing," he said quickly.

He threw the reins over the neck of the pony, and with a slap on its flank drove it across the road within reach of the waiting Pedro. Then lifting his hat, and with another bow, he started in the direction of Willemstad. Inez, too surprised to speak, sat staring after him. But before he had taken a dozen steps, as though she had called him back and asked him to explain, he halted and returned. He had entirely recovered his good humor, but his manner when he spoke was not conciliatory.

"The trouble is this," he said: "your friends are so deep in plots that they have lost sight of the thing that counts. While they are 'mistrusting,' and suspecting, and spying on each other, a man is dying. I know that much, anyway. That is all I care to know." As though it were an extenuating fact, he added: "It is a question of character. It is a Venezuelan way of doing things. But it is not our way. It was very kind of you to give me this chance to explain our interfering. But I see now—everybody," he added dryly, "has taken pains to make it very plain—that we are a nuisance" He paused and, to assure her it was not she whom he was upbraiding, smiled cheerfully. In his most confidential manner he continued lightly: "For myself, I have always thought there was something to say for the fools who rush in where angels fear to tread. I remember once seeing a fool rush into a burning building and rescue a child, while I and some other angels shouted for ladders." He nodded, and again lifted his hat. "Good-by," he said, "and thank you." Leaving her seated silent in the saddle, he walked away.

This time he had turned the bend in the road, and had proceeded along it some hundred yards, when from behind him he heard approaching at a reckless pace the hoof-beats of a pony. Looking back, he saw a whirlwind of fluttering skirts and scattered sparks and pebbles. Inez, followed by Pedro, drew up even with him; and as she dragged her pony to a halt, threw herself free of the pommel and dropped at his feet to the road. Had he not caught her by the shoulders she would have stumbled into his arms. A strand of hair had fallen across her face, her eyes were eager, flashing. She raised her gloved hands impulsively, and clasped them before him.

"Please!" she begged. "You must not go. It is true—what you say about us, but you must help us. I did not know. I had forgotten. It is three years since I talked to any one—any one from your country. I had forgotten. It is true; we are suspicious, we are *not* straightforward like you, like the people in the States. But you must not punish us for that. Not *me*!"

At all times the face raised to his was beautiful. Now, the delicate lips, like those of a child before it breaks into sobs, were trembling, the eyes, lifted appealingly, were eloquent with tears.

"You must advise me," said she. "You must help me."

She raised her clasped hands higher. She regarded him wistfully. "Won't you?" she begged.

Her attack had been swift, masterly; every feminine weapon had been brought into effective action; and the surrender of Roddy was sudden, complete. In abject submission he proceeded incoherently:

"My dear young lady!" he cried. "My dear young *lady!*"

He was rewarded with a brilliant, blinding smile.

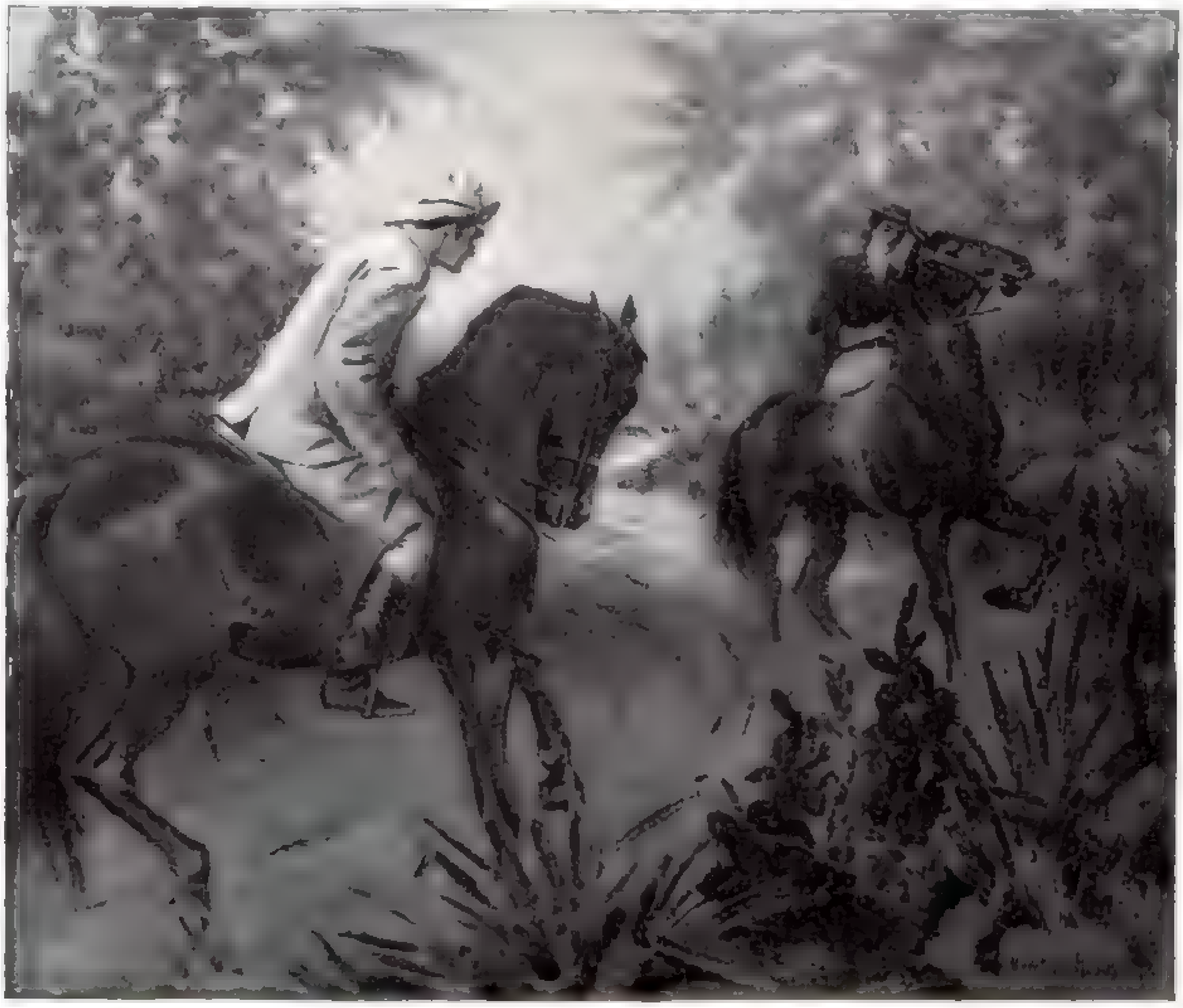
"Then you *will* help me?" Inez asked

Roddy recovered himself quickly.

"My Spanish is very bad," he answered, "but what it sounds like in English is, 'I am at your feet.'"

The sun now was shining brightly, and in the open road they were as conspicuous as though they had stood in a shop window on Broadway. Across the road, in the hedge opposite, a gate barred a path that led into one of the plantations. Roddy opened the gate, and together, followed by Pedro with the ponies, they found a spot where they were hidden by the hedge from any one passing on the highway. Inez halted in the shade of one of the orange trees. Speaking rapidly, she sketched for Roddy a brief history of the various efforts that had been made to rescue her father. She explained why these efforts had failed. She told him of the revolution led by Pino Vega, and the good it was expected to accomplish.

At first the girl spoke in some embarrassment. She knew that to be where she was, at that hour, alone with a stranger, was, in the eyes of her friends and family, an unpardonable offense. And though she resented their point of view, the fact that it existed disquieted her. But the man at her side did not seem to consider talking to a girl in the open sunshine either as a novel experience or one especially disgraceful. Politely, with lowered eyes, he gave to what she said the closest attention. The circumstance that they were alone, even the fact that she was young and attractive, did not appear to once occur to him. Seeing this, Inez with each succeeding moment gained confidence in Roddy and in herself and spoke freely.



With His Hand on His Revolver He Stared Stupidly

"That is what we have tried to do," she said. "Now I am going to tell you why I asked you to meet me here this morning, and how I believe you can help me. Three days ago I received a message from my father."

Roddy exclaimed with interest, but motioned eagerly for her to continue

"It is in cipher," she continued, "but it is his handwriting. It is unmistakable. It was given to me when I was at church. I was kneeling in the chapel of St. Agnes, which is in the darkest corner of the building. At first I was alone, and then a woman came and knelt close beside me. She was a negress, poorly dressed, and her face was hidden by her shawl. For a moment I thought she was murmuring her prayers, and then I found she was repeating certain words and that she was talking at me. 'I have a letter, a letter from your father,' she whispered. I crowded closer, and she dropped a piece of paper in front of me and then got to her feet and hurried away. I followed, but there were many people at mass, and when I had reached the street she had disappeared. The message she brought me is this: 'Page 54, paragraph 4.' That is all. It is the second message we have had from my father in two years. The first one was by word of mouth, and came a month ago. The meaning of that was only too plain. But what this one means I cannot imagine, nor," proceeded Inez with distress, "can I see why, if he had the chance to write to us, he did not write more openly."

She looked appealingly at Roddy, and paused for him to speak.

"He was afraid the message would be intercepted," said Roddy. "What he probably means to do is to send it to you in two parts. The second message will be the key that explains this one. He knew if he wrote plainly, and it fell into the wrong hands——" Roddy interrupted himself, and for a moment remained silent. "'Page 54, paragraph 4,'" he repeated. "Has he sent you a book?" he asked. "Has any book come to you anonymously?"

The girl shook her head. "No, I thought of that," she said, "but no books have come to us that we haven't ordered ourselves."

"What do the others think?" asked Roddy.

The girl colored slightly and shook her head.

"I have not told them. I knew my mother would ask Pino to help her, and," she explained, "though I like Pino, for certain reasons I do not wish to be indebted to him for the life of my father. Before appealing to him I have been trying for two days to find out the meaning of the cipher, but I could not do it, and I was just about to show it to my mother when Captain Codman told us of your offer. That made me hesitate. And then, as between you and Pino, I decided you were better able to help us. You live in Porto Cabello, within sight of the prison. Pino will be in the field. His revolution may last a month, it may last for years. During that time he would do nothing to help my father. When you risked being shot yesterday, it seemed to me you showed you had spirit, and also, *you* are from the States, and Pino is a Venezuelan, so ——"

"You needn't take up the time of the court," said Roddy, "in persuading me that I am the man to help you. To save time I will concede that. What was the other message you received from your father?"

The eyes of the girl grew troubled and her voice lost its eagerness.

"It was charged in a French paper," she said, "that the prisoners in San Carlos were being killed by neglect. The French minister is a friend of our family, and he asked Alvarez to appoint a committee of doctors to make an investigation. Alvarez was afraid to refuse, and sent the doctors to examine my father and report on his health. One of them told him that Alvarez would permit him to send a message to my mother, and to tell her himself whether he was, or was not, ill. This is the message that they gave us as coming from my father:

"'I don't know what you gentlemen may decide as to my health,' he said, 'but *I* know that I am dying. Tell my wife that I wish to be buried in my native country, and to place upon my tombstone my name and this epitaph: "He wrote history, and made history."'"

The voice of the girl had dropped to a whisper. She recovered herself and continued sadly: "Until three days ago that is the only word we have received from my father in two years."

The expression on Roddy's face was one of polite incredulity. Seeing this, Inez, as though answering his thought, said proudly: "My father made history when he arranged the boundary line between British Guiana and Venezuela."

Roddy shook his head impatiently.

"I wasn't thinking of that," he said. "I was thinking of the message. It doesn't sound a bit like your father," he exclaimed. "Not like what *I*'ve heard of him."

The eyes of the girl grew anxious with disappointment.

"Do you mean," she asked, "that you think he did *not* send that message?"

(Continued on Page 32)

The American Jewel Market

The Profit and Loss on Diamonds and Other Precious Stones

By E. L. Bacon and T. Edgar Willson

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

AMERICANS are the greatest jewel buyers in the world. This is a country where every bartender and almost every millionaire prides himself on his diamonds and regards them as a necessary luxury. They are a luxury that is not confined here, as abroad, to certain classes. Almost every American can scrape up enough money for a diamond or two. The man who manages to get married without having invested in one is a prince of strategists or a fit object for charity.

In Europe a peasant buying precious stones would be regarded as a thief or a lunatic. In New York the dwellers in the tenements of the East Side buy hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds every year. In Europe many of the rich have a satisfactory supply of jewels in family heirlooms. Here most of the wealthy families have had ancestors more frugal, and their jewels have to come from the dealers. In fact, conditions in this country are almost ideal from the Maiden Lane point of view, and under them the market has grown to proportions that fill European jewelers with envy.

Just a glance at the figures. Seventy-five per cent of the world's diamond output goes to the United States. In a prosperous year we spend sixty million dollars for diamonds alone, which is more than ninety per cent of the money spent for all precious stones. This is an estimate made without taking into consideration the diamonds that are smuggled in. Of course, there is no way of telling how many escape the eyes of the customs inspectors, but some of the largest importers believe the smugglers bring in one-eighth as many as come through the legitimate channels.

The diamonds imported in 1906 were appraised by the Government at almost forty million dollars. The tariff, the cost of cutting the rough stones and the wholesalers' and retailers' profits would increase that figure at least fifty per cent. The duty on unset, cut diamonds is ten per cent. The cost of cutting the rough stones, which are admitted free, amounts to about the same, the importers' profits range from six to ten per cent, and from twenty to fifty per cent is the estimate, made by men of long experience, of the profits of the retail dealer.

The Necklace That Went Begging

THERE is a good deal of difficulty in estimating the retailer's profits, especially when it comes to the man who is doing a big business in unusually fine stones.

Four years ago a New York importer, who also carried on a wholesale and retail business, had some of his finest diamonds made into a necklace, which he sent to Saratoga priced at one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. If he could sell at that figure his profit would be one hundred per cent. He was counting on luck. If somebody of great wealth should chance to take a fancy to it, the dealer felt sure he would get the full price.

Perhaps millionaires were scarce in Saratoga that summer; at any rate, none of them fell a victim to the facination of the necklace. It was brought back to the importer's office, where gradually, in the course of two years, the price dwindled to seventy-five thousand dollars. And all the time the loss of interest on the money invested had been eating into his prospective profit. It was not the fault of the market; the jewel trade was on the top wave of prosperity. It was simply that luck was against him.

Not long before that unpleasant experience fortune had been kinder. The dealer had sold a diamond necklace to a Fifth Avenue jeweler for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, making a handsome profit very soon after importing the stones. In the Fifth Avenue store the necklace was priced at two hundred thousand dollars. Three days after it had been bought from the importer, a man and his wife came into the place and fell under its spell.

"Two hundred thousand dollars is a pretty fat price," said the man, who didn't know whether it was or not, and was taking a random shot. "It's too-much."

After a show of much hesitation the jeweler cut off ten thousand dollars. The next day the man bought the necklace, enthusiastic over the idea that he had saved that much money. But probably he could have saved ten or even twenty thousand dollars more if he had haggled a little longer, for the jeweler was even more enthusiastic. Forty thousand dollars' profit in four days was even more than he had dared to hope for.

Most of the retailer's customers know very little about jewels. They depend largely upon the dealer's word. In buying stones of great value only an expert can tell whether the price is exorbitant, and even his opinion would not be infallible. The value of the extraordinary stone is largely problematical. It might be said to be worth whatever the dealer can get for it, and on such a stone his profit may be ten per cent, and it may be two hundred. Then, again, he may be fortunate to come out of the speculation without loss. Some little, unexpected happening often upsets the best-laid plans for making a fortune out of such a stone.

May Wilson Preston 09.

On the East Side One Has to Keep His Wits About Him to be Sure He Doesn't Invest in a Diamond Without Knowing He is Doing So

Take the case of the famous Hope diamond. In November, 1901, this wonderful blue stone, weighing forty-four and a quarter carats, one of the largest and most valuable diamonds ever brought into this country, was bought in London by Simon Frankel, head of the firm of Joseph Frankel's Sons, of New York, for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The tariff added twenty-five thousand dollars to his investment.

The jewel arrived here the following month, at the height of the Christmas market. Frankel had counted on an immediate sale to one of two persons who had shown an eagerness to get possession of it. They were both very rich New Yorkers, and each wanted to present the stone as a Christmas present to his wife. A sale to one or the other of them seemed assured.

Then something happened, the possibility of which had not entered into Frankel's calculations. In one of the newspapers appeared a small paragraph telling of the arrival of the jewel. The news-instinct of every city editor and Sunday editor in New York was immediately aroused, and the Hope diamond, its history, and speculations as to its future, were exploited to the extent of many columns.

Frankel threw up his hands in despair. He was too shrewd a man in the business not to realize at once the danger. Here were the newspapers waiting eagerly for the next sale of the stone, when the purchaser would have a good chance of seeing under block-type headlines a picture of himself, of his wife wearing the jewel and various interesting details regarding his private affairs. If there should happen to be some old scandal in the family that could be dug up, so much the better. Scandal and jewels always go well together in print. Some such glimpse as this of the possibilities the future might have in store must have come to both prospective customers. Each of them informed Frankel that he was unwilling to run the risk of publicity. Thereupon the stone became an elephant on the firm's hands, an elephant that didn't eat hay, to be sure, but that ate up the earnings of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars of working capital with an unfailing appetite.

For seven long years the great diamond lay in the Frankels' safe. The panic came. The bottom fell out of the jewel market. The firm, with so much of its capital tied up, was hard pressed. It was forced to trustee its stock.

At last, in November, 1908, the stone was sold to Habib, a diamond broker in Paris, for two million francs, for the price of diamonds had been advanced many times since 1901. But even that price gave the Frankels only a little more than five per cent on their investment at compound interest, while a dealer who is not making twenty per cent on his working capital is considered as doing an extraordinarily poor business.

All the big dealers have a full appreciation of the value of secrecy. That is why, sometimes, all track is lost of famous jewels. Before the discovery of the Cullinan stone, the largest diamond known to the world was the Jägersfontein Excelsior. Years ago the Excelsior disappeared. What had become of it was one of the mysteries of the market. Whenever conversation lagged in the corners of restaurants in the Maiden Lane district, where importers come together for the noonday meal, somebody would be pretty sure to remark: "Well, I wonder what has become of the Jägersfontein Excelsior." It was a never-failing source of surprise that a stone, far larger than even the Kohinoor, could be kept so long without the market knowing of its whereabouts.

Famous Missing Stones

THEN, in 1905, came the disclosure of the sensational robbery at a celebrated Fifth Avenue shop. Diamonds worth $50,000 had disappeared. An old employee was suspected, but there was very little evidence against him, and to this day the mystery remains unsolved. But after the news got into print the firm admitted that among the missing stones were three of a number into which the Jägersfontein Excelsior had been cut.

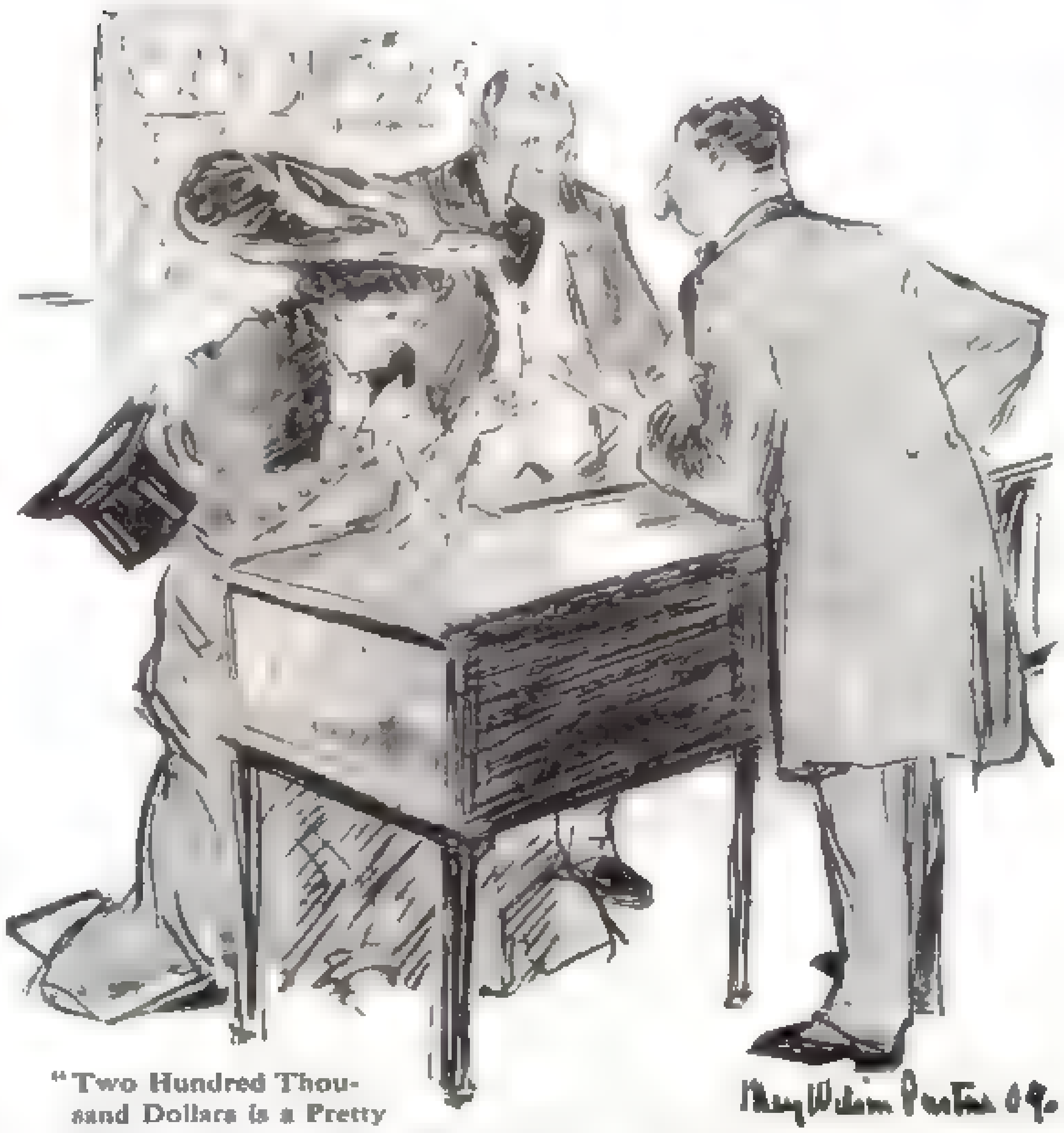
Many years ago the Maximilian crown jewels were smuggled into this country from Mexico. They, too, have disappeared. The chances are that they have been scattered about the world by this time. You might ask of their whereabouts at every importer's house in Maiden Lane without being any the wiser.

Early in 1907 a blood-red diamond, weighing almost five carats, was brought into the country. It was the finest colored diamond that William B. Treadwell, the Government examiner of jewelry at the Port of New York, had ever seen—a sight to fill a jewel connoisseur with enthusiasm, a magnificent example of the rarest, most valuable, most beautiful jewel in the world. It is rare indeed that a blood-red diamond comes to the examiner at New York, though he passes on almost all the precious stones that enter the country, and he had very little to guide him in estimating its value. Finally he appraised it at thirty-five thousand dollars, though he realized it might sell in the retail market at three times that figure.

Who knows where that diamond is today? Very few of the dealers know that it exists. Probably not half a dozen of them know the name of its present owner.

Just as much of a mystery is the whereabouts of the Prince Edward of York diamond, a white, pear-shaped stone weighing sixty and a quarter carats, one of the finest and largest stones in the world. It was brought to this country a few years ago and sold to a New Yorker. The name of the purchaser was never made public.

The name of the New York woman who bought the great ruby imported a few years ago by Theodore B. Starr


Mary Wilson Preston 09.

"Two Hundred Thousand Dollars is a Pretty Fat Price," Said the Man, Who Didn't Know Whether it Was or Not

was also kept from the public. That stone was invoiced at almost fifty thousand dollars, but the price at which it was sold was as much of a secret as the name of the purchaser.

In fact, perhaps, the only great stone brought into the country of recent years whose present owner is known is the blue diamond, weighing twenty-two and a quarter carats, imported by Jacob Dreicer in 1902. It was sold to James B. Cheney, who presented it as a Christmas gift to his wife, who before her marriage was Julia Arthur, the actress.

But the dealers know that, excepting the crown jewels of Europe, Americans own a large portion of the very finest gems in the world. In the famous "Diamond Horseshoe" at the Metropolitan Opera House on a gala night the diamonds displayed are worth, according to the estimates of experts, at least twenty-five million dollars, and there are hundreds of stones in that wonderful display any one of which would bring money enough to keep an average East Side family in comfort for several years.

But a change has been coming over the character of the American jewelry trade recently. Taste has been having an effect. There is a steadily-increasing demand for colored stones of semi-precious varieties. For the last two years the tendency on the part of fashionable women has been to get gems to match their gowns, not only in color but in general texture. This calls into play crystals of all colors and shades, as well as gem material such as turquoise matrix and lapis lazuli. For a solid, heavy gown an opaque stone, coral or turquoise, is chosen to match, and for light, flimsy material a transparent, crystalline gem, such as an aquamarine or a tourmaline.

This looked like economy on the part of the women, but the jewelers soon found that the customers who were bringing this discerning taste to bear upon their purchases were spending almost as much money for semi-precious stones as they had spent before for the more costly ones. What the women saved in price they spent in acquiring a larger amount of jewelry, and the husbands, who had begun to prick up their ears hopefully at the new tendency, relapsed into gloom.

East-Side Diamond Buyers

LARGELY responsible for this change is the artistic genius of René Lalique, of Paris. He was the first man to subordinate jewel material to the design of the jewelry and to make people appreciate the beauties of stones of less intrinsic value. He it is who has given a footing to the *art nouveau* in jewelry.

But there is another man who should not be overlooked in this connection. He is Cartier, a son-in-law of Worth, the Paris dressmaker. Cartier, being a jeweler, began to make designs to match his father-in-law's gowns, and in this way built up a very large business. It is as a result of his work and that of Lalique that many American mines of semi-precious stones have been developed recently in North Carolina, Southern California and Montana.

But this is a tendency that is affecting only the dealers who sell to women of fashion. In New York's East Side tenement district Lalique and Cartier are unknown and their influence is unfelt. And these inhabitants of the East Side are people to be reckoned with by the market. Poor they are and their homes are squalid, but the diamonds they own are worth millions. These stones appeal to the saving element among them, especially to the Jews, as an investment. Many a family there is in that teeming district without money enough to buy sufficient food, but with a fine display of diamonds.

The East Side sales are almost all made on the installment plan. There are many little dealers without even a store. One of them has been doing a business of between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand dollars a year. His office is in his hat, and his profits are enormous. When you buy a diamond on the installment plan it costs you a good deal more than if you pay cash down.

When the purchaser fails to pay his installments he is likely to find himself behind the bars. There have been times when almost all the prisoners in Ludlow Street jail were unfortunate investors in diamonds.

In fact, on the East Side one has to keep his wits about him to be sure he doesn't invest in a diamond without knowing he is doing so. Not very long ago one of the little dealers came into a barber's shop and exhibited to the proprietor a diamond ring.

"I wish you'd keep this here for me for a while, Joe," he said. "You might sign this receipt."

"Sure," said Joe, who enjoyed the prospect of wearing a diamond without having to pay for it, and he signed the paper.

All went well for a few weeks. Then one day an officer came in with a warrant for Joe and took him off to Ludlow Street.

The barber was bewildered. He thought of all the sins he had committed in the course of his career and couldn't think of a single one that appealed to him as being likely to bring him behind the bars. It was not until he had discovered that the paper he had signed was not a receipt but an agreement to purchase the diamond, and that the payments were overdue, that light dawned upon him.

Fortunate it is for the East Sider that he has the family jewels to fall back upon when the wolf howls at the door. When father is out of a job and the larder is low, the family shivering in scanty rags and winter drawing on apace, the cry goes up: "Hock the diamonds!" It is embarrassing to have to appear among the neighbors stripped of these adornments, but it is better than to starve or freeze. If the diamond craze should die out in the tenement districts there would be a terrible slump in the business of the pawnbrokers.

Strange adventures many an old diamond has had, winding up sometimes in some squalid room in a New York tenement, after centuries in Old-World palaces. The American dealers get many thousands of dollars' worth of jewels that have been heirlooms in ancient families of Europe.

Ten years ago Ludwig Nissen, one of the largest importers in the Maiden Lane district, was visiting in the office of a jeweler in London when a man of genteel appearance was ushered in and explained that he had some valuable diamonds to sell.

The jeweler examined the stones, and, although they were unusually fine, concluded that he did not care to buy. Mr. Nissen, however, had taken a strong fancy to them, and thought he saw a good investment in sight. He named a price and the visitor accepted it. There was only one obstacle in the way of closing the bargain. The New Yorker insisted on knowing where the stones came from. The visitor shook his head. He explained that he represented a friend whose name must be kept secret.

"Then I won't buy," said Nissen.

The man hesitated. "I will go and see my friend," he said finally, "and come back and let you know the decision."

He returned with the information that the owner of the jewels would like to see the prospective purchaser. They got into a cab and were driven to a fashionable quarter, where they stopped at last before an apartment-house of the very best class.

The New Yorker was taken into a richly-furnished drawing-room, where a moment later appeared a handsome woman, growing on toward middle age, who spoke with a slight foreign accent and who, it developed, was a Russian princess of a family known all over Europe. She explained that a few years earlier she and her family had been suspected of being in league with the Nihilists, and had been forced to leave Russia in such haste that they had saved of their property only their jewels. These jewels were diamonds, some of them of unusual size, that had been in the family for many generations. Only a few of them had been taken to the jeweler's office, and the remainder of the collection was brought out for the New Yorker's inspection. It was a dazzling array of stones and worth a large fortune.

The Rising Prices of the White Stones

THE dealer bought the diamonds she wished to sell and she informed him that later she would let him have some more.

Every year since that day the Princess has sold to the New York importer diamonds enough to bring her five thousand dollars, enough, as she explained, for her yearly expenses.

"But why don't you sell them all at once?" asked Mr. Nissen one day. "Then you will have capital enough to live on the interest."

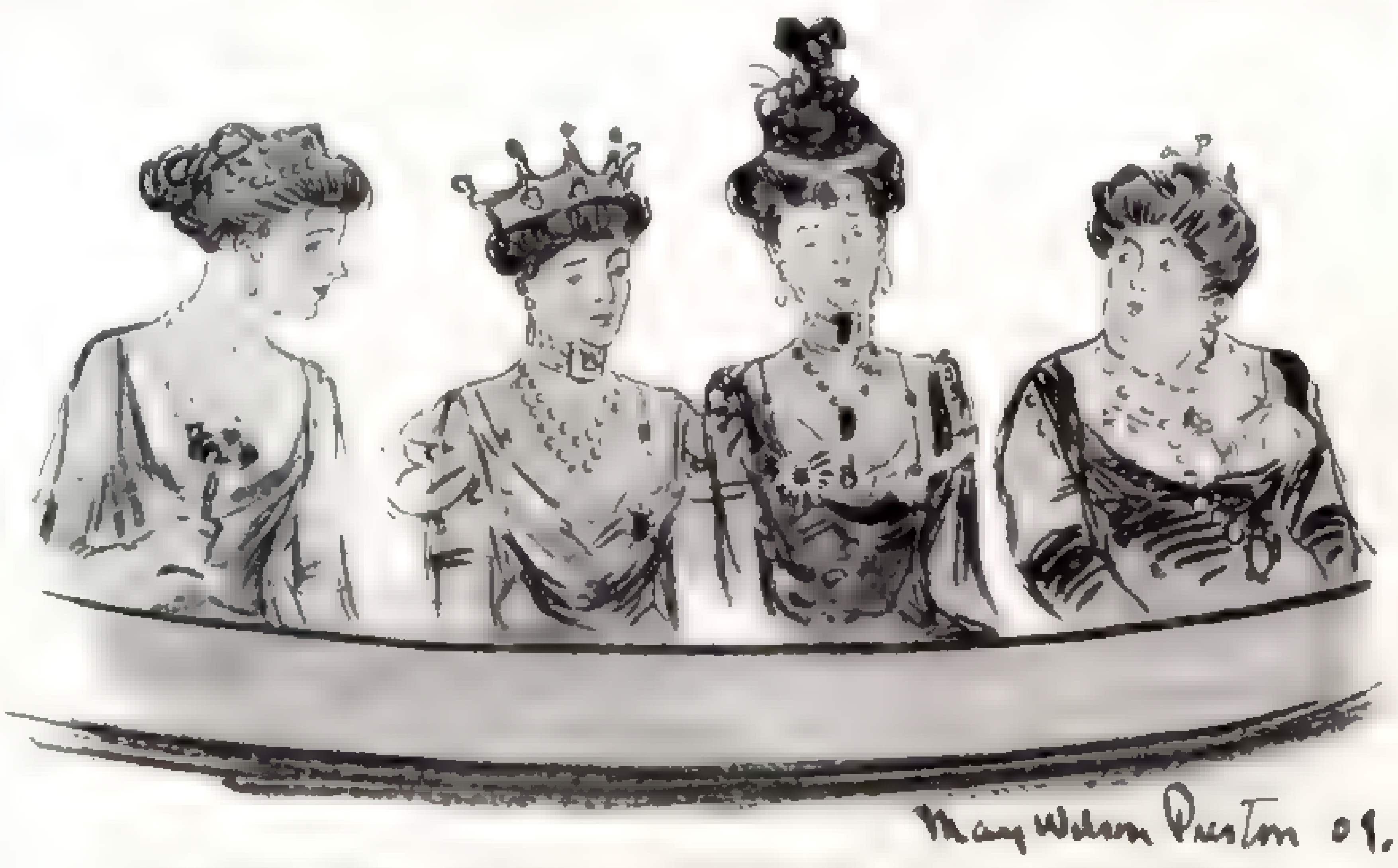
"Ah!" exclaimed the Princess. "You don't understand. I have a husband who is of a speculative turn of mind. If I should sell them all at once he would run through the money in no time. As it is, I have diamonds enough to last me twenty years. I should be sixty-five years old then, and I don't expect to live longer than that."

As a matter of fact, her diamonds ought to hold out ten or fifteen years longer than the period on which she laid her calculations, because the price of diamonds has been going steadily upward. During the last ten years, in spite of a slight depreciation in quality, the price of the highest grade of stones has been advanced one hundred and seventy-five per cent, with an advance of one hundred per cent on most of the remainder of the supply. During this period prices have never fallen. Not a year has gone by without an advance of from five to twenty-five per cent.

Even when business depression followed the panic of 1907, diamond prices held firm. The public couldn't understand why, for the hard times had hit the jewel market a staggering blow. The business of the importers was almost at a standstill. From the viewpoint of the uninitiated it looked as if the prices which had been soaring so rapidly could not stand the strain. But everybody who understood the situation knew there was not the slightest prospect of reduction, no matter what wails of distress might come from the dealers.

Diamond prices are not readily affected by supply and

(Continued on Page 36)


Mary Wilson Preston 09.

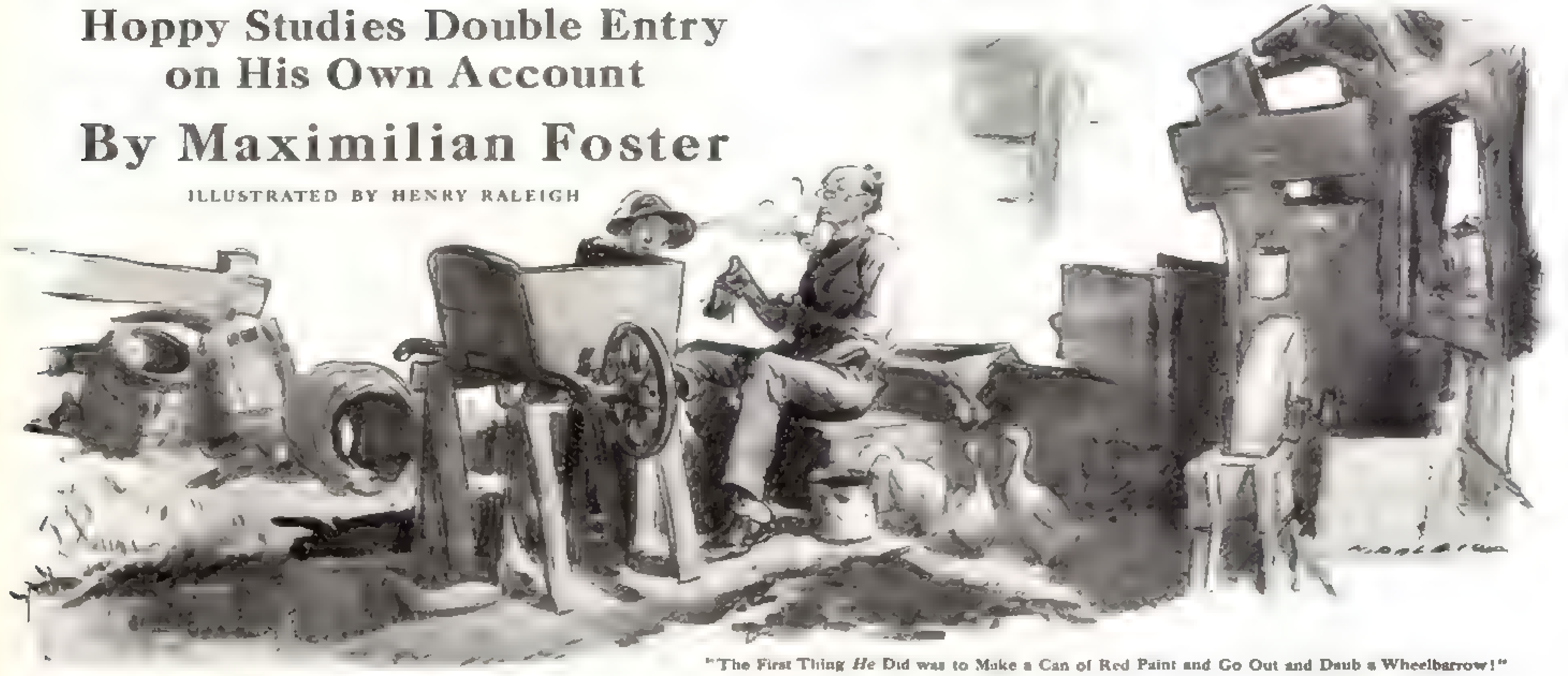
In the Famous "Diamond Horseshoe" at the Metropolitan Opera House the Diamonds Displayed are Worth at Least Twenty-Five Million Dollars

THE BLACK SHEEP

Hoppy Studies Double Entry on His Own Account

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"The First Thing *He* Did was to Make a Can of Red Paint and Go Out and Daub a Wheelbarrow!"

II

SO, FOR the first time in the history of its organization the story of Rooker, Burke & Co.'s fabulous mining venture was related to an innocent and astonished outsider. In all its simplicity—in all its wealth of unmatched, dramatic circumstance, it was poured, bit by bit, eloquently, into a listening ear; and if the hearer were, indeed, thrilled by it—if he hearkened entranced, distraught by the plain sincerity of the picture, who shall blame him for his emotion? For the story, told simply, with no effort at embellishment, went straight to the heart of truth, and was in every line of it a knock-down blow between the eyes.

Lolling comfortably in his chair Mr. Williams gazed at the ceiling and sucked absently at his cigar. "There was a man named Hoover in Altoona," said Mr. Williams thoughtfully, "and he made wheelbarrows and painted 'em red. Painted 'em red, you understand."

Red wheelbarrows! Hoppy started slightly; the words were singularly familiar.

"A queer fellow—this Hoover," continued Mr. Williams, blowing another gust of smoke, "always dabbling in his shop—trying new dodges, you know—and dead-set to cut down his costs. Yes!" drawled the story-teller slowly, "always trying to save half a cent here and another half cent there."

"Really!" exclaimed Hoppy, though so softly that he could hardly be said to interrupt. "Why, indeed!" But, as if disturbed, Mr. Williams abruptly detached his eyes from the ceiling and looked sharply at him. "What's that?" he inquired icily.

"Oh, go on, Bull!" protested Rooker impatiently, "he only said 'indeed'!"

Frowning slightly, Mr. Williams again refreshed himself from his cigar. "At all events," said he, picking up the thread of his tale, "he was a great hand on paint—always trying to save on his paint bills. *Red paint,*" explained Mr. Williams carefully; "the kind he used on his wheelbarrows."

At this point Rooker leaned over and touched Hoppy on the arm. "Keep the paint in mind," he advised earnestly, "it's the nub of the whole affair."

"That's right," assented Mr. Williams, "and every time a friend of his was going on a journey he'd beg him if he saw any red earth anywhere—just common, red field dirt, it was—to bring him home a sample. Because red dirt is iron rust, you know—and it's iron rust that makes red paint."

"Ferrous oxide's the name," supplemented Rooker knowingly; "he's got it in his letter."

"I shouldn't wonder," responded Mr. Williams, nodding. "But, anyway," he resumed deliberately, "Hoover had a friend—a sea captain—the master of a little, dirty tramp, trading between New York and British Honduras."

"Bananas, mostly," added Rooker, indicating that he had gone into all details, including even the nature of the vessel's cargo.

"Bananas, hides, coffee, and so on," detailed Mr. Williams, completing the train of circumstantial facts; "and sometimes lumber, with a little rubber now and then. Not much, though."

"Oh, go on with your story," admonished Rooker impatiently; "we've got to get home tonight."

So Mr. Williams, as exhorted, went on with his narrative. It appeared then—as he set forth with convincing exactness—that the captain had sailed recently for Honduras, where, in the course of his adventures, he had come across a vast district underlaid with earth of a deep and striking redness. At once attracted to it and laughingly mindful of his Altoona friend, the captain filled a coffee sack with the earth and sent it aboard his steamer. Then, having transacted the remainder of his business, he had sailed for home, and in due course of time the sack of red oxide had been shipped to the Altoona Hoover.

"Yes—and the first thing *he* did," added Mr. Williams, grinning reflectively, "was to make a can of red paint and go out and daub a wheelbarrow!"

Smiling more broadly at the thought he looked whimsically at Hoppy. "Yes, Mr. Deane—and I'd hate to tell you now what that wheelbarrow is really worth. About the most costly one, I should say, that Hoover ever made."

Hoppy awoke in astonishment. "Why!" he exclaimed dully, "you don't mean the paint ruined it?"

Both Mr. Williams and Rooker suffered themselves to laugh. "Ruin it, eh? Why, no!" said Mr. Williams, twisting his mustache, "it was about the best little paint ever made. It was such darned good paint that Hoover wanted to know what was in it—what it really was. So, without saying anything, he sent it down to the assayer's. Yes, he did. He sent it to the assayer's," drawled Mr. Williams, grinning again.

"Bull," interrupted Rooker, after a laugh, "for Heaven's sake, won't you hurry up?"

But Mr. Williams, it appeared, must take his own way and his own time in telling what had happened. "My son," said he, and sat upright, his mustache bristling fiercely, "do you know what they found in that paint—in the sample that went to the assayer's? Tell me, do you know what was in that paint?"

Hoppy promptly shook his head. "Red oxide, wasn't it? Yes! I think that was what you told me—the stuff that makes red paint!"

"Red *oxide?*" Mr. Williams had some difficulty to retain his almost impatient disdain. "Red oxide, you think? Hmph!"

Rooker got up, cleared his throat, and suddenly sat down. "Oh, the devil, Bull! Are you going to take all day about it? Tell him, I say!"

So Mr. Williams told. In a voice thrilling with revelation—whispering it—he leaned forward with distended eyes. "Gold!" he cried hollowly. "*Gold!* Pure, solid *gold!* The assays ran from one hundred and twenty-five to eight hundred dollars the ton! *Gold!*" said Mr. Williams, "and he'd been painting it on a wheelbarrow!"

Gold! Gold paint worth eight hundred dollars to the ton! "Oh, I see," said Hoppy after a brief reflection, "but it wasn't the paint that was worth it. It was the red earth instead."

Precisely! Such was the case, indeed. "Hoppy," said Rooker in a voice that made poor work of concealing its excitement, "there are four hundred square miles of that earth—every foot of it filled with the gold—and Hoppy—Hoppy, we've grabbed up every single, solitary acre. Mr. Williams got them a month ago!—four hundred square miles of solid gold!"

Nodding affirmatively, Mr. Williams cleared his throat. "You cabled Belize, didn't you?" he inquired, in a voice that was passably calm. And Rooker laughed nervously.

"Cabled, eh? You c'n bet I did!" Then he turned to Hoppy. "We've bought a dredge, you know. It's placer gold, and we're going to work at once."

Hoppy nodded pleasantly; Rooker's activity and good sense were surely commendable. "Of course you're sure the gold is there?" he suggested with a sage air that made the others nod approvingly.

"Sure?" echoed Rooker, and tossed his head. "Oh, I've seen too many snide wildcat mines worked off on Wall Street to take any chances. Now I'll tell you what I did, and you can let on if you think I did the right thing." Hitching up his trousers, Rooker edged forward in his seat and began ticking it off on his fingers. "First, I wired a chap in Belize—British Honduras, you know—friend of mine in the banana trade. Then, second," said Rooker, and bent back another finger, "I told him to ship me a few sacks of that earth. Said it was red paint—ha! ha!" After the laugh he bent back a third finger. "Third, I had it shipped north via New Orleans. Well!" he exclaimed, while Mr. Williams nodded expressively, "the sacks came last night, and Sunset and I took 'em up into the bathroom and went to work. Gee, we got wet up to the neck!"

Mr. Williams, who had been smiling broadly, now laughed outright at the thought. "You get that, don't you? They went and panned out the dirt in the bathtub? Say—isn't that the limit?"

"I dare say," answered Hoppy, who had been smiling faintly, too. "Rather sloppy, wasn't it?"

Rooker bit a cigar, lighted a match nervously, and then absent-mindedly tossed it away. "Yes, I used a hand-basin and Sunset he got a pie-plate. We were at it until almost daylight."

Hoppy clasped both hands over his knee and gazed abstractedly at his partner. "And you found ——"

"Gold!" The word burst from Rooker's lips as if he were no longer able to contain himself. "Gold!—and now look for yourself!" With a dramatic gesture he dragged an envelope from an inner pocket, tore it open and cascaded a stream of minute, yellow particles on the blotting-pad in front of him. "There it is!" he added as calmly as the circumstances might permit. "Now stick your eye to that and tell me what you think of it."

But before Hoppy could express himself—before he had found time to choose the proper words of wonder and applause, the door was flung open and a rousing voice saluted them. "Hello, old Keeley cure! Been jabbing the gold dope into any ——"

Silence, then! A momentary, but pointed, painful silence. Sunset Burke—for it was he who had burst in so unceremoniously—Sunset gaped awkwardly, and then by an effort managed to twist his features in a smile. "Oh, I see!" said he knowingly, and nodded; "you're breaking the news to Hoppy. Well, Sonny!" cried Sunset, nudging Hoppy with his elbow, "pretty amazing, ain't it, and enough to take your breath away?"

It was, as Hoppy assured him. "Extraordinary, isn't it? Really, I never heard anything like it before!"

At the frank admission Rooker, who had been eying Sunset Burke with a hint of impatient disfavor, seemed to recover his spirits. "Now, Hoppy," said he, and drew forth a ready pencil, "we've let you in on the secret—you know all about it—and this is what we're going to do for you. For *you*, mind you," he added earnestly, "because we're all partners together, and because—because we like you."

"For me, you say?" echoed Hoppy, smiling gently. "But really ——"

Rooker cut him short with a quick, indulgent laugh. "Wait!" he protested, and began figuring rapidly.

So Hoppy waited, his eyes fixed thoughtfully on the small standing army of numerals that Rooker swiftly manœuvered into view.

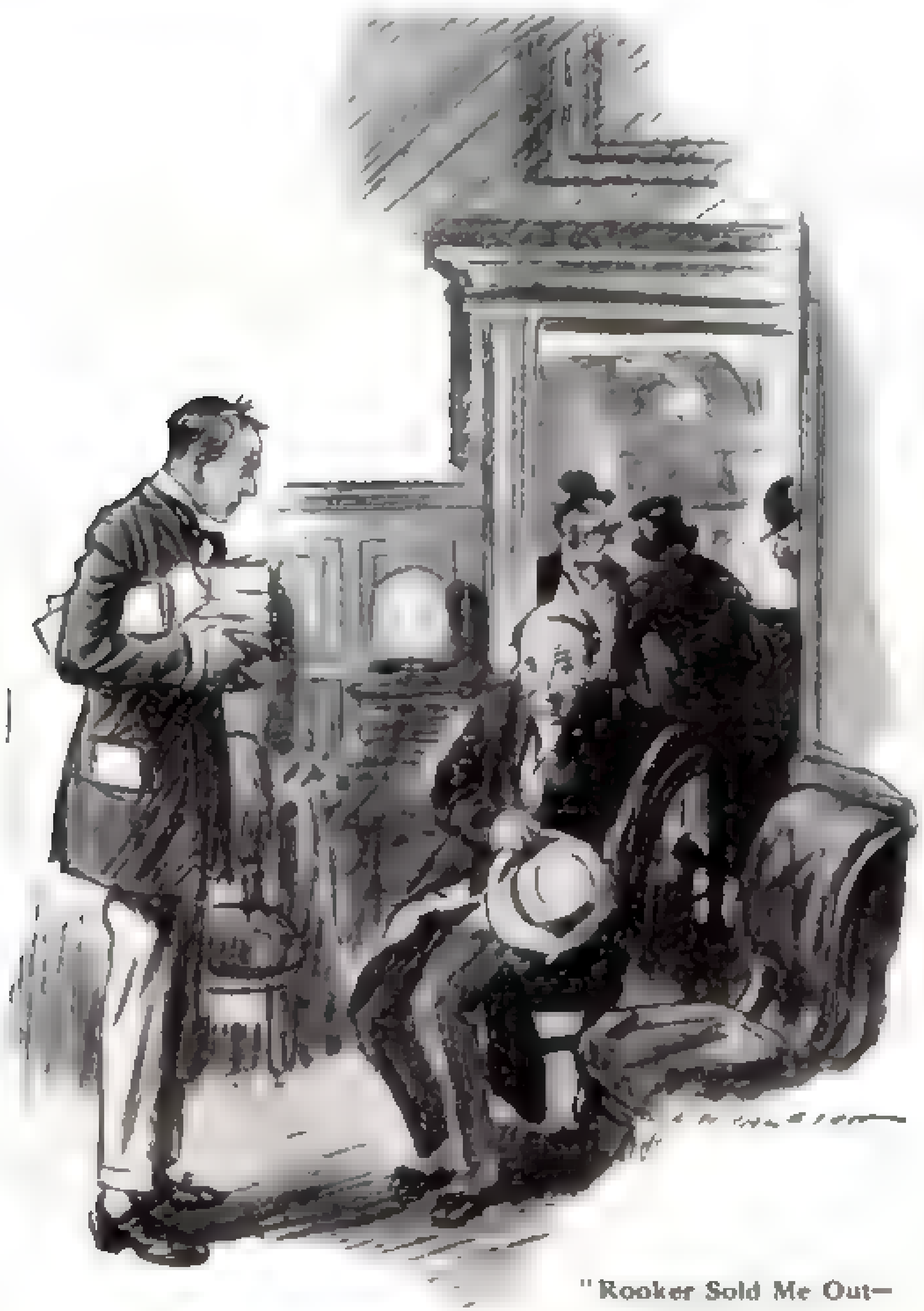
"Five nines is forty-five," mumbled the senior partner, and set it down; "and five fours is twenty—and four to carry—makes twenty-four." Moistening the pencil, he attacked the paper again. "Two and four and five—two hundred and forty-five thousand —hmph! —and divide by three." Immediately he divided by three. "Yes!—call it an even eighty thou. Hoppy!" said Rooker, and stumbled unsteadily to his feet. "Hoppy—don't try to thank me now—not a word—because I won't hear of it. But you c'n thank Bull or Sunset if you like—not me—no! In short," faltered Rooker, his voice breaking in spite of himself, "I herewith make over to you four thousand and eighty-odd shares of the Honduras Gold and Placer Company, all free and unattached. Hoppy, my boy, let me shake you by the hand!"

A profound silence followed the announcement. Four thousand and eighty-odd shares! "Do you mean," asked Hoppy, in a voice that he strove to keep calm, "that you make me a present of them?"

Both Rooker and Sunset moved uneasily; Mr. Williams, stifling a smile, hid himself in a cloud of tobacco.

"In theory—yes!" answered Rooker with a light and deprecatory cough. "Actually, they cost you a nominal sum—a merely nominal figure: eighty thousand dollars," said Rooker in a remarkably even voice. "Eighty thousand for shares worth *as many millions!*"

Hoppy pushed back his chair and arose. He was quite calm—perhaps unusually calm for one who had become the beneficiary of such an amazingly generous offer. Another man would have accepted outright and not stopped to quibble. "Really now, but I'd like to know," he said nervously, "is any one else in on this?"


"Rooker Sold Me Out—I'm Busted!"

It appeared to be a close corporation. Only Rooker, Burke & Co. and Mr. Williams and his associates were in the least way interested.

"And you don't aim to feed out—I beg pardon! You don't mean to sell any shares to our customers?"

At this ingenious query Rooker burst into a dry laugh that was echoed by both Burke and Mr. Williams. "What? Let them in on a good thing like this? Why, man—it's a killing, I tell you!"

"Yeh, a regular killing, ain't it?" echoed Sunset Burke, disgusted at the idea of sharing it with others.

Yet, after all, it was Mr. Williams who put the matter into its clearest and most practical form. "Well, friends," he broke in genially, "I guess it's up to Mr. Hoppy now to sit down and write a draft. His Mar's good for it, I shouldn't wonder."

In the quick, knowing laugh that followed, Hoppy joined cheerfully. "Do you know," he said as soon as he had composed himself, "I can't tell you gentlemen how much I think of your kindness. This is a big thing—millions in it, as you say—and yet you want to let me in."

"Oh, don't speak of that," broke in Rooker generously. "You're entitled to share it, anyway."

"Yes, but it's frightfully nice of you, all the same," insisted Hoppy earnestly. "But what I want to know," he added, "is whether I'm right in accepting it from you or any one else."

"Eh?" inquired Rooker, a little confused.

"I mean, is it right for me to do it? My pride bothers me—naturally—and when I think of taking a gift like that ——"

Rooker, a little uncertainly, edged in another observation. "But it ain't just a gift," he protested eloquently; "you're paying eighty thousand."

Hoppy shook his head and smiled at him pleasantly. "Now don't try to put it like that," he objected. "It isn't the money, of course, because I have plenty—or mother has, anyway," he added simply. "As you know, I'm just down here in the Street to keep from being idle—to have something to do—and so why should I take what you're trying to force on me? Oh, I couldn't do that," added Hoppy, staring at them earnestly.

A telling pause followed, a silence broken abruptly by a deep and wheezing sigh. "And you ain't coming in with us?" faltered Sunset Burke clumsily. "You're going to duck on what we offer?"

Just as earnestly as before Hoppy answered him. "It isn't right," he answered politely. "No—my pride—you're generous—and all that. Oh, I couldn't think of it—to take all that money that's really yours! No, gentlemen," announced Hoppy, "I won't go in with you."

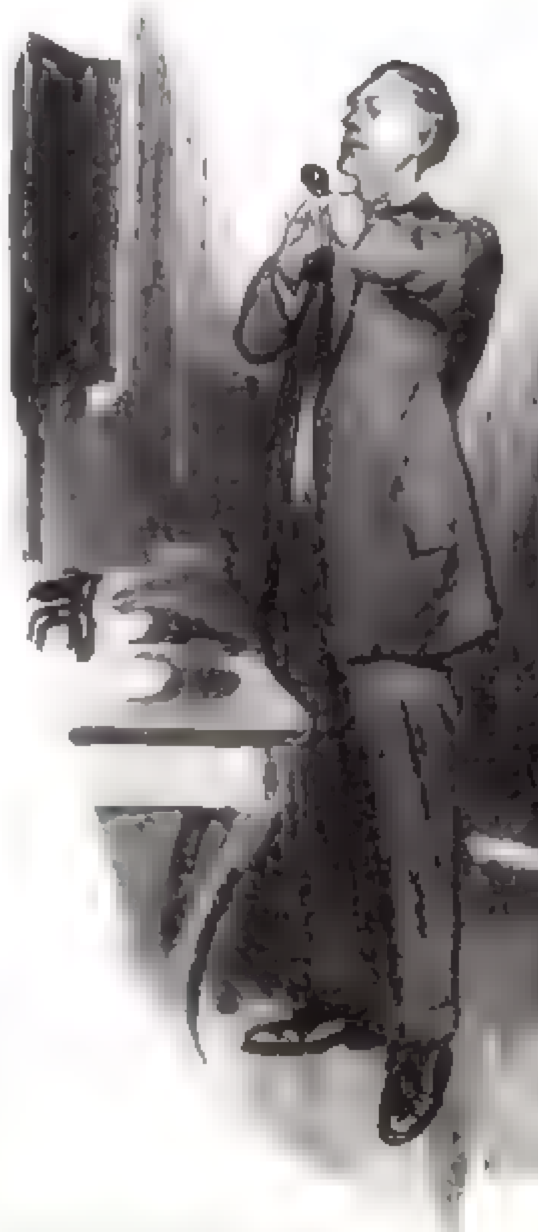
And moving toward the door, he opened it and looked back, smiling gratefully. "I thank you," he said, and left them.

Another prolonged and telling silence followed his departure. In it one heard Sunset's fat, asthmatic breathing and the smack of Mr. Williams' lips as he puffed thoughtfully at his cigar. Rooker, saying nothing—uttering no word at all—Rooker leaned forward to his desk and began shuffling his papers together. Thus they sat until Mr. Williams broke the silence with a quiet observation.

"Dumped!" said Mr. Williams, softly but eloquently. "Dumped!" he observed with a low, philosophic chuckle, and pushed his chair behind him. "Well, guess I'll be going now."

Sunset, too, heaved himself clumsily to his feet. "It's all off then, is it?" he inquired dully. "Say, Bull," he asked painfully, "ain't there some one else we c'n try? Maybe there *is* some gold in that mine of yours—enough to make a showing, anyhow!"

And then—but not till then—Rooker emerged from his silence. First he laughed a low, derisive chuckle, jingling lightly with contempt. "Gold? You fat-head! Oh, of course. What Bull's jerked into the samples with a hypodermic syringe—that, or what he shot into the layout with a sawed-off musket. Gold? Oh, great Scott!" grunted Rooker, and laughed again.


Gave His Cravat a Tug and Then Smiled at Himself

Mr. Williams removed his cigar from his lips and stared belligerently. "Say, you!" he observed, "don't you try to throw it into me just because you're dumped. I won't stand for it."

"Dumped, eh?" Rooker swung around in his chair, his thick lips twisted into a mocking grin. "Oh, I don't know that I'm dumped," he retorted crisply; "only, if you were up against what's troubling me, I reckon you'd be a little worried and downcast."

Something in his partner's manner—either that or the vague significance of the words—awoke in the always nervous Sunset an alert and aggressive concern. "Worried!" he repeated breathlessly, and then peered closely in his partner's face. "Say—you look here now!" he cried under his breath. "You haven't been playing any slick tricks, have you? Been monkeying with that Bullheimer account?"

Rooker, for a moment, thoughtfully stared at him. "Why—well, not exactly," he faltered, as if making an admission. "No—but you see, Sunset," he drawled brokenly, "I—I kind of counted on the boob to help us put up more margins. They're pretty slim, you know—only just about enough to keep Bullheimer from growling. That worried me, you know, and then—then—why, I was worried because we couldn't go short another bunch of stocks. Unh, huh!" He wagged his head at this point and smiled sweetly at Sunset. "But, anyway," he added calmly, "I took a chance, and—now don't get mad at me, Sunset. Why, this afternoon I went short four thousand more!"

"What?" The fat Sunset struggled to his feet, his face blanched a sickly white, while he gasped like a stranded fish. "What? You took on four thousand more?"

His partner calmly nodded. "Yes! What worried me was that I couldn't make it ten—ten thousand in all, you know," he added, and would have said more but that Sunset stilled him with a cry.

"*And you put up the cash?*"

At Rooker's further nod of assent the floor member uttered another wild and despairing groan and began striding to and fro. "Then we're ruined—flat, plumb ruined!" he announced hysterically. "You've drawn out every cent we had in the bank—every mangy copper we owned—the bank'll call us now—and it's all up with Rooker, Burke & Co.!"

But, for some reason, Rooker sat smiling lightly through this frenzied outbreak. Indeed, he was still talking, though the noise made by Sunset drowned out all other sounds. "Ruined—we're ruined!" groaned the floor member hoarsely. "We'll be called tomorrow—the Board'll close us out under the rule!" Rooker slightly raised his voice.

"Yes, there were those dopes outside," he drawled pleasantly; "those tinhorn customers of ours. They looked kind of good to me, so I let 'em in—as a favor—just on the quiet, you know."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed Mr. Williams, and detached his eyes from the gesticulating Sunset. "What's that?"

Without appearing to hear him Rooker reached forward suddenly and laid his hand on the fat man's waist-line. "Sit still, you lunkhead!" he ordered angrily, and sent Sunset crashing backward on a chair. "Stop your noise, or you'll have the cops running in on us."

Mr. Williams grinned delightedly. "As bad as that?" he remarked.

But Rooker answered the pleasantry in a way that stunned even Mr. Williams with amazement. "Dumped, eh?" he mocked, his face aflame. "You think I'm dumped because that boob got away from me? Well, I'll show you—and *him*, too! Dumped, you think? Say!" he cried grimly, "I've let in Rooker, Burke & Co.'s customers for six thousand shares of the gold stock, and I made 'em put up the cash!"

"The *cash!* You got it?"

He still faced them quivering. "Yes—and if we miss fire now," he added eloquently, "there won't be pieces enough to sweep up with a broom. Men—Rooker, Burke & Co.'s in it up to the eyebrows!"

It was a week later that the market began to slide; Rooker's looked-for movement had begun. In the customers' room little Mr. Peterman constantly perched himself beside the ticker, a spot of red burning on each sallow cheek, his eyes glowing feverishly. "A hundred Reading, a half. Five hundred more at three-eighths Union, five hundred at seven-eighths. Two thousand Reading—a half—three-eighths! Southern Pacific—two hundred at an eighth—and one thousand Reading at a quarter—a quarter! A thousand more at an *eighth!*"

Wetting his lips he dragged his hat a little lower over his eyes. "See 'em slide!" he muttered, whispering it as if to himself. "See 'em slide! Ah, come on, boys; ain't you going to fight back—to put 'em up again?" One of the quotation clerks looked around and saw him staring at the tape, his mouth working

"Hey, Pete, ring off there!"

Mr. Peterman raised his haggard face and stared with dulled, stupid eyes. "Eh, what?" he murmured, and then his eyes slipped back to the tape again. "Reading—an eighth—an eighth! They're throwing 'em overboard. Five thousand Reading at—ummmmh!—at a hundred and one flat! See 'em slide."

The quotation clerk came down the platform and peered over Mr. Peterman's shoulder. "Say, Pete," he grumbled, wondering whether the little man, after all, was only a paper sport, "you've got to call 'em plainer."

"Reading—par and seven-eighths!" called Mr. Peterman thickly.

And thus it went for a week, then another week—so on until the month had passed. At odd moments there was a brief reaction in that downward plunge of an overworked list; values crept back a point or two, and then the ticker would rasp and chatter with echoing animation—voicing, in its way, the uproar that raged on the floor of the Exchange. "Hey, look at 'em now, will you?" chirped Mr. Peterman exultantly. For the moment he emerged from his gloom. "That's the way! Reading, five hundred at an eighth—a quarter—three-eighths—a half! Sick it to 'em, Fido!"

While Hoppy stood by one afternoon, watching uneasily, Hink Rooker stepped into the room. It was during one of the last upward jerks—one of the brief moments when the market seemed to recover itself, and Mr. Peterman was beside himself with excitement. "Gee!" he exclaimed, nudging Hoppy, "see old sourball! Ain't he the grouch, though?"

Since that afternoon when Hoppy had declined pleasantly—though obstinately—to accept the offer of the mining stock, Rooker's manner toward him had displayed no hint of vexation. Indeed, he had become excessively polite and cordial—almost benign in his unfailing good nature, and even now his scowl altered quickly as he looked across the room. "Ah, Hopkins, seems to be hardening, doesn't it?"

"Buh!" grunted Mr. Peterman in a surly aside. "Say, Son," he asked, "you ain't forgotten what I asked once—about you learning any bookkeeping?"

Hoppy regarded him soberly, and then looked around. The quotation clerks, edging along the platform, were at the other end of the board; for the moment the other customers had withdrawn from the ticker. "Mr. Peterman," said Hoppy shortly, "do you know anything you want to tell me?"

"Me?"

"Yes, Mr. Peterman—something about Rooker, Burke & Co. About my partners, for instance."

Hoppy's face was so bland and uninspiring that Mr. Peterman colored faintly. "How would I know anything?" he protested; "I'm only a customer."

Hoppy waited till he had finished. "Unless there is something you know," said he, "please don't suggest it again."

"All right, I won't," answered Mr. Peterman cheerfully, and went on calling out the prices.

But there came a day eventually when Mr. Peterman got down suddenly from the stool. With the tape still stretched between his hands he stared before him, the fire in his eyes waning and the two red spots on his cheeks effaced by a sickly pallor. "One thousand shares of Reading," he announced thickly, "at ninety-five—at ninety-five." Then he dropped the tape, looked around and saw Rooker beckoning from the door of his room.

In the private office Mr. Peterman steadied himself against Rooker's desk. "Well, I guess you needn't tell me, Hink!" he observed, wetting his lips. "You closed me out when she hit ninety-five. That's it, ain't it?"

It was, indeed, as Rooker showed by a nod. "You were a fool, Pete," he added. "Any kid c'd have seen that she'd drop out from under you. Why, man, you were dopy to go long on Reading when the pool was selling out."

Mr. Peterman seemed not to hear. He was smiling absently. "Well—guess I'm cleaned out at last," he laughed. "Say, Hink, you couldn't stake me to a couple of hundred, could you? I'll pay it back, after a while."

The senior partner of Rooker, Burke & Co. seemed to have been expecting that appeal—perhaps the usual one in such a case. "What! And have you go blow it in some bucket-shop? No, thanks!" he laughed, and began to shuffle the papers on his desk.

Mr. Peterman laughed a little himself. "Why, I've paid you a heap of commissions, Hink. Couldn't you make it a hundred, then—or maybe fifty?"

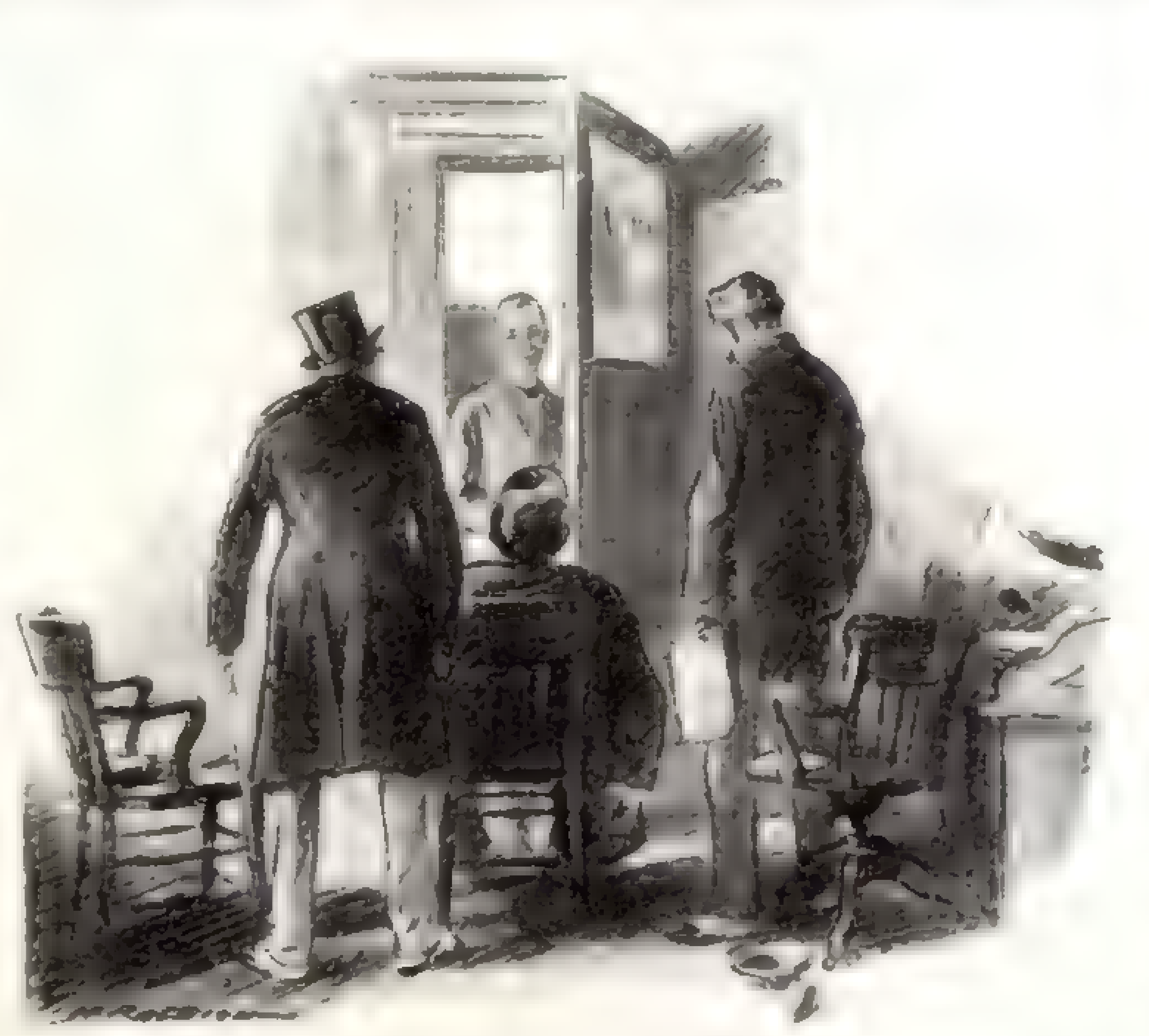
At Monte Carlo it is a tradition that, when the bank takes all you have, they give you the price of a railroad ticket and ship you out of bounds. Perhaps Rooker had this in mind, for his hand went slowly into his pocket. "Come now, Pete," he said, and strolled toward the door; "you'd better go along uptown. I ain't going to hand you out any hundred dollars—or even fifty. No—not for you to chip away like you'd do. But if this'll do you any good, why, you're welcome to it."

It was a five-dollar banknote, and Mr. Peterman's eyes glistened as he saw it.

"A five-spot, eh?" he croaked, and grinned back at Rooker. "Say, ain't that going it pretty strong? You see a man going broke after he's traded with you for years, and you hand him out a five. A *five!*" repeated Mr. Peterman, laughing outright. "Gee! You're a regular sport, ain't you? The real straight goods!"

Rooker ceased smiling and wagged the banknote to and fro. "Take it or leave it!" he said crisply.

So, with a trembling hand, Mr. Peterman took the gift. "Well, I'm much obliged, Hink. I got the rent to pay and the old woman and the girls to feed." Thoughtfully rolling the banknote into a ball he poised it between his thumb and forefinger, holding it like a boy who shoots a marble. "Yep—a fi-per!" he drawled, and, looking at Rooker, he bared his teeth in a grin. "Bah!" grunted Mr. Peterman, and shot the money unerringly into the nearest cuspidor. "Bah! You welsher! You tinhorn! You bucket-shop skate!" Then, with his eyes on Rooker, he walked out and closed the door behind him.



"I Thank You," He Said, and Left Them

Out in the customers' room there was a suppressed air of excitement; the market had begun to react. By habit—dully now—only half aware of the blurred pasteboard figures, the little man stared bewildered at the board. "Reading," he muttered stupidly—"Reading, a half!" Then, with a sudden, startling pallor, he pushed back his hat and gaped. "Reading—three-quarters—three-quarters—seven-eighths! Reading—ninety-seven flat!" As he stood peering at the board, unmindful of the others who stared at him curiously, Reading lifted another point, jerking itself upward by eighths and quarters. A volatile stock was Reading, and one likely to shoot off fireworks. "Up!" whispered Mr. Peterman. "Up! The market's up! It just cleaned me out," he groaned to himself, "and started up again! Yes, up after it had got me!"

Then he shambled to the nearest chair and slipped into it, his legs outstretched, and his eyes, from under his hat-brim, peering forlornly at the board. "Reading, a half—three-quarters!" he muttered to himself, his fingers playing idle, unheard tunes on the arm of his chair—unaware that he was watched—watched curiously as he himself had spied on men whom the market had caught at last. "Reading—ummh—Reading!" Long after the close he still sat there, his hat dragged down over his eyes, and trying hard behind the screen of a newspaper that fluttered gently to drag strength enough into his heart to rise and go.

"Mr. Peterman!" said Hoppy, and laid a hand on the little man's shoulder. "Mr. Peterman!"

The junior partner held a bundle of envelopes beneath his arm, his hair was mussed, and for the first time—to Mr. Peterman's knowledge—Hoppy's necktie was awry. "Mr. Peterman!"

The little man awoke. "Why, hello, Sonny Boy!" Shrugging himself together he looked up with a queer, twisted grin, as if he had been dozing and now sought to shake himself together. "Still on the works?" he chirped facetiously. "Why, I thought the whistle had blown!"

But the jest rang hollowly, jarring like laughter that ends in tears. "No—not that, Mr. Peterman," said Hoppy gravely. "I've heard, you know. The market's got you at last."

Yes, he had been closed out. Mr. Peterman folded up the newspaper, stuffed it in his pocket and pushed back his hat. "Well, guess I'll be going now," he mumbled lightly, still keeping up a front.

But, instead of rising, he drew a hand across his mouth, sniffed thoughtfully, and then sat back with a weak and foolish grin. "Rooker sold me out—I'm busted! And now I've got to go home and tell the old woman and the girls."

Hoppy sat down beside him and thoughtfully stared at the bewildered, huddled figure. "How much was it?" he asked, and Mr. Peterman looked up, wondering. Usually, when a man got caught, was cleaned out, no one said much about it—asked him any questions. Usually, they dodged into back rooms and private offices, keeping out of the way of any plucked pigeon that mooned over its naked, featherless plight. "How much did you drop?" demanded Hoppy.

Mr. Peterman stifled a gulp. "This last time—on the Reading deal?" he breathed dully. "Oh, I dunno—about twelve hundred, I guess."

But, as Hoppy knew, the little man had run a bigger account than that. "Why, you had nearly double twelve hundred, and—*oh!*" Hoppy stopped, stilled by a sudden recollection. "Yes—I remember now." He pressed his lips together after that and thoughtfully rubbed his chin. "Mr. Peterman," said Hoppy curtly, "how much did you subscribe for that Honduras gold mining stock?"

"Eh, what's that?" Then Mr. Peterman shook his head. "I don't want to talk about it," he muttered, abashed; "I went in like a sucker, but I'm not going to squeal. Anyway, I let go of the stock, and—oh, what's the use!" grunted Mr. Peterman; "you know all about it, anyway!"

Hoppy shuffled the envelopes in his hand, and then looked up frankly. "I know something, but not all," he answered. "You tell me you sold the stock?"

The little man shrugged himself disdainfully. "Ahr, say!" he protested, "don't try to put it over me like that! I got let in as a favor—a *favor*, mind you! The same way all the rest were let in. They say there's millions in it—hmph! Only when I got pinched a week ago and tried to borrow on the gold stock, Rooker he gave me the laugh. He said he was playing marbles for keeps—not for fun, you know—and the best I c'd get from him was a hundred. A hundred measly dollars!" snorted Mr. Peterman, still outraged, "for stock that cost me a thousand! Now what d'you think of that?"

But Hoppy, for some reason, seemed not to hear him. He was studying the envelopes in his hand, gravely turning them over one by one. Then—and as if on an impulse—he pulled a stampbook from his pocket and began to stamp the letters. There were about forty in all, and the process was slow and laborious. "Go on," he mumbled, licking another stamp; "I'm listening."

Mr. Peterman shrugged himself. "There ain't more to tell," he answered idly, and got to his feet. Looking around him cautiously, he moistened his lips and leaned forward with an artlessly careless air. "Say," he drawled evenly, "you don't happen to have a hundred—or a fifty

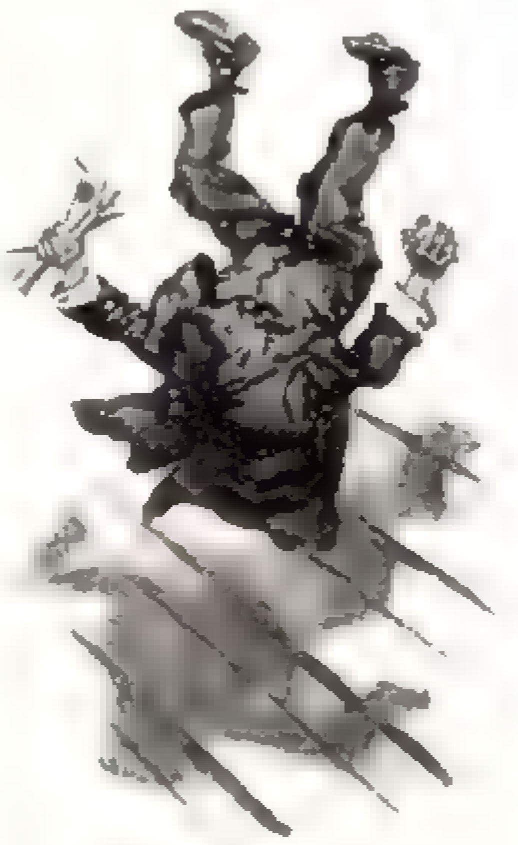
(Continued on Page 44)

COLLECTIONS

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE HOSKINS

"The Man on the Debit"



They Hoped He Might Fall Down and Break His Leg

DAN BRADY is a street laborer in Chicago, earning two dollars a day and bringing up a family on it. Every Saturday night he hands Mrs. Brady his wages, less a dollar or so spent for good fellowship and tobacco. Mrs. Brady is the business head of the family, paying the rent, the grocer, the butcher, doling out a penny, a nickel or a dime to the children, and even buying Dan's clothes. The Bradys buy their coal by the bushel, but they own a piano and a phonograph, and can make a Newport dinner a parsimonious affair, comparatively, when they entertain the Carrolls or the Zimmermanns. If there is anything left over by the middle of next week it will go for an excursion, or vaudeville, or, perhaps, Mrs. Brady takes a peep into the future through the mystic offices of Madame LeClair, seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. Apart from this the Bradys give no attention to the future at all. A hearty, cheerful family, really living its happy-go-lucky way through life, troubled by no theories, no introspection, never depressed, seldom sick.

In all the world there is only one man who thinks about the Bradys' future. That is the neighborhood agent of the Industrial Life Insurance Company, who seems to think of nothing else. He catches Mrs. Brady and reminds her that we must all die. Mrs. Brady doesn't like him. While she gossips next door he comes to collect insurance money, and repeats it—everybody must die, some soon, some later, but all *must*. If he tells a story, that will be the moral. If they lead him to gossip, that is where he winds up.

The insurance agent raises issues. We must all die—yes. But what if the bread-winner were taken away tomorrow? Who would bury him? Where would the money come from? Have you saved it? How would you live after that? These questions he puts into Mrs. Brady's mind again and again, and the worst of it is that she cannot answer them. Finally, to get rid of the agent she takes out a policy on Dan's life, little suspecting that now she and the agent are really going to get acquainted.

Down East, at the home office of the Industrial Life, they enter Dan on the books as a definite fraction of the company's business in that part of Chicago, and Mrs. Brady, the business manager of the family, becomes a debtor for twenty-five cents at the beginning of each week. Thus far the agent has been, to her, only a canvasser. But now he becomes, in insurance lingo, "The Man on the Debit," and it is his duty to keep Mrs. Brady's account balanced by collecting the weekly payments.

The industrial life-insurance companies of the United States have in force today more than twenty million policies, each of which pays an average of less than one hundred and fifty dollars on death. Dan Brady is past fifty, and his premium of twenty-five cents a week buys about a hundred and forty dollars' insurance. This is rather a liberal investment in such protection. Through the tenements of New York City the average payment is said to fall below ten cents a week.

For each premium paid on an industrial policy the companies' agents make more than one call—two or more visits are necessary in many cases. Collectors are making, all over the country, somewhere between a billion and a billion and a half visits yearly, or, perhaps, fifteen to every man, woman and child in the United States each year.

This is the Man on the Debit statistically. His activity explains, if nothing else, why we lead the world in the manufacture of shoes. For the two leading companies in this country he collected, during 1906, more than one hundred million dollars. That money was brought together dime upon dime by ceaseless tramping through factory districts and up long flights of tenement stairs. Acting in the belief that his is the finest business going, and he is doing good, the Man on the Debit has coaxed these dimes away from people who would rather have spent them for something else. Each week they hoped he might fall down and break his leg so he couldn't come. When he did come they refused to answer the bell, or slammed the door shut when they saw it was he. In many a home where the bread-winner was idle and discouraged he has collected the payment that kept insurance in force, using sometimes argument, sometimes weight of character. Half his clients regard him as a robber.

When a new man goes on the debit for an industrial insurance company he is turned over to the superintendent of the district where he is to operate. In New York he will be given a certain route in such a district, and an assistant superintendent takes him over it the first trip, introducing the new agent to each policy-holder and explaining local characteristics and eccentricities. This route will seldom have less than four hundred dollars aggregate collections to be made weekly, on which he is paid either a straight fifteen per cent commission, or else a salary with commissions amounting together to about the same. In many city districts that much business means more than one thousand separate policies, so it is part of the work to climb four flights of stairs for a dime, and, perhaps, return several times to earn a cent and a half.

Each policy on his book will be within the "grace period" when he starts—that is, fully paid to date, or at least not due to lapse within a week through non-payment of premiums. The grace period is four weeks. When a policy-holder has paid nothing within the past month his name goes on the "lapse sheet." If the debit is not squared by collection within another week the policy lapses, and the agent is charged with it, and must make it good by writing that much new business without commission. The policy-holder who has let his insurance die cannot be written for a new policy until the agent has demonstrated that this time the insured is really in earnest, and means to pay premiums regularly.

Four days a week the agent is busy with collections, soliciting only as an incident to this regular work. When the debit is square for the week, however, he is free to sell new policies. His commissions on these, with collections, make up his income. This varies according to ability and industry. Some agents make only a living. Others earn as much as a Senator, and become superintendents.

The capable industrial agent collects ninety-nine per cent of all premiums. That other fraction stands for thriftless policy-holders. Really, it stands for bad credits. Good credits mean clean collections.

Life insurance is like installment books in one respect—that the salary-earner pays by mail a month or more at a time, while the wage-earner must be visited by the collector. The Man on the Debit differs from our taciturn friend, the installment book collector, however. For the latter is chiefly a collector, whereas the life-insurance agent is a salesman, too, and a friend of the family.

The Man on the Debit transacts most of his business with women, and selling the policy all over again is one of his chief resources when collections become difficult. It is all very well for the book canvasser to sell Father a set of Our Nation's Orators at the factory. But the life-insurance agent must come round to the house and reckon with Mother. The book collector chases Father about a year. The insurance man, however, wants to collect from Mother until the first anniversary of the date of the policy following Father's seventy-fourth birthday.

The foundation for prompt, clean collections is laid in good salesmanship at the time a policy is written. The efficient collector is an active solicitor. When he finds his debit running behind and people putting him off, the remedy is to sell new policies.

Out in an Ohio factory town there is a heavyweight insurance agent. On his route there was a thin, vinegary woman.

Big Bill first rang her bell by accident, without knowing how thin and sour she was. The door was slammed in his face. Half an hour later he came back, after learning her name, rang the bell again, put his thick shoe against the door when it was opened, and said: "Mrs. Sharp, I came back because I've learned that you're not the kind of woman who would do that if you knew me better—your neighbors speak too highly of you." That day a sort of quarreling acquaintance was established.

It took nearly a year to deliver a small policy on her husband's life, and then it was only delivered—not sold. She paid the first premium, and every week Big Bill melted a quarter out of her by the warmth of his compliments.

This policy was not really *sold* for another year. One morning a mechanic across the street went to work, well and strong, and before night was carried home dead—killed in an accident. Big Bill brought that family the insurance money that was its only resource. The whole neighborhood was impressed, and especially the sour woman. She paid up, and began to believe in insurance.

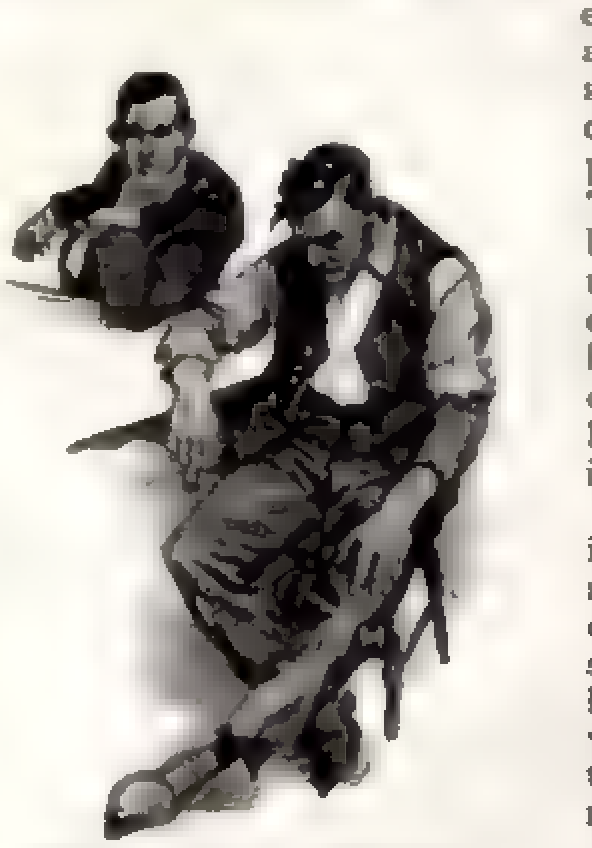
Matters ran along smoothly for two years more, during which period the original policy was doubled. Then hard times came, and Mr. Sharp was put on half-time at the factory. Expenses had to be cut. Fifty cents a week insurance seemed a lot of money to pay for no immediate return. Mrs. Sharp turned sour, fought the agent, got behind two weeks, declared that each premium coaxed from her would be absolutely the last. The tragedy across the street had faded. Big Bill collected three more premiums the next four weeks by bringing up the sad story again. The story got a bit blurred. He collected three more payments the following month by reminding the woman of those fine points in the policy impressed upon her at the time, which had been forgotten, too. When the fine points had been exhausted the policy was on the point of lapsing. Mr. Sharp had been laid off altogether and was hunting odd jobs around town. The family owed the landlord, grocer and butcher. Big Bill came to talk optimism, better times, business picking up again down East where the panic started. Two days before the policy was to lapse the woman drove him away without making a payment. That evening, when he knew Mr. Sharp would be home, Big Bill returned, asked for the policy, sat down with the family and began solemnly reading its legal clauses one by one as though they were verses out of the Bible. Mr. Sharp said before the reading began that he agreed with Mrs. Sharp about giving up the insurance, as it had cost them enough already, and sat listening in a discouraged way. Big Bill went right ahead.

"Now, Mr. Sharp," he said, turning after each legal sentence, "just let me explain what that means. If you died tomorrow who would do anything for your family? Every month for the past four years you've paid the landlord five times the cost of this policy—would he let them stay here rent free? Every week the grocer got ten times as much—could he be asked to feed them? Suppose that instead of dying you were killed, and your employer responsible. Mrs. Sharp must sue, wait for the courts, and then, perhaps, get nothing. Why, Mr. Sharp, just stop and think! This policy is all you've saved in the world! If you should die tonight—as I earnestly hope you won't, nor for many a long year yet—this company alone would pay your family anything. Would they have to beg or sue? No! The money would be here tomorrow. Now, are you going to let such an advantage go by default?"

When Big Bill got through all the clauses little Mr. Sharp was quite ready to continue his payments.

Good stories are as important to the collector as to the salesman. The story-telling agent will have his anecdotes and instances carefully thought out and arranged for use in emergencies.

Other men work by sympathy. Their calling brings them in touch with people in bereavement. Many districts are factory communities where everybody is dependent on a single industry. During hard times, lack of employment and discouragement the sympathetic agent can be a friend and comforter worth all the premiums he collects. That sort of agent is in line for transfer and promotion, and it is not uncommon, when he makes his farewell round of the old district, to find that he has been quietly building up universal good-will.



Where the Bread-Winner was Idle and Discouraged

"Talking saves walking" is an axiom with another type of agent who depends on argument to save lapses, make policy-holders pay two or more weeks in advance, and thus cut down visits and return calls.

Still another type of successful agent and collector is the raw, country youth with no particular eloquence or story-telling abilities. Many a superintendent has hesitated when that chap applied for a job, and finally sent the hayseed out on a tough route to get rid of him when he became too persistent. And the hayseed usually makes good. With none of the surface abilities of the accepted agent, he still has some rock-bottom element of strength and honesty, and people believe in him though he is dumb. To the eye or ear he may not be beautiful, but he gets the new applications and keeps his debit square.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers
To Canada—By Subscription $2.25 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.
Foreign Subscriptions. For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 3, 1909

Are We Lopsided With Money?

WITHOUT forgetting dark and tubercular tenements, the city's bread line, underfed school-children or any other scandalous evidence of poverty, consider for a moment this item from the last report of the national banks of the country, 6887 in number: "Total assets, $9,221,194,479." That sum belongs to many hundreds of thousands of persons. We venture to doubt that it would be diminished as much as ten per cent if every multi-millionaire's share in it were subtracted. "Individual deposits" alone in the banks of the country, other than savings-banks, must now amount to about ten billions—all loaned to manufacturers, merchants, farmers, brokers and who not; in the main, out on pledge of the personal property of the country, representing contingent ownership of, perhaps, a fifth of the country's total wealth aside from real estate.

There is no doubt a melancholy pleasure in arguing that octopi, systems and other undesirable citizens are eating us all up. In fact, however, the uneaten contingent is not only enormous, but, so far as we can judge, is fully holding its own. If it should be true that the rich are steadily growing richer and the poor are steadily growing poorer, in the broad implication which that statement usually carries—that is, that the wealth of the country is steadily and demonstrably passing into fewer and fewer hands—then obviously the country is a pretty flat failure. But we have yet to see a convincing demonstration.

Not that we would let up on a single octopus or system. There is still considerably too much grand larceny going on. Chronic, extensive, stunting poverty among working people, such as unquestionably exists, is a disgrace to the country. But a merely one-sided view of anything is seldom really valuable. In his pæans of praise to the country's prosperity, your Uncle Joe Cannon will prove by Government statistics of exports, crops, railroad earnings and manufactures that every man, woman and child is lopsided from carrying a bank roll. Rather too much reformatory, or revolutionary, sociological literature is produced by simply taking Uncle Joe's pæan and reading it backward.

Sauce for Goose and Gander

RAILROADS as a rule are now reporting handsome increases over 1908 in net earnings. As to the actual experience of the carriers in that terrible Rooseveltian year, though the returns are not all in at this writing, we notice that the big, typical Pennsylvania managed to earn 8.96 per cent on its stock against 10.67 per cent the year before, and for the whole Pennsylvania system, comprising upward of eleven thousand miles, net income in 1908 was about 7 per cent smaller than in 1907 and 9 per cent below the banner year of 1906. These are not very disturbing figures.

We refer to them as incidentally illustrating the philosophy of prices. Because business is not moving in as great volume as at the top of the boom, there is still much insistence that commodities on the whole are too high, and should come down—most particularly that prime commodity, labor. Getting back to a good healthy condition, after an industrial disturbance, by reducing wages is always the foremost expedient of an extensive school. We scarcely need point out that among all the commodities entering into the business of the country, one of the very greatest is transportation. So far from accepting the theory that a decline in trade must be met by a decline in prices, the railroads, as regards their own particular commodity, took a quite opposite tack and insisted that the price of the article which they have to sell—transportation—should be advanced. That they did succeed in advancing it somewhat seems probable from the returns so far at hand. Their article is composed largely of labor; but presumably it is that part which is composed of dividends that excited their liveliest regard. It is always easy to see the virtue and necessity of a "liquidation" which hits some other fellow's dinner-pail.

A Tax for Unearned Millions

A BILL for a graduated inheritance tax, ranging from one per cent on an estate of ten thousand to twenty-five per cent on an estate twenty millions or above, was introduced at Albany recently. On the same day the newspapers reported that the heir of one of the largest American fortunes—derived from his great-grandfather—had run over from England for a fortnight to settle arrangements for the horse show, after which he would return to his regular occupation of driving the smartest coach in London. A little while before it was noted that a man who inherited a few quarter sections of land in the best part of Manhattan had decided to enliven his English house with several parties. It is estimated that two children now at school in England will receive somewhere from a quarter to half a billion dollars of American real and personal property when their grandfather's estate is divided according to the terms of his will. Such instances, which might be multiplied indefinitely, argue, even more forcefully than President Taft's inaugural recommendation, that it is high time we had, either as a Federal or State measure, a really adequate system of inheritance taxes.

Up to this generation, sons of rich Americans, if they didn't devote themselves to dissipation, commonly continued in business—that is, they put the family pile back on the table, so to speak, where it was tolerably certain that abler men would presently take it away from them. But of late, to a great and increasing degree, American wealth has been becoming practically entailed, under the form of a will leaving the estate in trust. A good many States have taken feeble steps in the right direction; but it is time for a longer step. Probably the Albany bill is too moderate. It is questionable whether any amount in excess of twenty millions should pass to individuals by inheritance.

A Business Basis for Charity

THE Jews, we believe, rather led the way in confederating charities. In Chicago and New York, and doubtless in other cities, all the money for Hebrew charities is collected and distributed by one common agency. Not long ago the two largest charitable organizations in Chicago, other than the Hebrew, consolidated. Now the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce proposes to take charge of the collecting of money from the public for all the charities of the city. What might be called competitive charity seems to be by way of playing out everywhere.

It is very wasteful. Paid solicitors for independent charity enterprises beat over one another's trails. A good deal of the money is absorbed in collection and office expenses. If a man gives to one charity, probably he will soon be visited by agents of others, as to whose merits he may not be informed. A less worthy charity, with a smarter soliciting force, may be more successful than one of higher deserts. The next step, we believe, will be the confederation, for collecting purposes, of every worthy charity in every city. Not only would waste be eliminated, but the public, we believe, would give more freely. For one thing, a man able to give couldn't dodge one charity on the pretense that he was supporting another.

But this is not the final step. The duty of a community to provide for its incapacitated members is generally recognized. Besides, it is a sort of social insurance. "When you eat," said the mocking philosopher, "do not forget to throw something to the dogs—lest they bite you." We expect that every so-called charity of which the community has a real need will finally be taken over by the city itself and supported out of the public revenues. To the objection that this will simply relieve the very rich of a burden, the answer is that proper income and inheritance taxes will adjust that phase of the matter. Besides, it is by no means the very rich who support the charities now.

The Short Cut to Success

THE high importance to the young man of carefully selecting his occupation is everywhere admitted. He should seek to discover the work for which he has a vocation, then pursue it with unswerving diligence. If he has a leaning to public affairs, for example, he should study history and constitutional law, acquire practice in the workings of politics, school himself in governmental administration. Thus, in time, he will probably, like Secretary Cortelyou, be offered the presidency of a gas trust.

He should aim high. The greatest material prizes nowadays are to be found in the headquarters of our big financial, fiduciary and industrial corporations. It is perfectly well known that the shortest cut to such headquarters is by way of Washington. For men who have gained reputations in conducting a governmental department or big bureau there is constant and keen competition. On the other hand, it is equally well known that the legal profession is the main-traveled road to political preferment. So we offer the young man the following specific formula: Study law, engage in politics, and be president of a flourishing bank, insurance, or public service company.

Of course, there's a reason. The presidency of a big modern concern having intimate relations with the public is essentially a political rather than a commercial job. Like an acceptable candidate, the president should have a name which has been so well advertised as to have acquired an established trade-mark value. Thus, whatever he may wish to say will go to the public with the prestige of the genuine, well-known pink wrapper. Also, he should be able to see that this publicity value does not lapse through disuse. He should have the politician's gift of dealing with many men of many minds, and, on an average, getting them to do what he wants—which comprises nine-tenths of what is called administrative ability. As to the mere business details of gas pressure, foreign exchange, voltage and so on, there are always plenty of subordinates to look after them.

An International Outrage

INTO the high and abstruse sphere of musical criticism we venture with reluctance. We have not even as yet formed an opinion as to whether Salome is immoral, being, in fact, totally unable to understand it. But there are certain great and ever standing principles, as applicable to the most exalted and esoteric fields of art as to the very humblest; and we have no hesitation in saying that the latest operatic development in New York deserves severe condemnation. Mr. Hammerstein, it is announced, has decided to have six conductors next season—four French and two Italian. The odds against the Italians are so heavy as to shock every sentiment of humanity and fair play. There is no intimation that the overwhelming numerical superiority of the Gaul is to be offset in any artificial way—as by tying one hand of each Frenchman behind him, or giving the Italians the advantage of football armor. It looks to us like nothing more or less than a deliberate frame-up against the devoted sons of Italy.

We are actuated by no partisan sentiment for or against either nation, and touching the grand controversy whether Italian opera is superior to French opera or *vice versa*, we will merely say that in our opinion each is superior to the other in its own way, but not otherwise. What we stand for is fairness. Considering the relations between Mr. Hammerstein's Italian songbirds and his French songbirds, as evidenced by his own statements, as well as by the general muss of feathers, it is simply scandalous to expect two Italians to maintain the superiority of their divine art against four Frenchmen, unless the latter are cripples. The fact that Mr. Hammerstein himself is French should not have betrayed him into this gross injustice.

The Soothing Syrup Treatment

OUR old friend the Sugar Trust was bound to be on exhibition sooner or later, as the new tariff bill comes on; but it is peculiarly gratifying, at this time, to have a sort of informal and preliminary introduction; something in the nature of a little private view before the place is finally swept and garnished and the doors thrown open to the general public. A jury, the other day, decided that our old friend had been using false weights, systematically and with much ingenuity, over a considerable period, for the pious purpose of swindling the Government out of customs duties. Removing a chubby thumb and forefinger from its beloved Uncle Samuel's vest pocket, and, peradventure, blushing a moment, the Trust will now busily prepare for the main show.

This little, informal, intimate view comes with all the happy opportuneness of a dead cat lightly tossed into the midst of a ratification meeting. We have heard very often of late that big business was all beautifully reformed and regenerated, exhibiting at every turn the seraphic face of innocence; that the only task of the new President would be to bind up the wounds, pacify and compose, resorting to no measure likely to irritate the most sensitive plutocratic nerves. We are at a loss to know what foundation could be discovered in Mr. Taft's character for this notion that as President he was to be a perambulatory bottle of soothing syrup. There is big business that is exactly what it was before Roosevelt began and will be the same old article after Taft is done—if it is permitted to be. If there is no Big Stick in this Administration, the Administration will be a failure.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The New War Lord

ONE might as well be out of the world as out of fashion, and this eternal truth goes for Presidents as well as petticoaters. It is as essential to follow styles in politics as it is to follow them in pompadours and puffs—which is an apt comparison, inasmuch as most politics is as bogus as all puffs—albeit political styles are a trifle more stable than hirsute ones.

Some months ago that celebrated journalist and faunal naturalist who was for the moment Rue-de-la-Paixing our political modes set the new and sensational style of placing a very ornate and orotund Democrat and former Confederate soldier in the supposedly Republican Cabinet of a Republican President. It was a brand-new effect and attracted the attention it deserved. Not to be outdone, Mr. William Howard Taft, when he took up the pleasant task of shaping our destinies, rough hew them how he will, adopted that style for one of his own expositions as to what is what in Cabinets, and laid in a Democrat and a former Confederate soldier himself.

Hastily reaching for the telephone one morning when it was too wet to play golf, he grabbed Chicago through the murk and inquired:

"Is that you, Jake?"

"It is," came back the calm reply.

"Are you a Democrat?"

"I am a Democrat."

"Were you a Confederate soldier?"

"I was."

"Then," and there was a look of intense satisfaction on that section of Mr. Taft's facial territory set apart for such looks—"then, tag! You are the next Secretary of War."

It was even so. From that moment Jacob McGavock Dickinson knew that his was to be the glorious part of representing the South, the Democracy and the Gray in Mr. Taft's Cabinet, for he was born in Mississippi, he holds his residence in Tennessee, he admits his Democracy, and he fought somewhere under the Stars and Bars for a space when he was but a boy.

Of course, we must remember that representing the Democracy in the Cabinet of a Republican President is rather an inward and spiritual grace than an outward and visable sign. That is, General Luke Wright, for example, with whom the fashion was set, is a Democrat, and so is Mr. Dickinson, but neither of them works at it very much.

A Slight on the Legal Profession

THEY are proud of the historical old party, proud of its past achievements, of its heritages and its institutions, and are uniformly glad to proclaim themselves Democrats every day in the year but one—Election Day. It has so fallen out in the past twelve or fourteen years that it has been most inconvenient for these distinguished Democrats to vote anything but the Republican ticket in national affairs; not that they are not Democrats, you understand, but that some other Democrats are not Democrats, from their viewpoint, which is a complicated proposition, it would appear, but has the merit of accounting for the size of certain Presidential pluralities in campaigns that are now history, but have not yet become historical—Colonel William Jennings Bryan, please note.

But why harp on facts? The main issue seems to be that Mr. Taft, notwithstanding his avowed intention to have a Cabinet of lawyers, has given the legal profession grave cause for dissatisfaction and, in all probability, opened the way for severe censure for himself. After all his talk, the President has appointed but seven lawyers to Cabinet positions, and he might have appointed nine! Just why he discriminated against the law in this manner is not yet clear. What, we inquire in clarion tones, was the matter with the two other jobs, that lawyers did not get them? And what, we demand, what explanation can Mr. Taft make to the people for this lack of appreciation of that noble body of patriots who help to make our laws and thereby acquire that intimate knowledge of said laws that enables them to help others to break them? How can Mr. Taft excuse this marked slight on this great profession, especially after his announcements that he intended to recognize the law in an ample and satisfactory manner? Those two jobs filled by laymen cry out, by night and day. Only seven out of nine—a tawdry recognition at the best.

Still, there are some extenuating circumstances, and one of them is Jacob McGavock Dickinson, if so dignified a person as the Judge will pardon the apparent familiarity of calling him either extenuating or a circumstance. Given that Mr. Taft, in making seven out of a possible nine of his Cabineteers of lawyers, might not have paid the law that full meed of acknowledgment which the lawyers insist it should have had, when he laid in Judge Dickinson as one of the seven he laid in a good one, a large, hefty, perfectly-sound and fully-ripened one, for when you come to count up the big lawyers in this country, the giants, as we may say, of that predominating and persistent profession, you will not go far in the list before you put down the name Dickinson, Jacob McGavock, provided you know anything about lawyers and the law.

The New Secretary's Dimensions

THIS broad-shouldered, upstanding, clear-eyed, soft-spoken, straightforward Tennessean is one of the few really great lawyers of the United States. He stands close to the top of the bar. His friends say he stands at the exact top, but that is a matter for lawyers to decide. There can be no disputing the statement that he is one of the leaders in his profession and that President Taft is lucky to have him in the Cabinet, for he is a sane man, a conservative man, a hard-headed, common-sensed man, as big mentally as he is physically, and as big physically as Taft himself, barring thirty pounds or so of paunch.

Judge Dickinson is six feet and three inches tall and weighs about two hundred and seventy pounds, whereas the President is six feet and two inches tall and weighs (whisper) about three hundred pounds. Big men like big men. So, when Taft was a judge and Dickinson appeared before him, they became friends. They are friends yet, close, intimate friends, for Dickinson's mind is a great deal like Taft's. Dickinson has the same judicial quality of determination on facts, the power of weighing and deciding. He is a great administrator, and, like Taft, again, he works all the time when he is working and plays all the time when he is playing.

Perhaps he plays golf. We do not know. But he likes to fish and hunt and he has a deep and abiding love for horses. Once he owned a big stock farm near Nashville and bred trotters. He has what he proudly says is the best shotgun in the world. He is a deep student and knows literature thoroughly. His friends say his knowledge of Shakespeare is more profound than that of any man in the country who does not make literature his profession.

He is an orator, a story-teller, a linguist, and radiates good cheer. He likes to go to dinners, likes to get his friends around him, but when he is working, when he has big affairs on hand, he is inaccessible as a Grand Lama until the task is completed and it is time for recreation. His education is more comprehensive than that of any other member of the new Cabinet. He went through the University of Nashville, and Columbia College in New York, and studied in Germany and France. In his early days he was an Assistant Attorney-General under Cleveland and lived, for a time, in Washington.

Some years ago he was made general attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad and moved from Tennessee to Chicago, although he retained his voting residence in Tennessee. He has been president of the American Bar Association and was counsel for the United States in the Alaskan-boundary affair. He has served by special commission on the Supreme Bench of Tennessee, and has had other big legal posts.

Therefore, inasmuch as we are to have a smattering of lawyers in the Cabinet, a mere seven out of nine, it was well to snag some good ones, so that they might make up in quality what they lack in numbers, as the dramatic critics say when they are excusing a poor house for a good show. Looking them all over and without invidious comparisons, it may be said that Judge Dickinson can safely be labeled No. 1, prime, XXXX.

Besides, it will be economical to have him for Secretary of War. By the judicious application of a cushion or two he can use the same chair Mr. Taft had when he was Secretary, and thus save the country the expense of buying a new one. Think of the scurrying for new furniture if they had made Mr. Knox Secretary of War and had tried to seat him in that chair!

Putting it Into English

WHEN Frank Steinhart, now at the head of the tramway company in Havana and in charge of other big enterprises, was consul-general to Cuba from this country he was summoned to Washington by Secretary Root, who wanted some information. Steinhart came and saw Root. The Secretary of State asked some questions and then called a stenographer and dictated a statement.

"Pardon me, Mr. Secretary," said Steinhart when Root had finished, "but that is not exactly correct. Let me do it," and he dictated a statement. When Steinhart had finished Mr. Root said: "Very good. I observe your contention. Now, Mr. Stenographer, take this! I will put it into English."

Judged by His Enemies

THE late Speaker Crisp, of Georgia, was opposed in one of his campaigns by a noted character who was a leading Populist. One of Crisp's most earnest supporters was Dudley M. Hughes, elected to the Sixty-first Congress from the same district.

While he was campaigning for Crisp, Hughes went into the opposition's own county and asked a typical Georgia cracker to vote for Crisp.

"Who's runnin' agin' him?" asked the cracker.

Hughes told him.

"Huh," said the cracker, "if that's the best man Crisp can git to run agin' him I wouldn't vote fur him to save his life."

The Incorrigible Suicides

WHEN Governor Magoon left Cuba and the Cuban Congress was free from his restraining hand, the patriots began putting in bills on their own book.

One forbade any person not a Cuban from buying real property on the island, and another was a general amnesty act

It granted amnesty to various classes of offenders, and particularly to homicides and suicides, provided, it was explicitly stated, the latter criminals had not committed suicide more than twice.

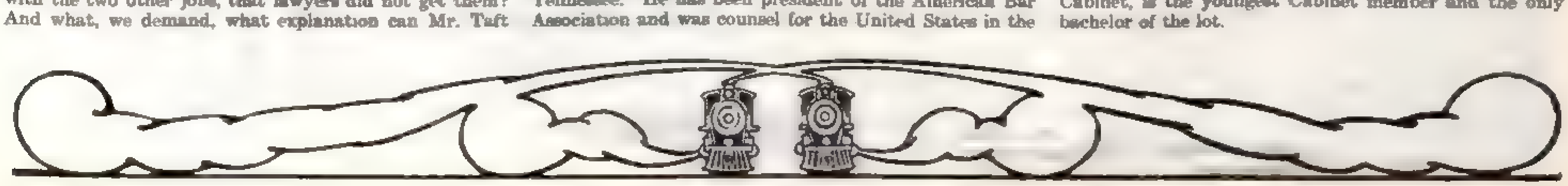
If they were incorrigible there should be no amnesty.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Fred W. Carpenter, President Taft's secretary, weighs about one-third as much as his chief.

¶ Franklin MacVeagh, the new Secretary of the Treasury, made his money in wholesale groceries.

¶ Frank H. Hitchcock, Postmaster-General in Taft's Cabinet, is the youngest Cabinet member and the only bachelor of the lot.



THE NET AND THE QUARRY

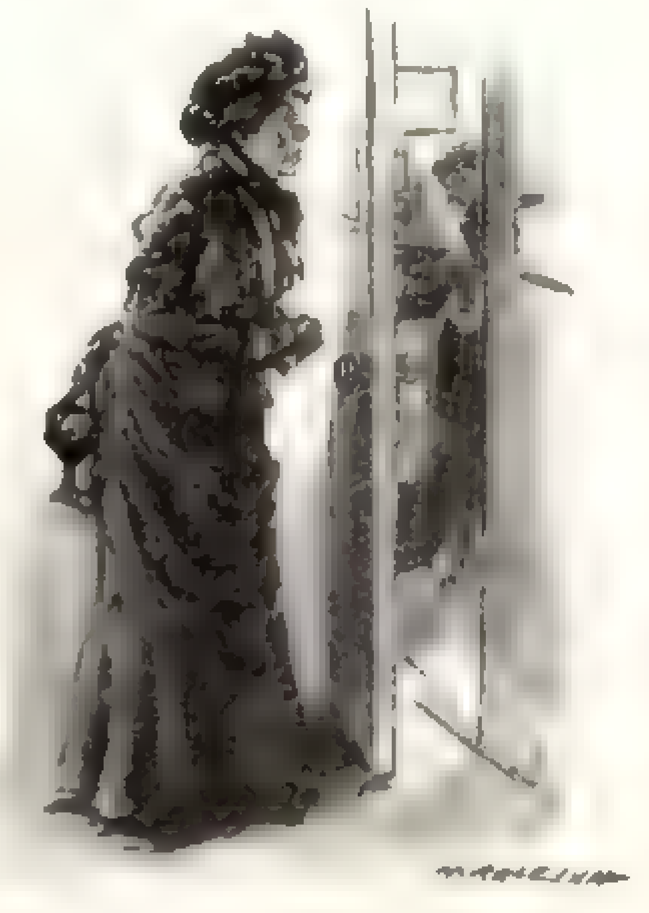
Jack Marvin Drops Thirty Thousand Dollars

By George Frederic Stratton

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

STRANDED in Detroit in the early part of November, without work or money, and with a wife and three hearty youngsters to look out for! That was my fix a score of years ago. A wrong signal as to the swinging of a heavy truss had resulted in sweeping me off the top wall of the B. & C. grain elevator; and, when I reached the ground, it was with two ribs and a collarbone broken. That was in July, and the fourteen weeks' lay-off ate up everything I had saved.

Winter fell early and the ground was frozen stiff. There was no building going on, and the inside carpentry jobs had been snapped up before I could use a hammer or saw.


She Came to Me With Her Woes

Bill Simcoe, the yard boss at the packing-house, offered me a job as a laborer at twelve cents an hour, and I took it; although I well knew what it meant for the wife and children during the long winter. I remember, as well as though it were yesterday, taking home that first week's pay—six-sixty for fifty-five hours' work—(they shut down at noon on Saturday)—and dropping it into my wife's hand, too much ashamed of the amount to say a word about it. And she—God bless her!—looked as pleased as if it was a fat wad of good mechanic's pay. How women can pretend so well beats me.

It was that same day, after dinner, that I went out to the old barn to look for some strips of lumber to make little Jack a sled. Finding an old packing-case I knocked it apart, and then the thought struck me that there was stuff enough to make three or four sleds which could, perhaps, be sold and so bring in a dollar or two.

That's how it began. The next Saturday I carried three sleds down to Strohman's store. Strohman was a German, big, red-faced, and fierce in look and speech, and one of the pioneers in the dollar-store trade. After glaring at the sleds and hearing that I wanted to sell them, he asked sharply:

"Vy de tuyvil don't you pring me a gross? I don't potter mit twos an' t'rees. Pring me a gross—den I make a price!"

I told him I was working through the day and could only make a few of the toys by night work. He glared at me again, and then, walking to the end of the store, said to the bookkeeper:

"Pay dis man one dollar an' eighty cents for dese leetle sleds, an' if he prings some more next week, pay de same for dose if de're all right."

I worked till midnight every night after that, and after my wife had put the children to bed she would come out to the shop and help. That was pretty brave work for a woman who got up before six every morning and was busy with the housework and the kids all day, and I did not like the idea much, but she insisted on it, and very soon she could plane light stuff as well as I could. In the daytime she painted the sleds. We turned out a dozen each week, clear through the winter, and then I supposed the trade would stop; but Strohman, who had never noticed me again since the first time I'd seen him, stopped me one Saturday afternoon and, looking so fiercely at me that I thought he was going to demand all his money back, said:

"Vy de tuyvil don't you put in some machinery an' make more sleds? Vy do you potter round mit twos an' t'rees all de time? Haven't you some ambitions got?"

I told him how I had been working, and that my tools and about ten dollars' worth of lumber was all my capital.

"Himmel!—you vork ten hours in de packing-house an' den vork six hours in your leetle shop, an' your wife helps you? She's a goot vomans! Dot's like Shermany; not like United States! Now, I'll help you, too, John Marvin. You make an estimate of vat machinery you vant—all you can use in dat shop—an' I'll help you."

"But, Mr. Strohman," I objected, "you'll not want sleds next winter, I suppose."

"Who told you to suppose?" he yelled fiercely. "I vant sleds now; every veek! Den I can store dem an' have somdings to sell next vinter—not your leetle, picayune twos an' t'rees."

So my partnership with Strohman began. Not that it was a real partnership; our names were never mixed. He advanced me money to buy machinery and material and took my entire output, settling the bills weekly. But in the truest friendship, the shrewdest advice, and the fairest dealing on his part, and unfailing loyalty on mine, it was a true partnership and a paying one for me—and I hope for him.

For some years I had smooth sailing and had built a fine factory with good equipment, ample for the three hundred hands I was running, when I found myself getting into deep water. The business had grown faster than the capital, and, although my credit was excellent, I was hewing too close to the line. I knew it well, and for months I was on Uneasy Street. Strohman's trade had been dropping off for some time. Department stores were starting up in every city, and they cut into the regular dollar trade tremendously; and Strohman, who was getting old, was stubborn about making changes.

So, although I got a couple of men on the road with a line of toys and baby carriages—and they were sending in good orders—I found a big difference between collecting pay from Strohman every Saturday night for goods delivered through the week, and waiting thirty or sixty days for settlement from other customers, and then getting it in sixty or ninety day notes.

Upon Strohman's advice I finally decided to form a stock company to take over the business. My banker introduced me to two or three men who looked at the plant and the accounts, and talked business. They must have seen at once that I was pretty green on corporation matters, but they were big men of reputation in the city, and I saw nothing in their methods or talk that looked anything but fair. My plant and accounts inventoried one hundred and forty thousand dollars, and I had earned profits of twenty per cent on the capital in use for several years. There was a mortgage on the real estate, and floating debts, amounting to one hundred thousand dollars, so that my equity was forty thousand dollars, and for this I proposed to take stock in the new company.

But Henry Buckley, the gentleman who took the lead in the company formation, did not seem inclined to agree to this proposition.

"Of course, Mr. Marvin," he said, "you will admit that your profits of the past few years do not, by any means, guarantee a like profit for the future."

"I think they do!" I replied sturdily.

"You may be right," he said smoothly, "and, if so, I suppose you'd be willing to guarantee them, to some extent."

"I don't understand how I could do that," I replied.

"In this way. Suppose we issue one hundred and forty thousand dollars' worth of stock. I and my associates will take a hundred thousand dollars at par—that will clear up the mortgage and floating debts. Then the remaining forty thousand dollars we will hold, under an agreement that it shall be paid to you at the end of one year if you show, say, twelve per cent earnings during that period."

I should have liked to have had Strohman's advice on that, but he was sick, and had gone to the Pacific Coast. After thinking it over quite thoroughly, it seemed all right. I was only asked to show twelve per cent annual profits and I had been making twenty per cent, so there was a good margin of safety. But I insisted on having ten thousand dollars in stock delivered to me at once, the thirty thousand dollars to be held back; and this arrangement was finally made.

In the organization of this company a man named Rochler was made manager, and I was appointed superintendent. This was not quite to my liking, for I had supposed that I would be left in full charge, as before, but I realized that the control was gone from me now, and all I had to busy myself about was in making goods at a profit and securing my thirty thousand dollars.

Things went smoothly enough for three months or so, and then I began to be worried about Rochler, who was acting mighty queer. He took the purchasing of material out of my hands, and the stuff he bought didn't work to advantage, and the prices weren't right. When I kicked about it he said:

"Prices on lumber fluctuate, Marvin; you know that. I'm buying very carefully, and if our material is costing more, we must meet it somewhere else. Probably you can manage to have less waste, if you watch closer."

This riled me pretty bad and I went to the president, Mr. Buckley, and laid the matter before him; but I couldn't get him roused up much.

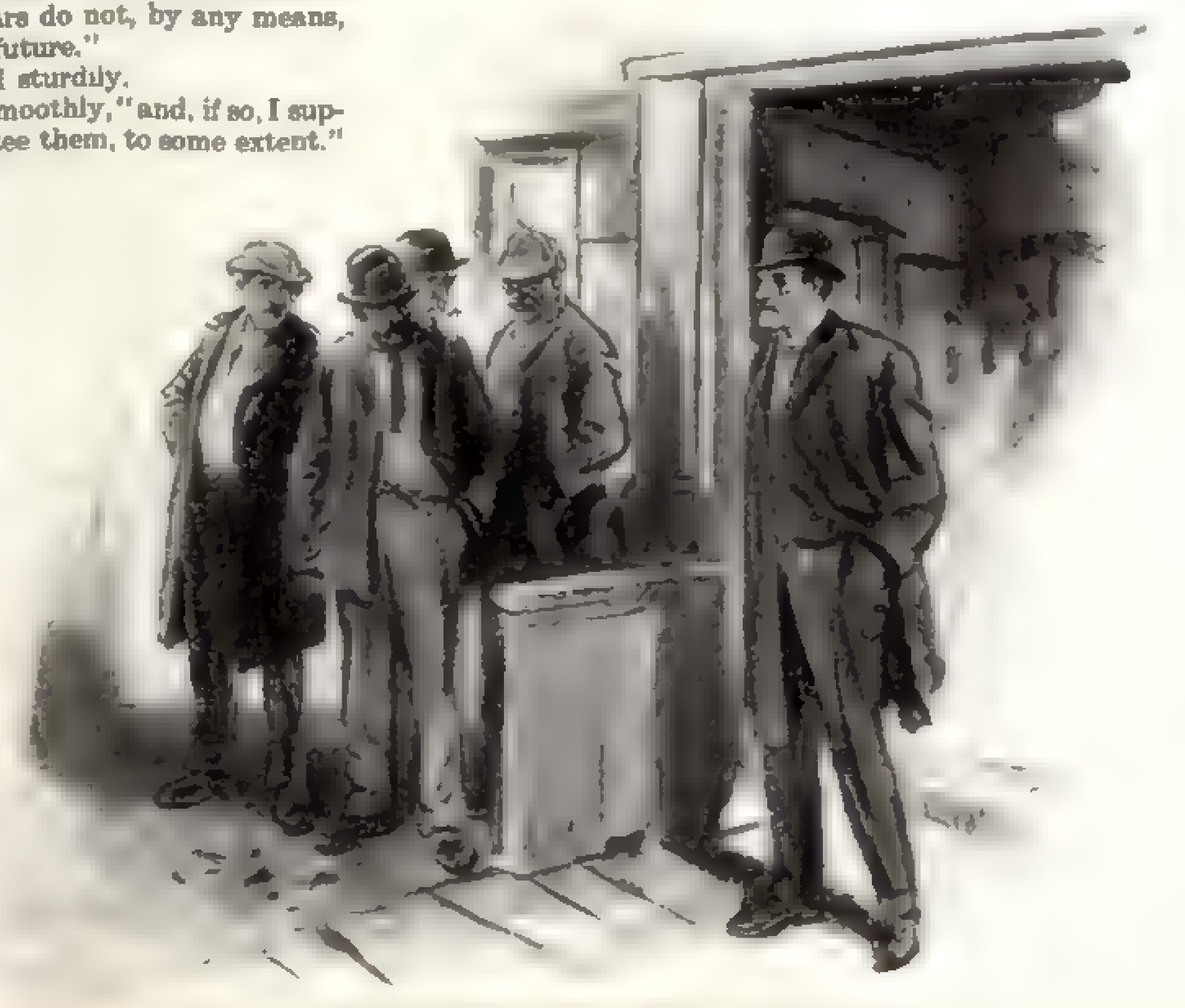
"I think you are giving yourself unnecessary anxiety," he said smoothly. "Rochler is a very careful man—very careful, indeed. I've been associated with him before, and he always makes good."

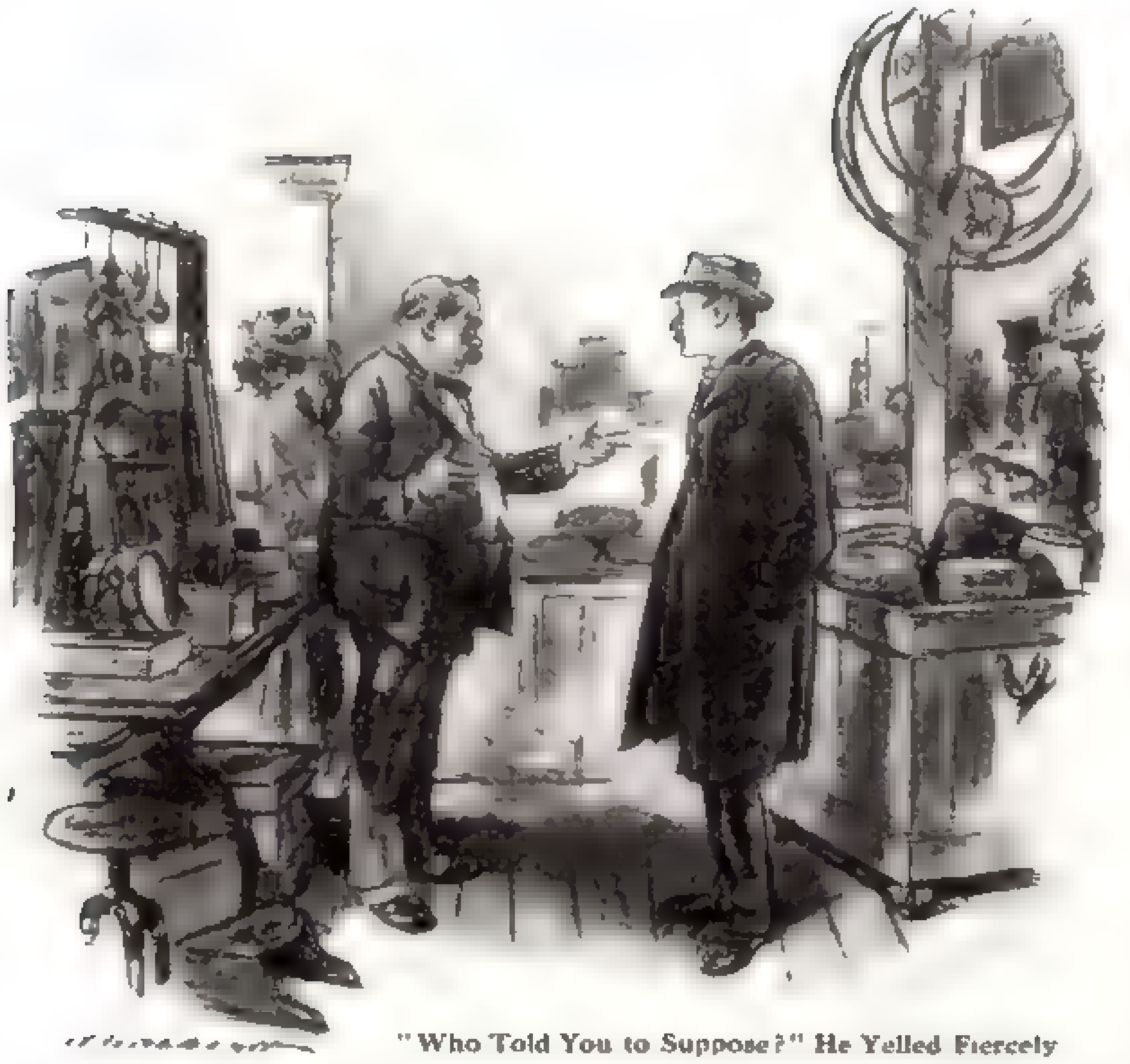
"It isn't making good to let our material bills crawl up ten per cent!" I retorted hotly; but I got only a sweet smile or two, and a promise that he would look into it.

If he ever did look it must have been an overlook, for there was no change in Rochler's methods. In fact they got worse, because he split the orders up, making them small instead of the big, substantial, stock orders we had previously worked on; and this cluttered up some departments badly, necessitating frequent changes on the machines, and adding to the labor cost. I got wild, and finally sent in a report to the directors.

It was nearly a month before they replied, and then they said they saw no reason for feeling dissatisfied with Rochler's management. There was, also, a lot of guff about "conditions of trade" and necessity for "conservatism" which I didn't understand—and didn't want to; and that, to my mind, was no worse than the failure of those directors to understand that the increasing cost of the goods would smash the dividends.

I could only dig along as best I might, working like a nigger all day and thinking all night—and feeling about as cheerful as a cat which belongs to a vegetarian. Rochler was blunderingly upsetting every move I made for improvement. But, with it all, I hardly felt that my thirty thousand dollars was in danger. We were selling lots of stuff and, although I knew that the profits would be cut, I did not fear that they would go below twelve per cent.


This Made Bad Feeling With the Men



"Who Told You to Suppose?" He Yelled Fiercely

So that, when the first year's accounts were made up, and our profits were shown to be only enough to pay a five per cent dividend—and I realized that my thirty thousand dollars was forfeited—I was first stunned at the loss, and then ready to fight, and fight hard!

Fortunately I met Mr. Barker before I slopped over to any extent. Barker was one of our stockholders and a man whom I liked far the best of any of the company. He was the nattiest, jolliest little chap I ever shook hands with. He had plenty of money and plenty of leisure, and always looked beautiful and new. Although he held no office with the company he had often talked with me about its affairs. In fact, we'd grown to be such close friends that I sometimes growled out my opinions of Rochler to him.

So when I met him I exploded: "If this company thinks I'm going to lie down and swallow this loss they've got another think coming—and an easy one!"

"You mean that thirty thousand, eh, Jack?"

"That's what!—I'll haul Rochler and the accounts into court, and find out if I've got to lose a fortune because of his cussed mismanagement. I'll give 'em swat for swat!"

He grinned with delight: "Wow, wow! You need something cooling, Jack." Then, hooking his arm through mine, he walked me into Beechler's café, and ordering something—I paid no attention to what it was, then or afterward—we took seats in one of the alcoves.

"So, you're going to commence suit against the Marvin Manufacturing Company, eh, Jack?"

"Sure thing!" I growled savagely; "if they hold up my stock."

His eyes were twinkling as though the whole thing was a joke.

"I can tell you a better way than that!" he said easily.

"I'd rather fight than do anything else!" I exploded again; "I want to get back at Rochler. But let's hear your plan."

"Simply keep on as superintendent, and say nothing," was his cool reply.

"How many different kinds of a many-colored jackass do you take me for?" I asked contemptuously.

"Well, I'll leave you to select the species yourself, Jack. Do you think you've got all the facts of the matter clear?"

"I've got all I want to know."

"And I take it that you attribute this loss entirely to Rochler's mismanagement."

"It's that and nothing else!" I asserted, slamming my fist on the table.

He chuckled, again, gleefully, at this, which didn't lessen my ill-humor.

"Well, you're wrong, Jack; utterly and totally wrong. It's due to Rochler's *good* management. Now, listen! The trouble with you, my dear fellow, is, that you see no money in anything except profits; while the eminent directors and officials look at dividends only as skim milk. The cream they find elsewhere."

I began to have a faint suspicion, now, as to the real standing of the case.

"Do you mean," I gasped, "that Rochler had orders to do as he did—that they all planned, deliberately, to do me out of that stock?"

He had been grinning and chuckling all along, and now, as I put this question, he laughed outright.

"Oh, Jack! my dear fellow; you really are a bit too innocent. What do you suppose directors are for? Do you imagine that they use up two or three hours of precious time every week simply to talk about manufacturing, and draw their little ten-dollar gold pieces? Nit—not!"

"I don't know what they think they're for, but I know what they'll be when I get through with 'em!" I muttered hoarsely. "They have thrown away eight or ten thousand in profits and swindled me out of my thirty thousand. And they've done it without any direct benefit to themselves—that stock will stay in the treasury, of course."

"Jack! You ought to take a correspondence course in finance with a side line on human nature. Now! look at this thing straight. You sold out to the company for forty thousand dollars and the company assumed the debts. You took ten thousand in stock and the other thirty thousand was pledged to guarantee a twelve per cent dividend."

"Sure!—that's old stuff," I said impatiently.

"Now, if you look at the contract you made on becoming superintendent, you'll see that you did not pledge your stock to the Marvin Manufacturing Company, but to Messrs. Buckley, Stevens, Goodell, Brawn and Rochler. They are the parties of the second part. And these gentlemen will, accordingly, divide your little three hundred shares of stock among themselves. *That* is cream."

I'd got it all now, and sat glaring at him, speechless with rage. Barker went on:

"Business is all a game, and that thirty thousand dollars is your ante. A couple of years from now you'll see that the experience is worth the money."

"I'm willing to wait," I sneered.

"Don't be ill-natured, Jack! It isn't like you. Now—let me repeat the advice I gave you before. Keep in the game!—be a true sport and laugh at your loss. You're in with the right crowd, and in a mighty short time you'll make it all up again."

"You mean, Barker, that, having been through my pockets, they'll now admit me to partnership and give me chances to go through some other fellows' pockets."

"That's bald, but lucid!" he laughed.

"They'll skin me out of my remaining ten thousand first! And I hope they will—if I'm such a fool as to shake hands with them."

"They won't bother with that, it's too small. But they want you, I know. They appreciate their superintendent very highly. Rochler says you're a star. He told me, yesterday, that he had mighty close work keeping that percentage down; you ran the factory so hard."

"Why didn't you warn me of what they were planning?" I demanded with a fresh burst of rage. "You've always professed some friendship for me."

"And it is genuine, my dear fellow. But I wasn't in on this deal. It was the directors' own little set-in, and I'm not on the board. I only heard of it yesterday."

That sounded square and I cooled off again a little.

"Now don't go near any of those fellows today," urged Barker. "Go home and talk it over with your wife, and sleep over it. And if you don't decide then to stick on, you'll make a bigger mistake than any you've made yet. I shall be on the board of directors this coming year, so you'll have a friend in camp. Not that you'll need one—they'll all be your friends if you take your medicine now, like a little man, and don't make faces."

Since I always talked my affairs over with my wife, Barker's advice didn't come amiss. And the more we talked it over, the less chance I could see of being able to do anything with them on a lawsuit, while there was a dead certainty that I should sink my ten thousand in costs. So, by the next morning, I had decided to keep quiet for a few days and see how the cat jumped.

I didn't have to wait long. The president sent for me and expressed sympathy at my failure to show better earnings, and, consequently, to secure those three hundred shares of stock. I pretty nearly planted my fist under his nose, I was so mad with him; but I held myself together, swearing inwardly, and he quickly switched on to something more interesting.

"I presume, Marvin, that you'll be willing to continue as superintendent. We all think very highly of you, and feel sure that, with a little improvement in the equipment—and, perhaps, in the business conditions—you'll bring the profits up, all right."

"I only want one change if I keep on," I said—a bit fiercely, perhaps—"I want full management as far as the manufacturing is concerned. I won't touch the job under any other conditions!"

"We have already talked that over," he replied with a pleasant smile, "and we have decided that to be the proper way. Rochler, himself, advises it. He will have charge of the selling and the accounts. All the rest will be in your hands."

I was a good deal surprised to hear this. I had not expected anything of the kind. But before I could reply Mr. Buckley continued:

"And we also decided to show our appreciation of your work the past year, although it did not altogether come up to all our expectations. Now, there is to be a readjustment of the capital very soon—an increase, so that we can go into a little larger scale of manufacturing—and the directors have voted to give you one hundred shares of the new stock, as an increase of salary."

This took my breath away again, and, as I'm a living man, I left the president thanking him for this liberal treatment, and without having given a hint that I knew how I had been swindled!

Two months later the readjustment of the capital was made. The old stock was called in and exchanged for six per cent preferred stock; and with every share of preferred stock one share of common stock was given. So that the one hundred shares which I held produced a like number of preferred and one hundred shares of common. And this latter, I was informed, was the hundred shares which the directors had formerly voted to me.

I was half inclined to look upon this as another bunco game until I'd talked with Barker about it.

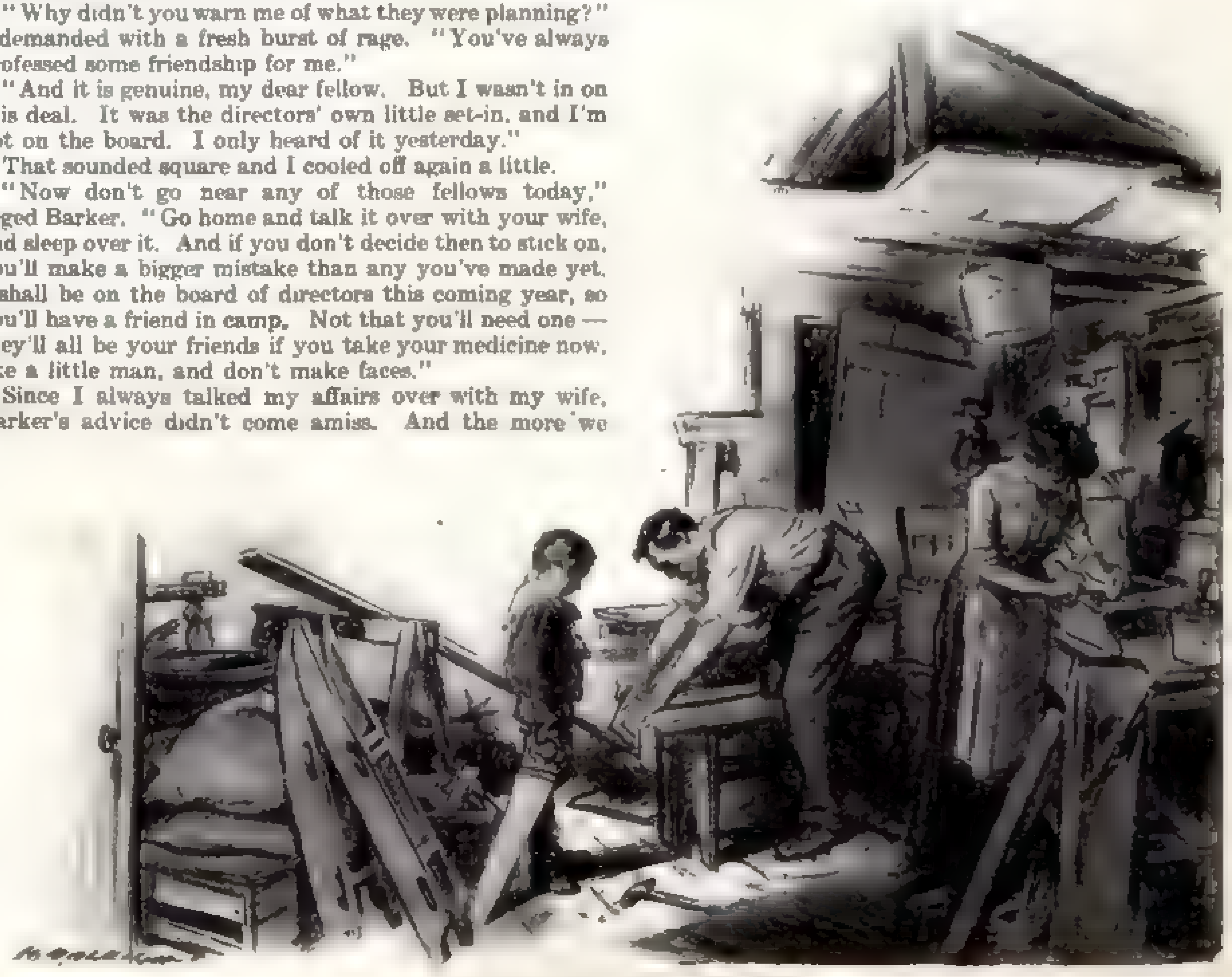
"It's water, of course," he laughed, "but it's pretty good water now, and it'll soon be better."

"Bah!—nothing produces nothing," I growled.

"Excepting the naughts on a check!" he came back

"Is the stuff worth anything?" I demanded. "I was promised one hundred shares of stock, and I'll not stand for another rake-off!"

(Continued on Page 40)



We Turned Out a Dozen Each Week

FIGGERIN' JIM

(Continued from Page 7)

a pretty sign. Y' know we might sell a dollar's worth of water." She hung the sign up once more, and admired it by the light of the fire. "If we *only* could make expenses," she added as she rejoined her husband.

Jim had been doling out bits of bacon-rind to the dog. Now he hunted his pencil and a square of paper. After writing a moment he looked up with a smile. "We can," he announced, "if we haul half a dozen passengers out to Lerida. Some of these fellers will *shore* want to go."

It was a new hope, and a cheering. While they discussed it confidently, sitting cozily side by side at their fire, the camp dog rose of a sudden and with short bounds and barks of greeting, disappeared around the shack.

Jim got up and followed. When he came back presently his face was grave. "I hate to do a bad turn even to a mean man," he said. "An' Volly shore is mean. He's worse. He's crooked, by thunder! So crooked he oughta sleep in a roundhouse."

"What was it?" asked Mary.

Jim bent close. "Two men an' two burros," he whispered. "They're goin' out to hunt fer his find."

The camp was noisy far into the night. There was much merrymaking at the square-fronted saloon, where an accordion and a jew's-harp were joined in a lively tune. And with the music mingled loud laughter, shouting, snatches of song, the occasional sound of a boisterous clog, the clink of glasses and the running rattle of chips.

But Jim and Mary, happy in their new plan, slept soundly through it all. By sunrise next day they were up once more, and Jim had set about making a certainty out of that plan.

First, he greased the wagon, Mary aiding him by placing a short length of scantling under the axle when he had swung a wheel clear of the ground. Next, with hammer and saw and many a whistled chorus, he constructed three rough seats out of as many boards ripped away from the wall of the newly-acquired shack. The seats finished he covered them carefully with gunny-sacking. Meanwhile, Mary sat beside him, mending the blinders of Hannah's bridle and a rip in her own short skirt.

Throughout the morning no water patrons came. And the sign was made only an object for good-natured chaff by those who chanced to spy it. But these were few in number, for with the mounting of the sun the camp had fallen into sleepy quiet. Neither Jim nor Mary minded the sallies aimed at the sign. Their hopes did not lie now in the contents of the barrels.

"The horses've had a day's rest," said Mary complacently, "an' tomorrow we'll load up an' pull our freight. Things are goin' to come out just fine."

"I figger they will," said Jim.

At sundown he made toward the square-fronted saloon, for the matter of passengers was, as yet, unsettled. He strode away whistling, his wide, black, slouch hat set far back on his head, so that it fairly hung from the quail-like tuft on his crown.

He returned soon, shuffling as he came, and with his hat pulled down over his eyes. At his heels slunk the camp dog. Mary saw that he was downcast, but wisely forebore to question, her eyes very anxious as she waited, and her lower lip ready to quiver.

He flung himself down beside her, without raising his eyes to hers. Presently he began: "Wal, honey, this is the time I put my finger in my own eye."

"How's that, Jim?" She tried hard to keep her voice even.

"Wal, just hearin' of Volly has made 'em all want t' stay at Hull's — er go out on his trail."

"N-no passengers, Jim? *That* don't matter. It'll be nicer, anyhow, just travelin' by our two selves."

He reached out for her hand.

Twilight came on, then darkness and renewed sounds of gayety from the saloon. Still they sat. Peter and Hannah moved restlessly at the wagon and whinnied their needs. The camp dog came up to sniff about the grease-spattered stones of the fire. But Jim and Mary were forgetful of all else save that a new disappointment had brought them nearer to each other.

"Nothin' matters as long as we're happy," she whispered, gripping all his big fingers between her slender ones. "Ain't that so, Jim?"

"Nothin' matters as long as we love each other," Jim whispered back.

"Did — did they joke at y' some, over at the saloon?"

"These here new prospectors is reg'lar Smart Alecs," he answered scornfully. "An' they couldn't ride to Lerida with us if they *wanted* to. Huh! What do they see that's so blamed funny about my figgerin'?"

Soon the supper fire was crackling, the coffee-pot purring beside it, and renewed sputterings of bacon-grease were tempting the nostrils of the camp dog. Peter and Hannah were being given their last meal of the day, too, and a generous bucket of drink besides.

"We'll have more water'n we need fer our trip," observed Jim. "But, just the same, I don't intend to give none to any of these Hull smarties. No, I'll use that water myself, even if I have to take a bath, by jingo!"

The next moment the sounds of the camp changed. There came a cry of "Fire!" from somewhere at the farther end of the street. Then the cluster of shacks and tents sprang into clearer view as flames burst from a building beyond the saloon. As one ruddy banner after another flashed into the dark sky men tumbled through doors and went scurrying toward the flames. There they darted to and fro like as many busy, black moths. The camp dog forsook the remnants of his supper and dashed up the street. Jim and Mary followed.

The shack that was ablaze was so much tinder, and furnished a faultless draft. Soon it burned with a heavy roar, sending showers of sparks across the scattered roofs of the camp. A spark, like a falling star, alighted on the shingle roof of the saloon, where it glowed and faded and glowed again. Other sparks, carried by the wind, floated as far as the Volly shack, going out as they touched the desert.

Calls were made for water, and a man ascended to a roof, reaching back to lift a bucket after him. Other men had seized shovels and were pitching sand upon the roofs of the shacks nearest the fire. Still others had a scantling which they now used as a battering-ram. Again and again they ran at the burning shack with their heads lowered to shield their faces.

The smoke and flames soon drove them away, and drove back the men with shovels. Now the two neighboring shacks were threatened, and the heat and smoke prevented any throwing of water and sand upon the already smoking roofs. Instead, the contents of the shacks were ejected hastily, then dragged to a distance, after which the battering-ram began its work once more.

Jim and Mary now started back toward their own shack. "The hull camp'll go," he said, "if they don't watch out. Why, look!" He stopped her for a moment. "The saloon's a-burnin'!"

The running and shouting had grown. Men with pails hurried up from every direction and went hurrying away again. The proprietor of the saloon was walking about on the shingles, wielding a wet sack. From under him came the heavy thud, thud of moving things. The saloon was being emptied.

When the proprietor scrambled down the window-panes on the western side of the building were snapping into bits. Two shacks across the street were in flames also, and some tents were being jerked up and dragged out of the way of danger, leaving uncovered behind them the beds and belongings of the owners.

Jim and Mary now forsook their place by the door. The smoke was heavy about them, the heat of the nearing fire could be felt. Mary ran into the shack, and Jim to the schooner.

"I'll git the things out," she called to him. "You climb on the roof." A moment and she reappeared, her arms full of bedding.

He had stopped beside the fire. Now he was kneeling, paper and pencil in hand, and writing hastily by the unsteady light.

"Jim!" she entreated. "Jim! *Can't* you do nothin' better'n just figger?" She came to a standstill.

He got up then and took the blankets from her. "I'll git the grub-box," he told her. "It's too heavy fer you."

As he came out of the shack she met him, a bucket in her hand. "No, *no*," he said determinedly. "You just take the wagon-tongue an' steer."

"But the house!" she cried.

He put his shoulder to the end-board and braced a foot. "I'm a-goin' to let the house burn," he said.

The camp was a very bedlam of shouts and pounding, splashing and breaking and crackling. Accompanying the clamor was the deep, steady undertone of the fire, like the blast from a great furnace. Jim and Mary, with the team falling in beside the schooner, drew slowly away from the din to the rocky center of the near-by stream-bed. There they halted and looked back.

The saloon had fallen in; two shacks closer at hand were in flames; on the roofs of others could be seen the figures of men armed with sacks or buckets.

"My, ain't it awful!" wailed Mary.

He lifted her to the seat that Volly had occupied, and stood at her knee. The shouting was subsiding a little, for the fire-fighters were gradually ceasing their labors and falling back into little groups to watch the burning. A mild interest supplanted the recent excitement.

"She spread two ways, you see," explained Jim. "Nothin' could a-stopped her. Our shack'll go next." He lifted himself to a seat beside Mary, putting an arm about her.

When their home of a day caught fire a moment later a general laugh went up from the watching groups. Mary was weeping softly, and Jim tightened the arm that was about her and pressed her cheek against his breast. His own cheek was red, but not with the reflected light of the flames. He had heard the laugh and understood it.

"I didn't mean to be cross to you, honey," he said tenderly.

Half an hour and Hull's was reduced to a double line of glowing ash-piles, each pile flanked by heaps of bedding, canvas valises, boxes, frying-pans, clothing, picks, shovels and home-made furniture. Then the groups broke up, wiping at their faces and commenting on the fire. A few men set to work to raise their tents. Others spread their blankets beside their belongings. On all sides there was laughter and noisy talking.

Jim and Mary were out of the wagon, busily clearing a spot beside the schooner of its stones, when a man came hurrying their way from the burned camp. His face was blackened, and he was rubbing his smarting eyes. "Say, gimme a cup of water, Jim," he called out, thrusting one hand into a pocket. "Gee! but I'm thirsty!" It was the proprietor of the square-fronted saloon.

Without a word Jim reached up for his sign. Then, taking out his pencil, he painstakingly formed a 2 in front of the printed 5. "One cup?" he queried. "It'll be two-bits." He hung up the sign again.

The saloon-man stared. "Two-bits!" he repeated. "Why, we just been throwin' it on the fire with buckets. Are you crazy?"

"I don't think so," said Jim calmly. "Anyhow, *I* didn't throw any water. I figgered it was worth more at two-bits a cup than boards at sixty dollars a thousand." He took down the cardboard once more to put the dollar-sign and a hunch-backed 1 after the word "full" on the third line. The notice now read:

WATER FOR SALE
25c A CUP
LARD-CAN FULL, $1.25

"Y' see," said Jim, "water is up." He lighted the lantern and hung it beside the sign.

"Two-bits!" said the saloon-man again. "Do you think that's fair, Mrs. Chapin?"

Mary was standing beside her husband, her face bright with a happy smile. "Why, *a-course*, it's fair," she answered with quite unusual spirit. "It's *exac'ly* what you charged fer a little drink of *whisky*."

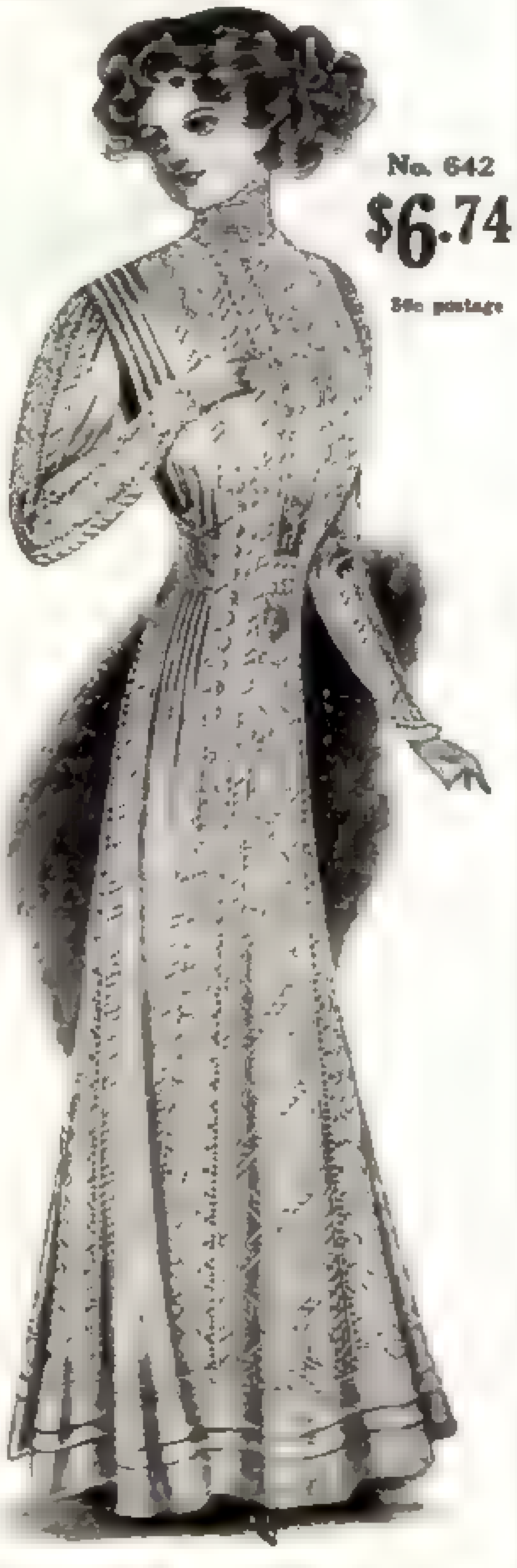
"We seen your sign," added Jim. "Haw, haw!" But his eyes had no mirth in them.

The saloon-man shot him a quick look. "Wal, mebbe you'll git two-bits a cup," he said. "Y' see, most of the water in camp is gone."

R. H. Macy & Co.'s Attractions Are their Low Prices

Macys

450-PAGE SPRING AND SUMMER CATALOGUE is now being sent into thousands of homes throughout the United States. WRITE TO-DAY and one will be sent to you FREE OF CHARGE. It contains illustrations of practically everything worn by men, women and children and everything a home should have.



You May Believe Your Eyes

THIS picture was sketched direct from a Princess Dress that we will send you by mail for $6.74 — add 30c for postage. The artist was not permitted to exaggerate the dress at any point. The description of the dress is also exact. Therefore, when you look at the picture and read the description, you will get a clear impression of what this dress really is.

It is within the limit of conservatism when we say that we don't think you can match it anywhere else for less than a *Ten Dollar Bill*.

Complete Princess Dress,—
made of sheer white batiste,—
Front from neck to hem of skirt trimmed with bands of Swiss embroidery and Valenciennes and Cluny insertings.
[illegible] of self material criss-crossed with Valenciennes insertings.
The back is no less beautiful — square yoke of Valenciennes and Cluny insertings — each side of yoke from shoulder to hem of skirt trimmed with embroidery and lace to correspond with front of dress.
Collar—high standing, of Valenciennes and Cluny inserting.
Sleeves—full length and lace-edged, trimmed from shoulder to wristband with Valenciennes and Cluny lace and Swiss embroidery insertings.
Bottom—finished with tucks and hem.

No. 642 — Sizes 32 to 44 — at $6.74
Actual Value $10.00

Our 450-paged Spring Fashion Book and Household Catalogue — just out — will be sent to you free upon request. Write to-day. Address Dept. 333.

R. H. Macy & Co.
Broadway and 6th Avenue
34th to 35th Streets, New York

"Aw, wal," drawled Jim, "the men in this camp don't drink *water.*"

Still another man was approaching the schooner—the thick-set, red-haired man. "Got any water?" he asked. "I'll take a cup."

Jim pointed at the sign.

The red-haired man curled his lips at it. "Two-bits!" he read, and glowered at Jim. "Huh! I can git a drink of whisky fer *that.*"

"No, you can't, my friend," cried the saloon-man, "*I* can't afford to sell at my old prices, not on your *life!*" He walked away, expostulating, the red-haired man at his heels.

Jim bent to give Mary a rousing kiss. "Wal, honey?" he said, chuckling.

"Fergive me fer twittin' you about your figgerin', Jim. You was right! You was!"

"They had their fun outen me," said Jim. "Now they'll pay fer their water."

Later in the night a third man—a stranger—visited the schooner. Two canteens hung by straps from his shoulders. He carried several empty whisky flasks in his hands. And he paid for the filling of them without a question.

"Goin' further in?" Jim asked him.

"Yes," answered the man. "Did you hear about their coming across Volly's tracks up north of here a little ways? Well, they did. And some of the boys are going to camp on them, and wait till Volly tries to go back to his strike."

"Tracks?" said Jim. "What tracks could they find?"

"Why, he'd dragged something heavy along the ground for miles."

The following morning Jim did not do an encouraging business. The men who lived in tents had not thrown their supply of water upon the fire, and so were able to sell right and left—and at Jim's quotation. This was a new quotation. For with the first streaks of dawn Jim had risen to change his sign, and now it read:

WATER FOR SALE
40c A CUP
LARD-CAN FULL, $2.00

But Jim was not disheartened. The tent-supply could not be a large one. And three full days more must pass before the arrival of the water-wagons.

At noon the red-haired man came sauntering up to the schooner. "How much'll these be, Chapin?" he demanded, displaying two bottles. He already had four dimes in the palm of a hand.

"Two an' a quarter," said Jim.

"But it'll only take four cups."

"Six, pardner. An' since the fire, y' know, water has riz."

The man fairly threw down the price. "You're taking advantage of a public calamity," he declared.

Jim's blue eyes glinted. "When I hit Hull's you didn't worry about *my* calamity," he observed. "I'd brung water eighty mile—an' nobody wanted it."

"I believe these barrels could be seized fer the camp," blustered the red-haired man.

"Better git that outen your head," said Jim. He sat down with his back against a wagon-wheel and looked over defiantly at the ashes-dotted camp.

The red-haired man had gone and Jim was still watching when he saw a moving something on the distant desert beyond the camp. It was in the direction of Lerida, and at first it looked to be a small cloud—a dust-cloud that moved with the speed of wind upon the far, heat-blurred horizon. But for all that it was nearing swiftly, it was too steady and lasting to be the result of a whirlwind. Soon it grew very much larger. At its center was a black speck that jerked from side to side every now and then, trailing the cloud in its wake.

"Wal, what in the dickens!" puzzled Jim, and sprang up. "Mary! Look!"

"Why," said Mary, "it's one of them auto roundabouts!"

When the dust-cloud advanced to the farther edge of Hull's and halted, an automobile emerged out of it—not a runabout, however, but a great, covered, steam touring-car, its glass-protected front seat occupied by two men, its tonneau by four more. Then, amid the settling cloud, the six occupants of the car stood up to survey the havoc wrought by the fire.

The men of the camp ran toward the car, gathering together as they went until, on reaching it, they formed a crowd about it. There was some excited talk back and forth. Then hats went into the air and the newcomers were greeted with a shrill, rousing cheer.

"I know," said Jim; "the auto has brung a load of whisky."

Three men now stepped out of the machine, and, while the dwellers of the camp pressed about them with a loud chorus, evidently of questions, the three in the machine sat down, and the machine itself, with a forward leap, left the crowd behind and came skimming straight up to the schooner.

A man sprang from the tonneau before the machine had fairly stopped and pulled off his goggles. "Chapin," he began eagerly, "I'm mighty glad you're here."

Jim suddenly straightened, almost defensively, and stood, a hand on either hip. His stoop was gone. His look was stern. The speaker was clean-shaven, but his eyes were bloodshot, his face zigzagged with scratches that were only half-healed. "So it's you, Volly," he said.

Volly held out a hand. "I was too sick to be decent the other day," he said apologetically. "But let me thank you now."

"I figger you want somethin'," said Jim.

"Well, if I do I can pay for it, Chapin; and for what you did for me out there, too." He nodded toward Lerida.

"*No* man can pay me fer what he eats and drinks by my fire," said Jim. "What do you want?"

"Water, Chapin; can you spare us some?"

"Water's high."

"I suppose it is."

"We've got lots of gasoline," spoke up the driver of the car, "but no water. We'd like a barrel."

Jim made no reply to him. His look was still on Volly. "So you've brung all these gents out to locate," he said, and pointed a thumb back over his shoulder toward the mountains.

Volly started; stared and swallowed; then wheeled round to the men in the car. "I talked!" he cried in a low voice. "He knows the whole thing! I was delirious!"

"I didn't understand what you said," denied Jim slowly. "Did we, Mary?" But timid Mary was behind the schooner, out of sight of so many strangers. "No, you talked like a blamed Chink," said Jim. "But quartz was what you had in that bag. I spotted *that!*"

One of the trio that had left the automobile at the edge of the camp now came hurrying up. "What's the matter, Volly?" he demanded. "Let's get started. How d' do, Chapin? I'm Royse."

"Royse, he doesn't want to sell me any water," said Volly. "*You* talk to him."

"This is a fine fix we're in," scolded Royse. "I thought you told me we'd find *plenty* of water at Hull's."

"How did *I* know the confounded place would burn?" retorted Volly. He strode to and fro, cursing under his breath.

"Chapin, I'll give you one hundred dollars for a barrel of water," said Royse.

"You *bet* you would," said Jim. The other two members of the party now came up, their faces all concern.

"*Two* hundred, Chapin," said Royse. "That's handsome."

"I figger Volly's found somethin' pretty good."

"Three hundred, Chapin. You *can't* refuse that. Come now, man."

"Three hundred! Why didn't you think of me, Volly, when you was pickin' locators? I saved your life."

"What *are* your terms?" demanded Royse.

Jim walked close to him. "This man," he began, pointing to Volly, "never would a-lived t' git to Lerida if it hadn't a-been fer me. He come t' my fire dyin'. I washed him, I fed him, I brung him as far as he wanted t' go. And after I'd saved his life he sold me his shack here fer all but the last three dollars I had in the world. An' he knew when he done it that he was rich."

"I was sick, I tell you," cried Volly.

"You'll be sicker," said Jim. "The boys have been on your trail ever since they knowed I met you out yonder." He jerked his head toward Lerida.

"On his trail? How?" questioned Royse.

"Two went out with burros the night I got here—the two you shot at, Volly. I understand they think they'll spot your find."

"They can't!" cried Royse.

"Then four er five more have been follerin' his track where he drug the quartz along. They'll all be waitin' fer you out there, I reckon. The town ain't cared a hang about burnin' up. It's been a-worryin' about Mister Volly."

"Chapin, we'll give you a thousand dollars for a barrel."

"A thousand?" said Jim. "Why, you city fellers spend that ev'ry year just on see-gars."

"Well, what *do* you think is fair, then?" persisted Royse.

"I'll just ask you this," returned Jim. "What man of you five has got a better right to share with Volly than me?"

"Share!" It was Volly, aghast.

"Yas, *share.*"

"Suppose we take you along and let you locate."

"You can't say *that* isn't square," declared Royse.

"I don't never leave Mary," said Jim. "Make that a rule."

"Well, what *will* you do, Chapin?" questioned Royse, exasperated.

"I'll give your choo-choo its belly full of water," said Jim, "an' I'll hand you over two barrels besides. But, first, ev'ry mother's son of you will sign me a grub-stake paper."

"You're wild!" cried Royse.

"That means half of everything!" added Volly, almost with a wail.

"That's the law," said Jim. "*You* didn't balk, Volly, at takin' more'n half from *me.*"

"It's too much," Royse cried again. "Come—we'll have to try somewhere else."

"All right," said Jim, "try. But there ain't a man in Hull's that wants to see you fellers git outen camp in your auto."

"But half, Mr. Chapin? We can't do it! Not on your life! We'll *walk* first!"

"Wal, go ahead an' walk," said Jim. "You'll have lots of comp'ny. Look!" He pointed toward the burned camp.

The six turned. Men were hurrying about in evident excitement among the piles of belongings. Other men were on their knees rolling up blankets.

"They'll all be tickled to death t' go streakin' along with you," said Jim. "The lead here has plumb petered." The camp dog came up, sniffing and circling the wagon. Jim hunted the wash-basin, filled it from the dipper and set it beside the wheel. "Some of 'em'll be here first, though, fer water. There's a couple comin' now."

"Merciful Heaven!" breathed Royse helplessly. He beat his hands together. "Volly, we've got to do it! Chapin, where's some paper?"

A groan went up from the men in the car.

"Hurry!" warned Volly. The oncoming men were close.

"Make the paper out to Mary an' me," bade Jim. "We grub-stake you t'gether." Then, to the pair from the camp: "Can't spare you no water, gents. Sorry."

"Half!" mourned a disconsolate voice from the tonneau.

"I'm givin' you somethin' worth money fer somethin' I ain't seen," reminded Jim.

"Oh, it's there, all right," declared Volly.

"I figger it is," said Jim.

Royse wrote, then Volly—his hand shaking; afterward, beginning with the man at the wheel, the others scrawled their names in turn.

"Now the water, Chapin!" cried Royse.

"Help yourself," said Jim, poring over the paper.

A short half-hour and the big car, with another forward leap, went speeding away from the schooner and into the desert, sending up a whirl of sand in its wake.

Now Mary reappeared from her place of retirement and ran to Jim with outstretched arms. "Aw, honey! Aw, honey!" was all she could cry. She laid her brown head against his breast.

"Wal, little woman," said Jim, opening his own arms to receive her, "where are we goin' to buy that lot? Say, we'll build a pyazza around our house, an' ev'ry room'll have ee-lectric lights. Yas, ma'am. An' we'll have pams in the front yard, an' a' auto, by thunder! Mary, this is *one* time when my figgerin' come out O. K."

Then, hand in hand, they stood and watched the inhabitants of Hull's, by ones or twos or in small groups, go out of the burned camp and into the desert, following the tracks of the automobile. Soon all these made a long, straggling, uneven line. And, far in advance of that line, leading it toward the distant mountains, went a swift-moving pillar of dust.

Alabastine
The Sanitary Wall Coating

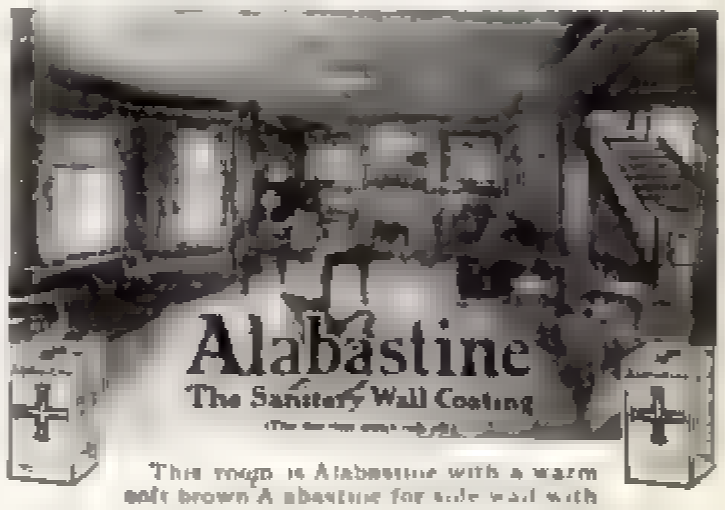
An Office Fit to Work In — Light and Artistic

The color chosen for this practical office is a dull green Alabastine with a pearl white Alabastine. Easy on the eyes and reflecting plenty of light. Always ready for re-coating without washing the old material off — saves muss and prevents loss of time in moving out during retinting. Write for color numbers and dealer's name, please.

Alabastine
is more artistic than wall paper, more effective than paint, more permanent than Kalsomine.

Free Samples

Send today for free wall and ceiling designs done in Alabastine and for color card and name of dealer in your town.



This room is Alabastine with a warm soft brown Alabastine for side wall with a cream Alabastine ceiling; ask for exact numbers to give desired effect

A Home of Refinement

The artistic success of a home depends upon the colors chosen for the walls. There is no material for tinting your walls as good as

Alabastine
The Sanitary Wall Coating

The colors are permanent, and do not rub off; they give that artistic soft velvety effect.

Color Schemes Free

Send us an outline of your rooms, whether they are apartment, dwelling, office or church, and we will send you a correct color scheme free. Give the trim of your woodwork — the kind of a building and the number of windows as well as the dimensions of the rooms. Whatever the building, whether public or private, large or small, Alabastine will give a better colored wall at a less expense for maintenance than any other material.

"Dainty Wall Decorations"

is a richly printed and profusely illustrated book. The illustrations are in colors on heavy plated paper, beautifully bound with an embossed cover in colors and contains new designs for decorating every room in the home. If you are planning decorating or re-decorating any apartment in your home, send 10 cents in silver or U. S. stamps for this useful and beautiful book. It is a complete course in wall decoration.

Alabastine is a dry powder and is to be mixed with cold water. It comes in 16 beautiful tints and in pure white. Alabastine is carefully packed in sealed packages — it sells for 55 cents for any of the 16 tints, and 50 cents for a pure brilliant white. The best dealers sell Alabastine.

ALABASTINE COMPANY
812 Grandville Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Dept. 622, 105 Water St., New York City, N. Y.

Will you accept $5.00 a day for your services?

Whatever your present employment may be—whether you are a man or a woman—this offer is open to you

You can establish yourself in a **pleasant, profitable, and permanent** business that will pay you more than **$5.00 a day** at the start—and will pay you as **much more** as you care to make.

You can learn this business in **less than a week**—and make **good money** while you are learning it. You will have practically no competition.

You Take no Risk Whatever

You will invest no money in this business until you are **absolutely sure** you can earn the money at it. You, therefore **run no risk** of losing money. You are **paid well** for all you do.

You know the principle of the vacuum cleaner. It sucks up **dirt and dust** from floors, carpets, rugs, furniture, walls, woodwork, etc., and takes all the dirt and dust **out of the house**—quickly, easily, economically.

It makes housecleaning the work of **hours** instead of the work of **days**—and it does the work **ten times as thoroughly** as any other method.

How the Business Increases

Every housewife who has a rug, a room or a house cleaned by this process, is so **thoroughly satisfied** that she tells her friends about it.

You get **their orders**. They tell **their friends**—and you get **more orders**.

You get the work month after month, season after season, year after year. The more **customers** you get—the more **they get for you**.

Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaners

embody **every principle** and **every improvement** known in the vacuum cleaner business and combine all these advantages in **a portable machine**, weighing about 50 pounds, that can be easily carried from room to room, or house to house.

You can take one of these machines into a residence and remove **every particle** of dust and dirt, from **every room**, without taking up carpets or rugs—without removing furniture—without taking down curtains or portieres—and do it in **one-tenth time** it could be done otherwise.

What This Invention Means

Before the invention of the Duntley Portable Standard Vacuum Cleaner, this work could only be done with a big, cumbersome, costly wagon apparatus—yet these wagon outfits earned for their owners **immense profits**.

The Duntley Portable Standard Vacuum Cleaner does the same work that the big wagon outfits do, and costs only a fraction as much originally and much less to operate. It will therefore, pay you **far larger profits**.

My Pay From Profit Plan

I want one good [illegible] man or woman in **every** [illegible] **no matter how small** [illegible] **are lighted by electricity**, [illegible] Duntley Vacuum Cleaner [illegible] Pay from Profit Plan

I will **establish** you in business—**show** you how it is done—enable you to make good money [illegible] learning it and assure you [illegible] of at least **$5.00 a day**.

[illegible] Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaner for use in **your own home**, I will prove its **value**, its **economy** [illegible] **necessity** [illegible] and give you an opportunity to use it, **at my expense**.

Let me Prove These Truths

I do **not** ask you to invest one dollar. All I ask is that **you** fill out the **coupon below**, and let me **prove to you** the truth of every statement here made.

This offer is made to **you—now—today**. It is **your** great opportunity [illegible] **new** business [illegible] a **coming** [illegible] a **profitable** [illegible] business of **your own**, that will grow **bigger each year**. Fill out and mail the coupon **right now**.

J. W. Duntley, President,

Duntley Mfg. Co., 303 Dearborn St., Chicago

— — — — — Fill out and mail this coupon today. — — — — —

J. W. Duntley, Pres. 303 Dearborn St. Chicago.

Dear Sir:—Tell me how I can earn $5.00 or more a day with a Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaner on your Pay from Profit Plan. S. E. P.

Name

Street and No.

Town *State*

Occupation

Will you engage in business yourself?

Or, are you interested for use in your home?

The Senator's Secretary

WHOOP-LA, here they are again! Make way, gentlemen, make way for the Little Brothers of the Tariff! See them marching through the corridors of the Capitol in solid phalanxes. See them making a parade in the lobbies of the hotels—wise, mysterious, important and powerful—especially that. Watch them throwing the net over the Scared Manufacturer, the Protected Producer, the Infant Industry Owner, the Muddled Miner, the Sheltered Southerner. Hear the clink of the coin they get for retainers. Make way, gentlemen, for the Little Brothers of the Tariff, for they haven't had a chance in twelve years—twelve long, lean years!

Pledged to revise the tariff, the Republicans have been at work at it ever since election, moiling and toiling over schedules, fussing about rates, debating about duties, and all the time faced with that direful fact that the expenditures of the Government exceed the revenues by a little matter of one hundred and fifty millions, or some such a trifle, which makes it awkward, to say the least, to reduce any duties unless others are raised. However, that word "revise" is an elastic and two-sided one. You can revise up as well as you can revise down, although the people at large will not fully realize that fact until the tariff bill is completed.

Little Brothers Out for Game

Sereno E. Payne called his Ways and Means Committee into session soon after election, the Constitution having provided that all revenue measures must originate in the House. Had it not been for that thoughtless paragraph in the immortal document aforesaid it is quite likely Senator Aldrich would have had the tariff revised long ago. As it is, the House must make a bluff at it, although the tariff will be made by the Senate Finance Committee, mulled over a bit by the Senate, and will come out of conference about as Mr. Aldrich wants it.

As soon as the hearings began the Little Brothers of the Tariff came in, sometimes singly and sometimes in twos and threes. Also, many of the brotherhood, who were here, appeared again from the high grass, and stood out in the glare of the noonday sun, with packages of birdlime handy, to capture any protected person who did not want his particular schedule bothered about. They grew in numbers and gained in strength during the short session of Congress just ended, and now, now that the bill is on the way, they are in full and perfect flower.

You can tell one of them as far as you can see him. His scent for a worried and protected manufacturer is keen and unerring. Let a man light in Washington who has something he wants the duty raised on, or lowered on, or kept where it is on, and a Little Brother of the Tariff will spot him as soon as he gets out of his cab at a hotel door. Ten minutes later the Little Brother will call.

"You are Mr. Beegin?"

"Yes."

"Interested in maintaining the duty on hides?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I am J. William Magusalem, well known in all parts of the United States as a tariff expert, and I have personal relations with every member of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives—personal relations, do you follow me? Also, I am on the most intimate terms with the members of the Senate Finance Committee, and I shall have as house guests all members of the Conference Committee after the proposed tariff bill has passed both House and Senate and has gone to conference."

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Magusalem."

"Yes; I knew you would be. In regard to the schedule on hides, in which you are interested, I can say to you, confidentially, that I am the one man in Washington who can help you in what you desire to have accomplished. I have made a study of hides. I know just what to do to push through a schedule that will satisfy you."

"I am, indeed, glad to meet you, Mr. Magusalem."

"Yes; I thought as much. Now, Mr. Beegin, you will realize, after you have been here for a day or two, how utterly futile it is for a stranger to come to Washington and try to do anything with the tariff. He is more likely to make enemies than friends, for the men who construct the tariff listen to but a few of us. What had you in mind?"

"Why, I intended to file a brief and to make an argument, and to put it before the committee in such a way as to show them that if they reduce the duty on hides it will let in the hides from Argentina and ruin the industry in this country."

"So I thought. That is what everybody does who does not realize the value of expert assistance. You may file your brief and make your arguments, but that will amount to nothing. What is needed, sir, is personal contact, personal contact, the eye that never sleeps to watch your interests. I can assure you that I can retain this duty on hides exactly where you wish it, provided the proper arrangements are made."

Well, there is a lot more of it, but in the end Mr. J. William Magusalem gets a retainer and so much a month to watch out for the interests of Mr. Beegin, and then retires to the lobby of the hotel to await the next arrival.

Tariff bills are fat picking for the brotherhood. They do not come often, but when they do come the brothers get enough to keep them for a long time. They come to Washington, the men who are scared about their schedules, and they think they need somebody to represent them, to keep tabs on what is going on in committees and on the floor, to help along at critical moments, to get the proper stuff in the newspapers in order that the public and the Congress may be educated, and the Little Brothers of the Tariff land on them and nail them, nail them hard and fast.

And what do the Little Brothers of the Tariff do? Nothing but make a bluff. They pretend to have influence with the committeemen, with the Congress, with the conferees, with everybody, up to the President. They claim to have access to the big newspapers. They assert that they can fix a schedule any way they like. They get their retainers and they sleuth around, mysterious, looking wise, and listening for any crumb of information that may come their way. Not one in a hundred of them can do anything, and not one in two hundred tries to do anything. They simply say they do. It is the easiest money in the world. The men who are concerned about the tariff are mostly rich and can spare what they give up to the Little Brothers of the Tariff, so that side of it need not alarm anybody; but, when the ease with which the Little Brothers separate these rich and protected persons from chunks of their wealth is observed, one cannot but wonder how on earth the wealth was accumulated in the first place.

The Wily Ways of the Order

The average business man knows nothing but his business. He is as ignorant of the ways of Congress, that is making laws for him, as he is of the nebular hypothesis. He knows he has prospered under Protection, and somebody tells him there is a vile plot on in Congress to reduce the duty on his particular line of goods, which will let in foreign competition; or, putting it the other way about, he wants a duty lowered so he can import more cheaply, and he rushes down to Washington to find out about it. He finds out. He discovers it is, indeed, true that there is a plan on foot in Congress to reduce or raise duties on the thing in which he is interested. He cannot comprehend why this is so, but it is so, he is assured. Then he says: "We must stop it."

Right here is where the Little Brother of the Tariff comes across. The business man, ignorant of Congressional procedure, ignorant of everything but his own affairs, is approached. It is pointed out to him that he must have expert assistance, and he gets it. He gets it, and pays for it, and goes home confident his interests are well guarded. Meantime, the particular Little Brother of the Tariff who has landed him sends him bulletins from time to time, mostly taken from the newspapers, as to how things are going. If there are any

JANUS VACUUM BOTTLE

Its Cork

Put lemonade in a bottle one day and milk the next. What will the lemon juice absorbed by the cork do to the milk? A needless question if it's the Janus Bottle.

Why? Because the Janus cork is tipped with aluminum. Liquids can't touch the cork itself. Contamination is impossible. A patented feature, exclusive, with the Janus.

The Janus takes apart. Easily sterilized. A strong practicable bottle.

Buy one. Use it 60 days. If it breaks through fault in construction or workmanship, you get a new bottle.

A necessity—not a novelty. Keeps hot liquids hot and cold liquids cold.

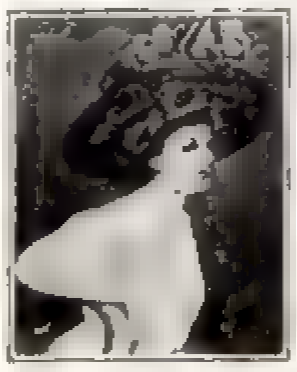
Half Pints, $2.50. Pints, $3.75.
Quarts, $5.75.

At your dealers or from us direct.
Send for Booklet.

JANUS VACUUM BOTTLE CO.
652 Broadway, New York

U. S. Patents [illegible] June 9, 1908, [illegible] Sept. 1, 1908.

An Easter Box of McDonald's "400" Chocolates



The Best Made in the World

Will please her better than an Easter bonnet. Elegant box, with handsome hand-colored Top, Easter Subject. Tiger paper tied with silk ribbon, appropriate for Easter.

Finer Chocolates Than Any She Ever Tasted

Send a dollar bill and we will forward postpaid to any address a box of these delicious, unforgetable Chocolates. If not satisfactory return same to us and money will be refunded. Small box 30c

WRITE US THIS MINUTE.

J. G. McDonald Chocolate Co., Salt Lake, Utah.
In business fifty years.
You will find these Chocolates as good as
McDonald's World Famous Cocoa.

A New $1 Offer—"KEITH'S"

Our Plan No 40 $1200

for six months and a copy of my new

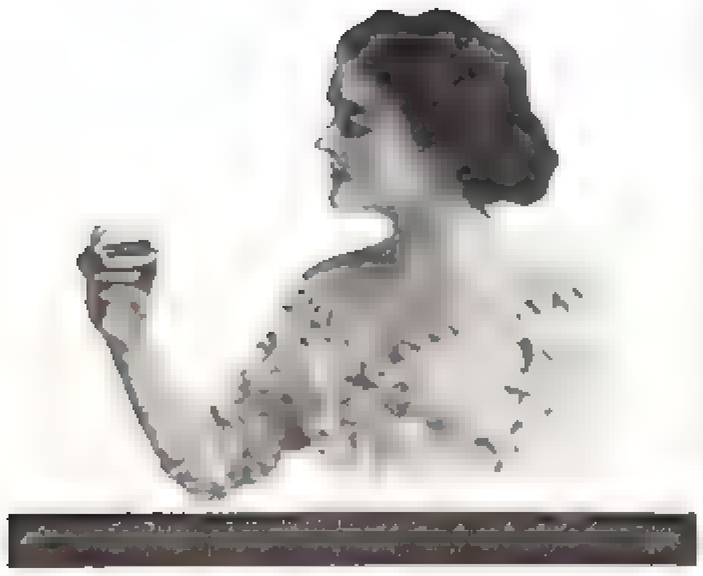
Book 100 Plans

for attractive Homes costing $400 to $3000

Keith's monthly magazine [illegible] on planning and decorating homes. Each issue gives designs by leading architects. $1.50 a year. News stands [illegible] a copy. [illegible] also [illegible] recent [illegible] numbers. **Send Today**

MAX L. KEITH 464 Lumber Exch. Minneapolis, Minn

PLAYS and Entertainments **PLAYS**
Catalog of thousands sent
FREE! FREE! FREE!
Address **SAM'L FRENCH, 28 W. 22d Street, New York**



Perfect Soap After 36 Years

After 36 years' experience we have achieved our ideal in a soap.

Palmolive is perfect soap

It is good for a baby's dainty skin, so you know it is good for yours.

It is far more than merely good soap.

It refreshes and invigorates—it brings healthy "glow" to the skin.

PALMOLIVE

We send to the Orient—10,000 miles—for the palm and olive oils, its principal ingredients. The color is olive-green, from the oil. No artificial color.

Never was soap so quick to lather in any water—so soothing—so effective

Send 4c in stamps for a generous trial cake and our book, "*The Easy Way to Beauty.*"

See if you know of another soap you like even half so well.

B. J. Johnson Soap Co.

352 Fowler St. Milwaukee, Wis.

GLADIOLUS BULBLETS

200 for 25c

Do you love flowers? I do and I want everyone to have plenty. My special hobby is the Gladiolus and I have one of the finest collections in the world. I have nearly [illegible] varieties, many of them 6 inches across, every color of the rainbow. [illegible] will grow anywhere.

JUST FOR A STARTER

Send me 25c and I will mail you 200 bulblets of my finest varieties (1,000 for $1.00) postpaid, with **full cultural instructions.** Some will bloom [illegible] large [illegible] bloom [illegible] plenty next year. Large bulbs ready to bloom, 50c per doz. Rare varieties more.

Field's Seed Book Free

I wrote it myself [illegible] years experience to [illegible] what you want to know about flowers, farm and garden seeds. Tells how I test and guarantee them to make good. Write today before the bulbs and books are gone.

HENRY FIELD SEED CO.,
Box 120 Shenandoah, Iowa

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
9 x 7 ft.	4.00
9 x 9 ft.	4.50
9 x 10 ft.	5.00
9 x 12 ft.	5.50
9 x 15 ft.	6.00

[illegible] Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free.

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 695 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

Typewriter Bargains

$10.00 to $65.00. Many in use less than sixty [illegible] are good as new. We guarantee them. Write us before you buy. We have all makes at biggest bargains ever offered. [illegible]

McLAUGHLIN TYPEWRITER EX.
301 Ozark Bldg St. Louis Mo.

results he asks for an additional sum. If there are no results he says it was impossible to do anything because Congress was determined to reduce or raise rates, and that was all there was to it.

The brotherhood began operations as soon as the Ways and Means Committee began its hearings. It increased in numbers during the past session of Congress, while the House bill was in the making. Now that the House bill is ready, the brotherhood is at its fullest membership. Men who have been eating at lunch counters for years are luxuriously lunching and dining in the big restaurants. Men who have worn suits of clothes so old that they shone like trained seals whenever they got in the sunlight have new high hats, new frock coats and new fur overcoats. The protected manufacturers and producers of all kinds have had such soft picking for the past twelve years, since the Dingley Bill has been in force, that they hate to let go, and they have been liberal with the Little Brothers of the Tariff. It has been easy, easy money. Any Little Brother, although he may have been pegging along for years with one or two piking clients, who has not from half a dozen to a dozen perturbed, protected producers on his list now isn't worthy of belonging to the order and should be made to go to work.

There are various grades of the order. Large and puffy lawyers are at the head of the brotherhood—large and puffy lawyers who are exerting their "influence" and who would be extremely annoyed if anybody said they were lobbying. You see, the elastic legal code of ethics makes it possible for a lawyer to take money for anything and still remain respectable. Far be it from any person to say some of the lawyers who are milking the men who want things in the tariff bill are grafters—far be it from any person to say that, so I will say it. Not once in a dozen times does a man, or a company of men, who wants a tariff schedule changed or retained and who hires one of these puffy lawyers to do it for him get anything but the worst of it. He is handed out a large amount of important-sounding conversation, for which he pays so much per word, and that is about all he gets. If, perchance, things come out as he wants them it is a thousand to one that his attorney had nothing to do with it, but he pays just the same. If things do not come out his way, why, there was no chance, and the attorney is very sorry, and please call again.

Where the Canny Senator Wins Out

Lower than these in the brotherhood are the smaller lawyers, who take hundred and two-hundred-dollar fees and get as many of them as they can. They do nothing and, except in the presence of their clients, pretend to do nothing. Their whole business is to get retainers and so much a month and hang on as long as they can. The bottom grade are the hangers-on who have been in the Government service or have held some little office or have come to Washington in any capacity, and have turned to living by their wits. If they cannot get a hundred they will take fifty, and if they cannot get fifty they will take ten.

Washington has these gentlemen all the time working as best they may on the unsuspecting strangers, but never so many as now, for it is the heyday of the Little Brothers of the Tariff. It may not last very long, but while it does last it is the softest kind of soft money, with nothing to do but make a bluff, an occupation that most of the Little Brothers have been practicing assiduously all their lives.

They laughed Winfield Scott Hancock to death because he said the tariff is a local issue, but that is what it is. Every man who has been before the committee or who has interested himself in the matter wants the tariff on his particular pet production higher, usually, but never any lower—except Andrew Carnegie, who, having gone out of the steel business, is ready to have the tariff taken off steel, and does not care what happens to the stuff the man in the next State makes or produces.

The Southerners, who yip about Protection as if antagonism to that sainted doctrine were a part of their religion, get black in the face if it is proposed to lower the duties on any of their products. The Texan is for revising the schedules down to the lowest point; but do not lay an impious hand on the duty on hides or the duty on rice. The Floridian thinks the tariff should be revised, except on citrus fruits and a few other products. The South Carolinian howls for a duty on sea island cotton and for the retention of the duty on rice. The Georgian wants more duty on lumber and on peanuts, and so it goes. Local issue? It is just that.

Meantime, the canny Senator Aldrich is preparing to get the bill passed as expeditiously as possible. He knows they can put it through in the House any time they want to, under the rule, unless, indeed, there are enough insurgents to join with the Democrats and remake the rules. Still, if the old rules stand they can jam that tariff bill through in forty minutes or forty weeks, just as they like. Everybody seems to think it will take less than a month in the House. Then the Senate is to be reckoned with, for in the Senate there is no clôture, and they can talk as long as they want to about it or anything else that may come into their heads.

Here is where the canny Aldrich comes in. As chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance he will have charge of the work of remaking the bill when it comes from the House. Tariff bills are always made in the Finance Committee of the Senate. The House thinks it has something to do with it, but really it has very little. The Senate Finance Committee, which is Aldrich, fixes up the bill and leaves in a lot of trading propositions. Then it goes to conference and the trades are made, but Aldrich has the great advantage of having put in the trading stock. He was there first, in a manner of speaking.

Finding Money Like Brass Tacks

However, in order to get as much expedition as possible, Mr. Aldrich has arranged for some palliative schedules for the Southerners who might oppose—for some molasses to sweeten the dose as a whole. Thus, when Senator Bailey, who comes from the great hide State of Texas, gets up to rear and roar about the bill he will be confronted by the fact that the duty on hides remains as it is, keeping out any enormous influx of hides from Argentina, and that there is a satisfactory duty on rice—and he will not roar so frightfully.

Also, the astute Aldrich will have it fixed that the tariff on lumber will be satisfactory to Bacon and Clay, and that sea island cotton and rice suit Tillman, and so on through the list. There will be tons of eloquence, of course, but it will not weigh as much as it might, and, presently, Mr. Aldrich will slide the bill into conference, the hot weather will be coming on, the Senators and Representatives will be anxious to get home to cooler spots, and pretty soon it will come out substantially in the manner set forth by Aldrich when he made his original plans.

It may take two or three or four months, but when it does come out the bill will be suited to its purposes, which are the purposes of Mr. Aldrich. Meantime, that active statesman is put to it to find some method for increasing revenues instead of reducing them. This leads up to a duty on coffee and on other like substances, and it may be necessary, even, to revive the stamp taxes of the Spanish War. When we spend one hundred and four million dollars a year, or thereabouts, on the Navy, and one hundred and three million dollars, practically, on the Army, as just two items of the budget, we have got to have the money to pay for it, and the present tariff is not producing enough, which makes it seem probable that the men who expect reductions will be sadly disappointed.

However, the Little Brothers of the Tariff will not admit this, and why should they? If you want a schedule raised they are the boys, and if you want one reduced they can do it as can none other. Who is there to say them nay among the perturbed and protected producers?

What do they know about it? Nothing. What will they ever know about it? Nothing. They forget there is a Congress during ten or twelve years under a tariff, and when there is a move to revise that tariff they flutter down to Washington, shouting: "Oh, dear, this will never do at all! Stop it, somebody!"

"Certainly," say the Little Brothers of the Tariff, marching to the front.

And, when you come down to brass tacks, it is pretty hard to blame the Little Brothers. Really, it is like finding money in the street.

The first Derby made in America was a

C & K

Hats for Men

An interesting feature of Knapp-Felt manufacture is the fact that each Knapp-Felt hat is made separately. It is therefore highly important to note that in every one of the thirty-seven processes through which the hat passes it receives the individual attention of a well paid, contented workman carefully chosen for his skill and experience—and especially his ability to measure up to the C & K standard.

The noticeable elegance of style which characterizes Knapp-Felt hats is the result of expert handwork guided by the most capable superintendence under the strictest sanitary conditions and with the pleasantest surroundings. If the best is desired it is worth while to insist that the hat shall be a Knapp-Felt.

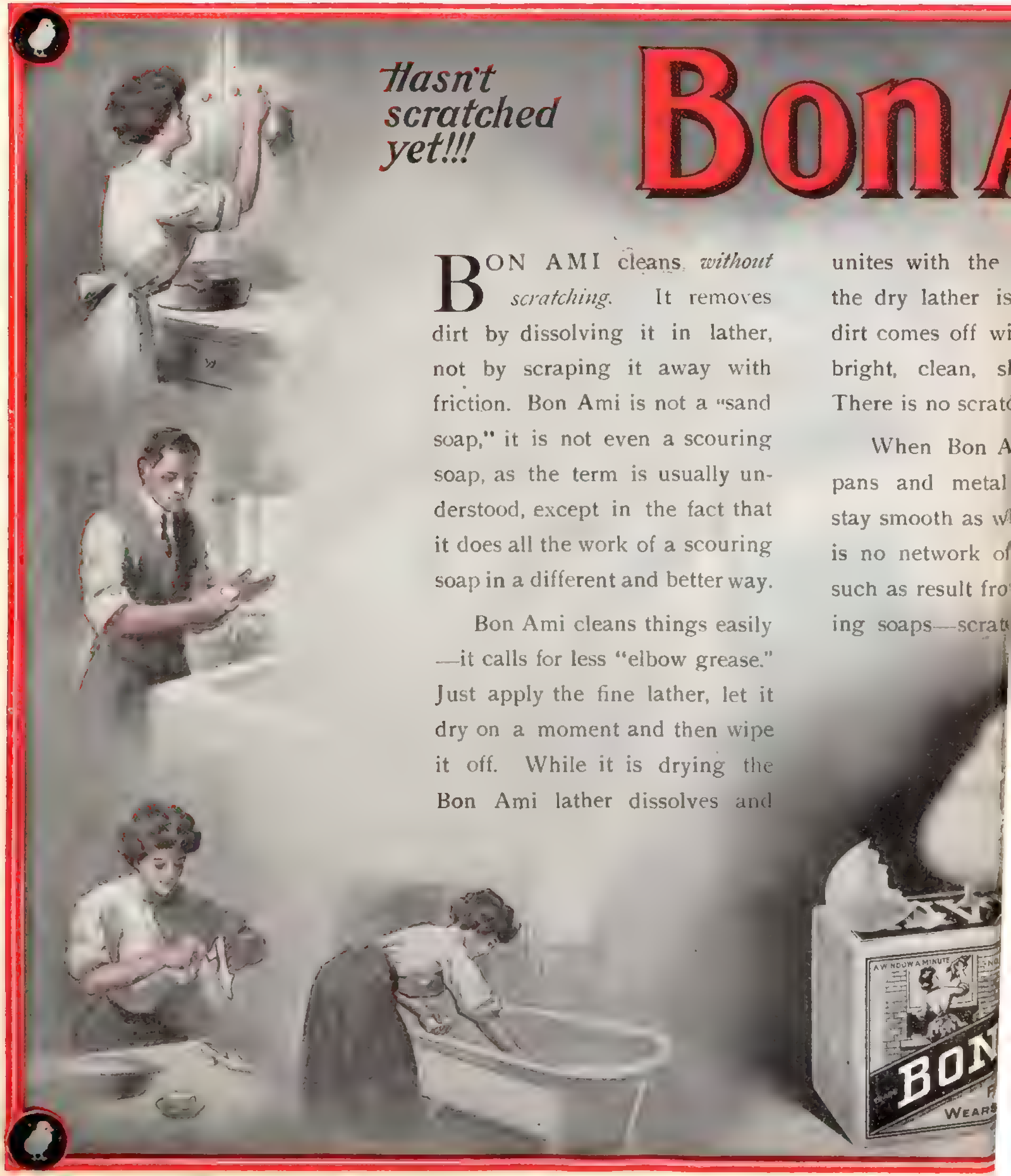
Hatters who sell Knapp-Felts base their claim to patronage on the intrinsic value of the merchandise.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe Derbies and Soft Hats are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars—everywhere.

Your newspaper probably has the advertisement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts.

Write for THE HATMAN.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York.


A W NDOW A MINUTE
BON
WEARS

Hasn't scratched yet!!!

Bon

BON AMI cleans *without scratching.* It removes dirt by dissolving it in lather, not by scraping it away with friction. Bon Ami is not a "sand soap," it is not even a scouring soap, as the term is usually understood, except in the fact that it does all the work of a scouring soap in a different and better way.

Bon Ami cleans things easily —it calls for less "elbow grease." Just apply the fine lather, let it dry on a moment and then wipe it off. While it is drying the Bon Ami lather dissolves and

unites with the
the dry lather is
dirt comes off wi
bright, clean, sl
There is no scrat

When Bon A
pans and metal
stay smooth as w
is no network of
such as result fro
ing soaps—scrat

Ami

Hasn't scratched yet!!!

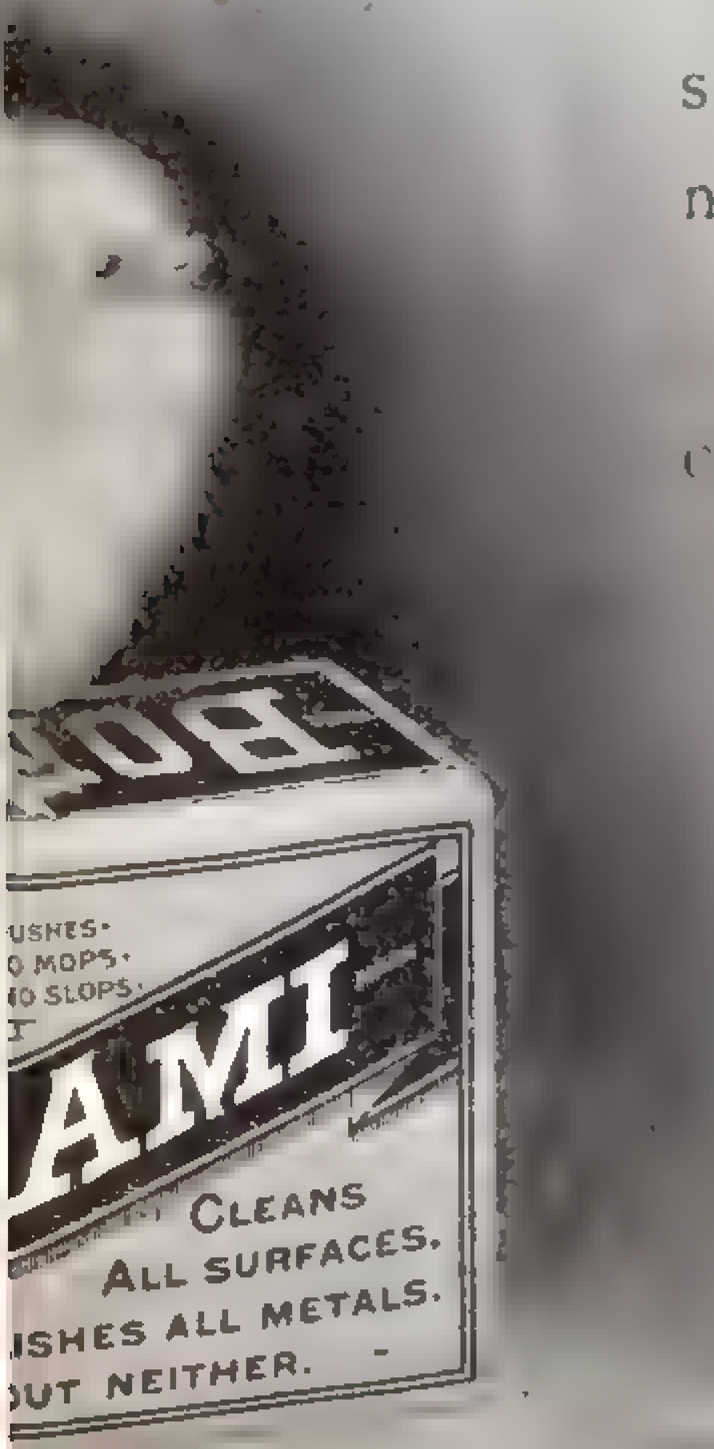
dirt and when
wiped off the
th it, leaving a
ining surface.
ching.

mi is used the
ware surfaces
hen new. There
fine scratches
n use of scour-
ches that mean

wear and that give dirt an easier foothold next time and make the surface harder and harder to keep clean.

Bon Ami has been daily in use for 17 years in millions of American homes. It is used in cleaning windows, floors, oilcloth, woodwork, brass, copper, tin, nickel and glassware. It takes grime and stains off the hands, it cleans white canvas shoes. It is, indeed, a household necessity.

Like the famous Bon Ami chick—it "Hasn't scratched yet."


BON
USHES·
O MOPS·
O SLOPS·
T
AMI
CLEANS
ALL SURFACES.
ISHES ALL METALS.
UT NEITHER.

Hasn't scratched yet!

"MORSE" OIL DRILLS

are the only tools of their kind made with the oil holes through the solid metal. They are much stronger than oil tube drills which are made by milling grooves in the land and inserting copper tubes or strips of metal to cover the grooves. We give them the same clearance that we do other drills, which is a great advantage.

These holes serve to convey air as well as oil to the point of the drill. Air is sometimes used for blowing out the chips and keeping the drill cool.

No matter how seldom you use tools, you need the best. "Morse" Drills, Reamers, Cutters, Chucks, Taps, Dies, Arbors, Counterbores, Countersinks, Gauges, Mandrels, Mills, Screw Plates, Sleeves, Sockets, Taper Pins, Wrenches and Machines are without question as good as can be made. Large manufacturers who have had a chance to try out different kinds already know this, and others are going to know it, if telling will avail.

Send for catalog which fully illustrates "MORSE" TOOLS

Morse Twist Drill & Machine Co.
New Bedford, Mass., U. S. A.

Price, Only $7.00

For Lawn or Porch

no furniture is so much in vogue—so enduring—yet so comfortable as "Old Hickory."

To arbor retreats, cosy corners, verandas, lawns, etc., it adds charm and rest. In homes far and wide wherever good taste seeks comfort rather than convention, "Old Hickory" has its abode. From "Claremont-on-the-Hudson" to "Old Faithful Inn" of Yellowstone Park the highest type of resorts have adopted

Old Hickory Furniture

People like it for its simple touch of nature—its comfortable breath of the woods. No paint mars the beautiful, smooth bark on the legs and rungs of "Old Hickory." The seats of the chairs are woven by hand from tough, leathery strips of hickory bark. Hewn sturdy yet artistic from the hickory woods, it stands now easy, comfortable and enduring — made as in the long ago, when Clay, Calhoun and Jackson sat in chairs like these. [illegible] chair so well people nicknamed him "Old Hickory." That's our trademark, burnt into every article we make.

Write us for our Free Style Book, showing [illegible] pictures and telling all about Old Hickory.

The Old Hickory Chair Co., Box H 4, Martinsville, Ind.

New Thin Model Watch

Direct from Factory at Great Saving $7.85

Men's model, 7-jeweled movement, open face, gold filled case, guaranteed 20 years; stem wind and set, lever escapement, improved train, finely balanced, plain white enameled dial, Arabic figures. Retails for $10 to $12. Your opportunity to get a nobby, up-to-date timepiece at wholesale price. *We agree to keep this watch in repair free for five years.*

Ladies' Watch $9.50

Elgin or Waltham, 7 jewels, open face, 0 or ladies' size. Plain, polished case guaranteed 20 years. *Kept in repair free for 5 years.* Send order direct or write for Watch Booklet.

HUNT & McCREE
Manufacturers
Brokers
150 Nassau St., New York

Greider's Book on Poultry [illegible]

about Pure Bred Poultry [illegible] Germicide kills lice. B. H. GREIDER, Rheems, Pa.

THRIFT

Turning the Trick on a Small Stake

GUNDERSEN is a Swedish sailor-man. The panic of 1907 threw him ashore in New York, high and dry. Sea life had made him handy at a half-dozen trades, from carpentering to gardening. Gundersen looked around. Out in a small suburban village a new residence was being completed. He got a "yob" on the interior trim, working until the house was finished. The contractor then owed him sixty dollars. The owner owed the contractor. Gundersen moved to a larger town near by to wait for his money. Money was awfully scarce that fall, and sometimes he came as near being discouraged as a real imperturbable Svenski can ever be.

"By golly! Tings bain purty blue, hey?" he would say. "I doan't know ven I get dem vages. Maybe it's lucky I have sense to put de first lien on dat yob, I guess."

Before the money came, however, Gundersen was a contractor himself. While waiting he did odd jobs for any reasonable pay. Within the memory of old inhabitants times had never been so hard in that suburb. Dozens of men lay idle because it was no use looking for work. But Gundersen kept going, somehow. He found a dead tree back of Doctor Smith's house and got the job of cutting it down and into stove-wood. He did repair work, and would potter for fifty cents a day rather than loaf. Nights and Sundays he studied the town. Work for wages was so difficult to find that he had to plan some better occupation.

One spot drew him again and again. Out beyond a growing residence street was a half-acre of farm land with some old lime-kilns containing enough stone and brick to build foundations and chimneys for two residences. Gundersen believed the town was going that way. The plot was for sale at fifteen hundred dollars, kilns thrown in.

Spring came—the worst spring for real estate in fifteen years. Gundersen had found a merchant and a real-estate agent to back him. The lime-kiln plot was bought for twelve hundred dollars, of which nine hundred could be carried on mortgage. Gundersen began building a house, getting labor and materials in a falling market, his "capitalists" financing the undertaking with cash and their credit. Gundersen hired masons, but did most of the carpentering himself, working along on a "grub stake" for the sake of a share in the enterprise.

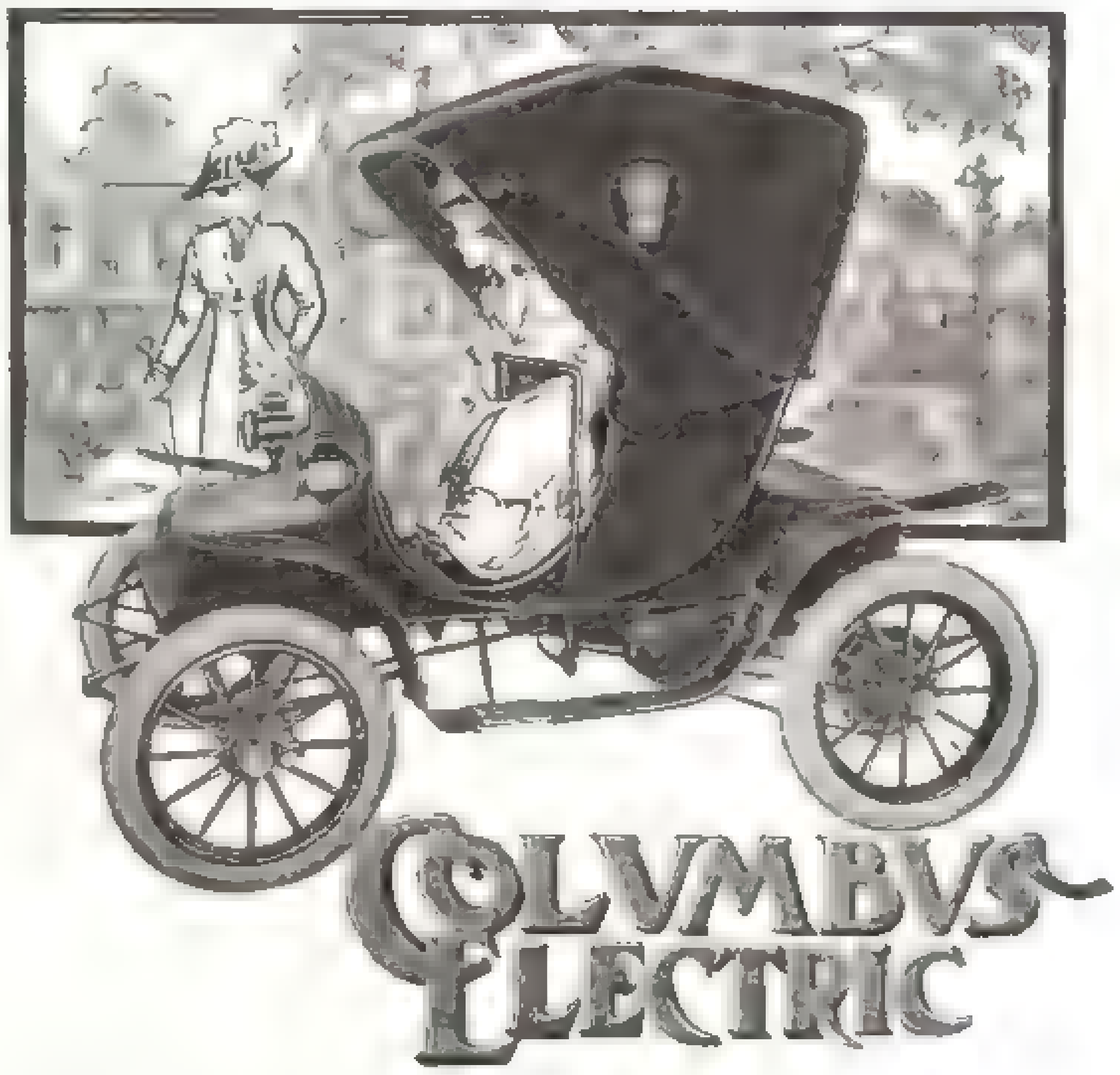
Gundersen's Shoe Shop

Nearly eight months passed before his sixty dollars materialized. In working about town the sailor-man was frequently paid in checks, as everybody had a bank account. Gundersen liked that idea immensely and started a bank account with his sixty dollars. He has it yet.

This spring the house was sold at a price that gave him about five dollars a day for his labor. Carpenters in this locality get only three dollars, and during that year were seldom employed. Gundersen put most of this money in the bank. He now has a second house under way on the half-acre plot, and his careful work on the first building has brought him outside contracts for two others, so that he is right on the crest of the returning wave of prosperity.

To manœuver in this shrewd way seems a commonplace matter to the Swedish sailor-man. He has done such things repeatedly in many parts of the world, but given up again and again for the sake of wandering. A typical case was his shoe shop, started in an English seaport.

Gundersen found himself ashore with ten dollars. He saw a small shop for rent. The first trade he had ever picked up was shoemaking. Paying a small deposit on this shop, he went to a leather merchant, offering to spend a pound if as much credit were given him. The offer was taken and material selected, with a small stock of laces and findings. For a sign Gundersen hung out two hides. One was thick, new and good, and he wrote on it, "This is the leather we use in repairing." The other hide was cheap, thin and weatherbeaten, bearing the inscription, "This is what others use."



Takes no strength.

The control is easy, simple. A delicate woman can practically live in her car yet never tire.

Make the women of your family independent of coachman or chauffeur.

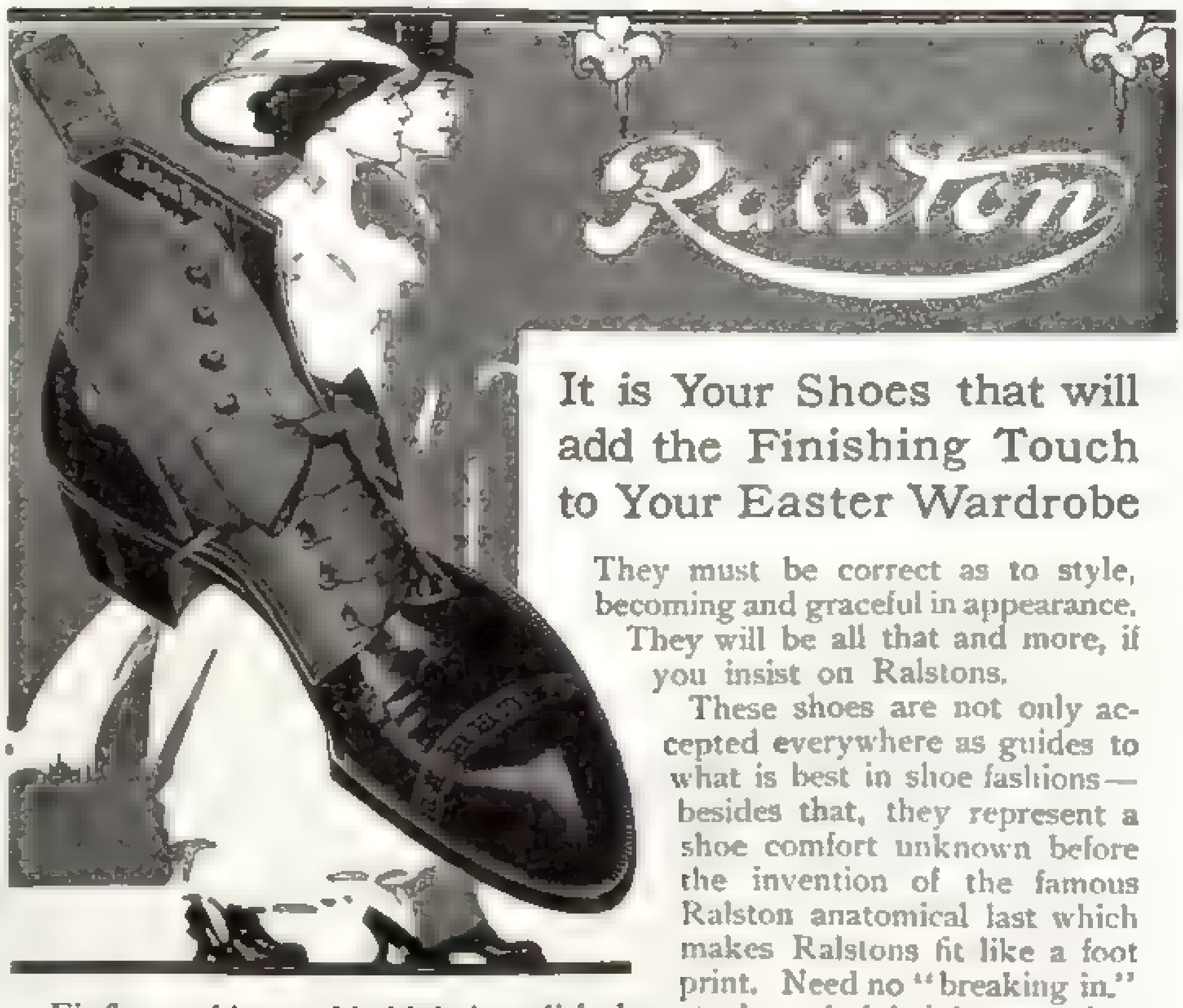
The Columbus Electric has one lever, no foot pedals, except for emergency brake. The seat is wider, the rear tires ½ inch larger than other electrics. These, its absolute freedom from vibration and the extra long wheel-base of the 1909 Columbus models are what make it the easiest, smoothest running car a woman can drive.

Standard Exide Batteries are our regular equipment.

Write to-day for catalogue showing our 1909 models of four and two-passenger Coupés, Stanhopes, and other styles. Let us refer you to users. Many Columbus owners pay less than $5 a month for upkeep.

THE COLUMBUS BUGGY CO.
Established 1870 380-450 Dublin Ave., COLUMBUS, O.

The town car you will eventually buy



It is Your Shoes that will add the Finishing Touch to Your Easter Wardrobe

They must be correct as to style, becoming and graceful in appearance. They will be all that and more, if you insist on Ralstons.

These shoes are not only accepted everywhere as guides to what is best in shoe fashions—besides that, they represent a shoe comfort unknown before the invention of the famous Ralston anatomical last which makes Ralstons fit like a foot print. Need no "breaking in." Fit first and last and hold their stylish shape to the end of their long service.

Ask any Ralston dealer to let you see the shoe shown here. It is

Stock No. 126
Sterling Patent Colt
Foxed Blucher
$4.00

Chrome Calf Top, "Smile" Last The ideal shoe for all dress occasions—indoor or out.

Send for our new Spring Catalogue—FREE

A trustworthy guide to correct footwear for all occasions for men and women. On request we will send name of nearest agent, or we mail shoes direct at $4.00, plus 25c for carriage; fit guaranteed or money refunded. Union made

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS, 985 Main Street, Campello (Brockton), Mass.

"Fit for a King"

This Genuine South American Panama Hat $4

Express Prepaid

Panamas will be more popular than ever this year. No well dressed man should be without one of these light, cool, dressy hats. Panamas are really the **only** comfortable Summer Hats. They last a life time, can be remodeled every season into new styles, and be as good as new again. We have brought the price of Panamas within the reach of every purse.

The above hat is one of our **special values.** It is the grade that is regularly retailed at ten dollars. We import Panamas direct from South America, through the Port of Galveston, in great quantities, thus enabling us to quote this unheard of price.

This hat is hand-made of closely woven straw, light and adaptable to all shapes, blocked in all sizes, trimmed with neat silk band and leather sweat band, sent prepaid for **$4.00**

Order to-day stating size—satisfaction guaranteed—Address

Houston Hat Co., *"Panama Hat Kings"*
Houston, Texas

Men's and Women's Fine Clothing on Easiest Terms of Payment

In my 2 big Chicago stores I have an immense line of the latest style creations in men's and women's Spring and Summer Clothing. You may select from this mammoth stock anything you desire in wearing apparel. I'll give you the lowest spot-cash price and let you

Pay Me As You Are Able

Send at once for my beautiful Art Catalog of

Spring and Summer Styles

You can easily find just what you want illustrated and described in it. It explains my whole plan of selling and payments. With the catalog will come samples of fabrics, measurement blanks, etc.

We Guarantee Satisfaction

and you accept and pay for no clothing unless perfectly suited

Send for Catalog Today

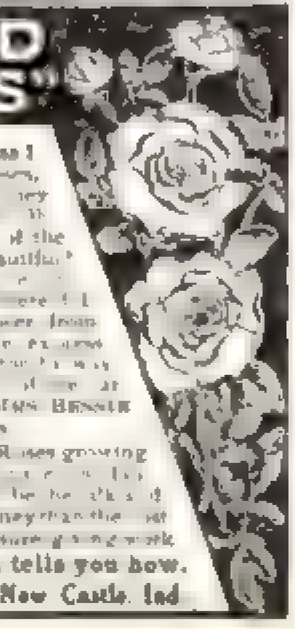
BERNHARD'S 2 Big Chicago Stores
JOS. BERNHARD, Pres.
108 Clark Street, CHICAGO

"IF I COULD GROW ROSES"

As that ad says I can't. I wondered as I [illegible] they are all so beautiful [illegible] Mrs. Bessie [illegible] Mass.

[illegible] you can have Roses growing [illegible] a florist's bouquet [illegible]

"The Garden of Delight," free, tells you how.
HELLER BROS., 914 Main St., New Castle, Ind.



Early each morning he rowed around among incoming ships in the harbor, picking up shoes to be repaired for delivery the same day. This was a profitable class of work, and in addition he bought new shoes from sailors who had fitted themselves in some other port when flush of money and now needed cash.

In a month he had three men working in that little shop. His ideas on labor were a bit odd, but, perhaps, sound enough. Gundersen hired only human derelicts. A periodical drinker unable to get work elsewhere was taken into the shop on a sharing plan, under which for a three-shilling job of cobbling he got one-third, the shop a third and a shilling went for materials. On this basis the derelict had to work. Furthermore, he was generally a very capable mechanic, handicapped only by a pitiable appetite for drink.

A profitable specialty was making special shoes for cripples. Casts of the soaped foot were taken in plaster and a wooden last made for shaping a shoe that gave great comfort and brought very good prices. Frequently the customer bought the last.

Gundersen's prices were higher, he says, than any other cobbler's in that town; yet three native British cobblers closed up around him soon after he got established, as a result of "ruinous foreign competition." This business ran along briskly for a year. Then the sailor-man grew restless and sold out for three hundred dollars. When he took the shop twelve months before there had been nothing. Two years later, running into that port, he found nothing—the shop was empty again. The man who had purchased Gundersen's thriving plant, an Englishman, was incapable of keeping it going on the lines laid down by the enterprising Swede.

A Woman's Hotel Business

In the Middle West a woman, deserted and left penniless by her husband seven years ago, now owns a prosperous hotel worth about seven thousand dollars. It has been built up from an original capital of fifty dollars, borrowed from friends when her husband disappeared. She rented a small shop near the railroad station, living in the rear and beginning with a stock of candies and gimcracks. Then a lunch counter was added with coffee and home-made pie. Railroad men came there for lunches, and presently she sold them cakes and bread supplied by a baker. One night a man asked for a steak, and she served him her own supper. He liked the home cooking and arranged for board, paying a month in advance. Some time later this boarder loaned her fifty dollars to take a house, and she fitted it with installment furniture and took more boarders.

The debt was cleared off. She borrowed money from the first boarder to buy a lot, and he helped finance a hotel building. It took constant work to pay off this debt and acquire furniture, but today she owns the property outright, and has a working balance with which to run the business.

With goodwill added the hotel might easily be valued at ten thousand dollars, all of which has been created out of nothing by the efforts of a woman in seven years.

A Scotch stone-mason arrived in this country about fifteen years ago, bringing nothing but his trade. For three years he worked with a hammer at Barre, Vermont, earning an average of three dollars a day, and saving steadily for a purpose. At the end of that period he had fifteen hundred dollars in hand. This went as first payment on a small granite quarry, which he then worked himself, hiring a man or two at the outset.

Every dollar the business yielded went back into more stone, and he also went into debt for adjoining quarry-land. Today he is worth fifteen thousand dollars, and has ample credit.

Barre now numbers among its quarry proprietors many ex-workmen who have followed this same general plan getting together a few hundred dollars of savings and then buying a quarry by going into debt, just as people buy homes. Very few of them have failed to "make good," it is said. Scotch and Italian stone-cutters outnumber all other nationalities in that locality, and the Scotch lead in working out this plan successfully.

Not All Silk Gloves Are Kaysers

Until three years ago, nearly every silk glove was a Kayser—with the patent double tip.

No other make was acceptable.

Every woman wanted the Kayser fabric, Kayser fit, and the Kayser finger tip.

The old-time silk gloves were ill-fitting and worthless. Very few women wore them.

It was only when Kayser created perfection that silk gloves became the summer gloves of the millions.

Why Inferior Gloves Were Worn

When the sudden craze for long gloves came, we could scarcely begin to meet it.

So other makers were called on, and all sorts of gloves were sold.

Even lace mitts and stocking tops, attached to short gloves, sold as fast as the makers could make them.

Any makeshift was welcome. Quality was forgotten. The cry was for any long glove.

Then millions of women, who could not get Kaysers, accepted inexperienced makes.

"The Kayser"

Patent Finger-Tipped Silk Gloves

A Guarantee in Every Pair

Now conditions have changed. We have immensely increased our capacity.

This spring you can all get Kayser gloves—any shade or style or length.

There is no need now to take inferior makes. You can get the gloves you want—the Kayser.

But there is need to be careful.

Now it is necessary to insist on the Kayser, and to see the name on the hem.

Then you are sure of the gloves which, for 25 years, have been found so satisfactory.

Not Easy to Make

A perfect silk glove isn't easy to make. That is why other makers fall short.

It requires years of experience, and infinite skill, to make a silk glove that will fit.

One must make his own silk, and dye it himself, to attain a durable fabric.

And our patent tips are essential.

Each Kayser glove goes through fifty operations before it becomes the perfect glove that you see.

Yet you pay no more for Kaysers than for gloves half as good. You have simply to see that you get them.

Short Silk Gloves,
50c and up

Long Silk Gloves,
75c and up

Look for the Name in the Hem

JULIUS KAYSER & CO., MAKERS, NEW YORK

Also makers of the famous Italian Silk Underwear—the most luxurious lingerie in the world, yet the most economical. For it outwears cotton ten to one, as thousands of women know. Made in every undergarment that a woman wears.

Dioxogen

The Dioxogen Doctrine of Health Cleanliness

How It Wards Off Disease and Prevents Infection

The Dioxogen Doctrine of Cleanliness is the application to the individual of the principles and practices which govern modern hospital, surgical, and sick room management. It is the application in the home and in everyday life of the hygienic, prophylactic cleanliness which has revolutionized surgical treatment and immeasurably reduced the dangers from surgical operations. It is the daily practice, by each individual, of those safe, simple and effective measures which produce the aseptic cleanliness that wards off disease, prevents infection, and keeps the usual minor injury from becoming serious.

DIOXOGEN possesses the qualities needed for such use; it is efficient, (as powerful as Bichloride of Mercury 1-1000); it is safe; it is harmless and it works in the open.

DIOXOGEN is safe because it contains only one active ingredient,—OXYGEN—the cleansing agent in the air that we breathe. The oxygen in Dioxogen can be separated, weighed and measured.

DIOXOGEN is harmless because it consists of only oxygen and plain water. It can be left around the home. A child can use it.

DIOXOGEN works in the open. It foams and bubbles when it comes in contact with decaying substances, disease germs and disease poisons.

You can SEE and you can FEEL DIOXOGEN work.

Tests Rinse the mouth with diluted Dioxogen, pumping it back and forth between the teeth; gargle the throat with it, note how it foams and bubbles when it comes in contact with old food products about the teeth or germ products and materials in which germs collect; this is the visible, tangible proof that Dioxogen is cleansing; the oxygen causes the frothing and foaming, not only changing the nature of these products into harmless substances but detaching and removing them from the places to which they adhere. Repeat this several times and observe how each time the foaming and bubbling becomes less and less until finally it ceases, showing that the mouth and throat have become cleaner and cleaner until they are virtually aseptic and in the healthiest possible condition for normal healthy healing if the tissues are injured, or to maintain health if unaffected.

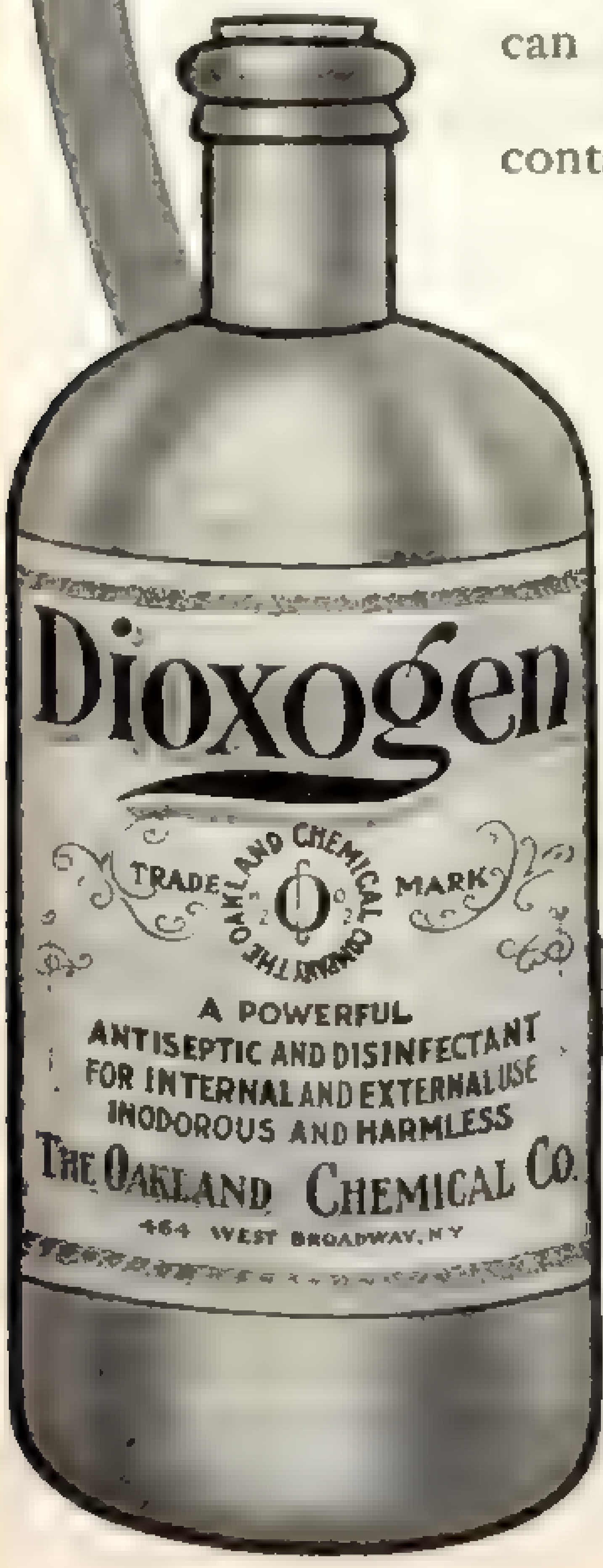
Another Test

Pour a small quantity of Dioxogen on healthy unbroken skin on any part of the body; notice that it does not foam. Then find some cut, sore or place where the skin is broken and inflamed, pour on a little Dioxogen and see it instantly foam and froth; when it stops, pour on some more and as this is repeated observe how the foaming and frothing decreases until it is finally quite imperceptible; when this happens the wound or sore is in the most perfect attainable healthy condition for rapid normal healing.

Dioxogen cleansing simply counteracts and removes the substances whether they are germs or plain dirt which are irritating, infecting and poisoning the flesh. It is the kind of cleanliness which is most effectual in preventing infection; the kind of cleanliness that experience has taught to be effective in the battle against disease; it prevents simple accidents in everyday life from becoming serious and it keeps clean things clean.

Understand this principle clearly and you will know all that there is to the germ theory, antiseptic theory, and, what is vastly more important, you will know one of the most essential principles of health.

We want to make it easy and convenient for everybody to get Dioxogen. If your own druggist does not handle Dioxogen, write us, giving his name and address: we will send you a full two-ounce bottle free of all expense with absolutely no obligation on your part, and we will direct you to stores within easy reach where real Dioxogen is sold.



Dioxogen

Dioxogen is the Purest Peroxide of Hydrogen

It Does Not Contain Acetanilid

Peroxide of hydrogen, pure enough to keep indefinitely, is so difficult and expensive to make, that the general practice has grown up of manufacturing it hastily and carelessly, and then putting acetanilid in it to keep it from spoiling. The claims are even made that "acetanilid, being an antiseptic, makes the peroxide better." Let us examine the facts.

Acetanilid is a derivative of Aniline (Phenylamine)

When put into peroxide of hydrogen the acetanilid changes into acetic acid and aniline. The aniline is then converted into complex coal tar products of unknown, questionable and perhaps dangerous character. While the quantity of acetanilid used may be proportionately small, it is sufficient to change the odor, taste and frequently the color of the peroxide—indeed, no matter how pure peroxide of hydrogen is before acetanilid is put into it, it is not pure after the acetanilid is there, and the changes have occurred.

Peroxide of Hydrogen of the right quality will keep without Acetanilid

Dioxogen keeps. It contains no acetanilid. Why, then, is acetanilid put in peroxide of hydrogen? The only logical conclusion is that it is put there because the peroxide is not pure enough. Hence, whenever you examine the label and find that the peroxide contains acetanilid, is it not a justifiable supposition that that peroxide of hydrogen is impure? Else why is acetanilid there? The right quality of peroxide of hydrogen does not need acetanilid. Dioxogen proves this.

Impure Peroxide of Hydrogen can be made very cheaply;

hence is extensively used for bleaching and oxidizing purposes in the arts and trades, such as bleaching paper, silk, wool, furs, etc. Among these "Bleaching Peroxides" many different grades and qualities are made, some containing ingredients of a highly objectionable and dangerous character, wholly unfit for personal use, yet even so, these low grades of peroxide of hydrogen find their way—to put it mildly—into the market and are actually sold for cleansing the mouth and delicate tissues. Think of it!

The Oakland Chemical Company is the largest manufacturer

of all grades of Peroxide of Hydrogen in this country. Eight years ago it became convinced of the absolute necessity of identifying the different qualities and grades by some distinctive name, mark and package, in order to protect the public against unknowingly purchasing impure and bleaching grades of peroxide of hydrogen for personal use. For this purpose the company adopted the name "Dioxogen" and put it upon sealed, original packages—to sell at popular prices—containing its highest, purest quality of peroxide of hydrogen. The bulk sale of this quality was discontinued. Dioxogen is never sold in bulk. It can be had only in original bottles, in sealed packages, bearing the distinctive trade mark name Dioxogen, as shown on this and the opposite page.

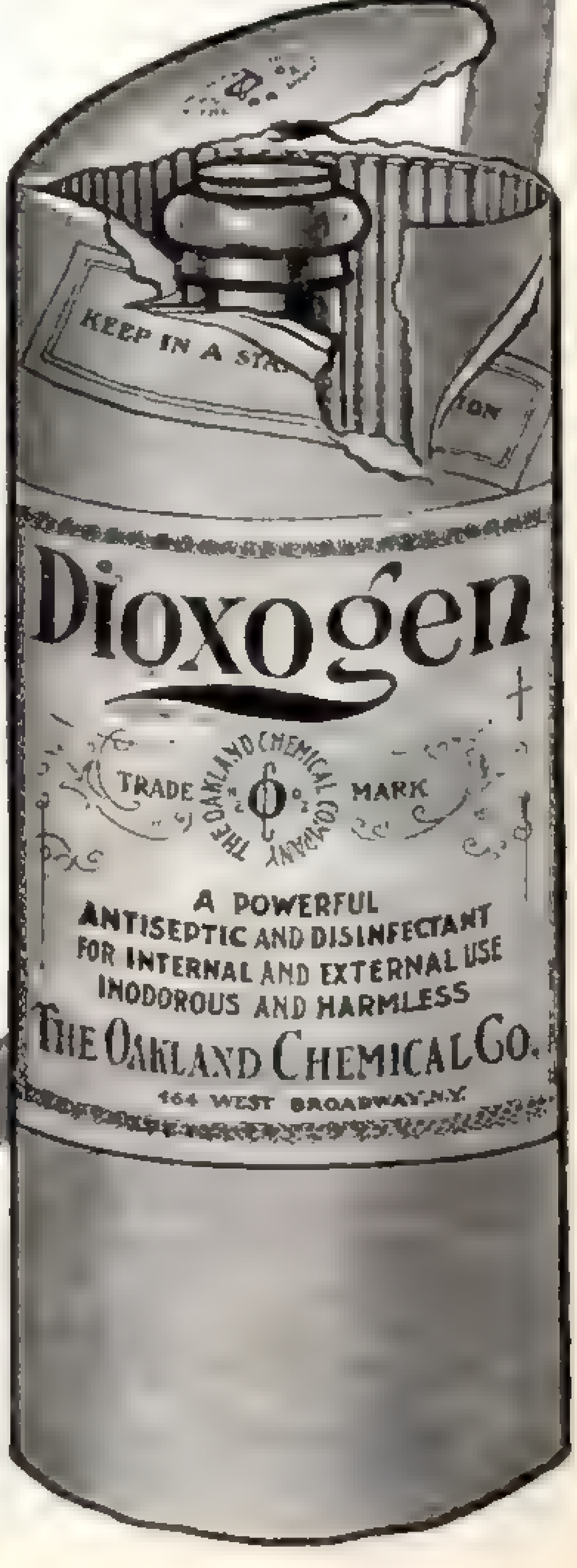
Dioxogen is the purest, highest, unchangeable quality of peroxide of hydrogen made. It is solely for personal use, for producing prophylactic, hygienic, personal cleanliness with active oxygen—oxygen untainted by any chemical of dangerous or even doubtful effect. Dioxogen does not contain acetanilid.

The above plain statement of facts should convince

any thinking person of the necessity of knowing the quality of the Peroxide of Hydrogen that he uses. It also should convince him of the personal advantage to himself of always asking for Dioxogen by name, and glancing at the package before it is wrapped to see that the trade mark name Dioxogen is printed thereon.

Always send us your dealer's name when you have any difficulty in getting Dioxogen.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.
NEW YORK



The Rapid Increase in the number of prominent firms using COUPON BOND is convincing proof of its merit.

It costs more, but after many experiences with other papers, the best firms find that

COUPON BOND

THE DE LUXE BUSINESS PAPER

has printing, lithographing and engraving qualities that no other bond papers possess.

It's the all fabric, new-fabric body, the careful way it is made, the long, painstaking process used in finishing it which make COUPON BOND superior to any commercial paper made.

Write us on your business letterhead for samples of work on COUPON BOND and samples of various weights and colors. If you wish to improve the appearance of your stationery, you'll find this the one best way to do it.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO.

Largest Manufacturers of Writing, Book and Cover and other Papers for Business Purposes. 29 Mills.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

The Most Useful Adding Machine

is the one that adds, multiplies, divides and subtracts — with unlimited speed — and the ONLY such machine is the

ADDS MULTIPLIES Comptometer DIVIDES SUBTRACTS "In A Class By Itself"

Isn't it plain that it necessarily must pay you larger dividends because of its complete range of usefulness and speed? Other machines simply add — or a-fourth as useful — and then only half as fast. The Comptometer easily earns its price three to five times each year. That is why we want you to try the Comptometer.

Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, 395.
Western Elec.Co., N.Y., Chicago and branches, 104.
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Ry. Co., 305
T. Eaton & Co., Toronto and Winnipeg, 41.

and thousands of others use Comptometers for their figuring, because there is no other adding or calculating machine as rapid or durable.

"It is no exaggeration to say the Comptometer enables one man to do the work of two. We find the work absolutely correct when it is done with the Comptometer. Would not be without it for double the price C V THOMPSON
Columbia County Auditor, Dayton, Wash.

Write for literature. Let us send a Comptometer on free trial, express paid, U. S. or Canada.

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 853 No. Paulina Street, Chicago, Ill.

IRON and WIRE FENCES
Catalog Free High Grade for all Purposes

ENTERPRISE FOUNDRY AND FENCE COMPANY
426 South Senate Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE WHITE MICE

(Continued from Page 11)

"It doesn't sound to me," said Roddy, "like the sort of message he would send, knowing the pain it would cause. He isn't the sort of man to give up hope, either. Even if it were true, why should he tell your mother he is dying? And that epitaph!" cried Roddy excitedly. "*That's* not like him, either! It is not modest." With sudden eagerness he leaned toward her. "*Did* your father write history?" he demanded.

Unable to see the purpose of his question, the girl gazed at him in bewilderment. "Why, of course," she answered.

"And does any part of it refer to Porto Cabello?"

After a moment of consideration Inez nodded. "The third chapter," she said, "tells of the invasion by Sir Francis Drake."

"'Chapter three, page fifty-four, paragraph four!'" shouted Roddy. "I'll bet my head on it! Don't you see what he has done?" he cried. "He sent you the key before he sent you the cipher. The verbal message is the key to the written one. They gave him a chance to send word to your mother, and he took it. He told her he was dying only that he might give her a direction, apparently about an epitaph, a boastful epitaph. He never boasted while he was alive—why should he boast on his tombstone? His real message is this: 'Look in the history I wrote of Venezuela, on page fifty-four, paragraph four'—and when we have found it," cried Roddy, "we'll have found the way to get him out of prison!"

Inez was not convinced, but his enthusiasm was most inspiriting.

"We have the history at the house," she cried, "and I know you can find it in the Spanish bookstore in Willemstad. I must go at once."

She moved forward, greatly excited, her eyes lit with the happiness of this new hope. Roddy ran to bring her pony, and making a bridge of his hands, lifted her to the saddle. "If I am right about this," he said, "I must see you again today. Where can I meet you?"

In spite of her eagerness, the girl hesitated. One by one the traditions of a lifetime were smashing about her.

"I *must* tell my mother," she pleaded. "And I know she will not allow me ——"

"And she'll tell Pino," interrupted Roddy. To detain her, he laid his hand upon the reins and shook them sharply.

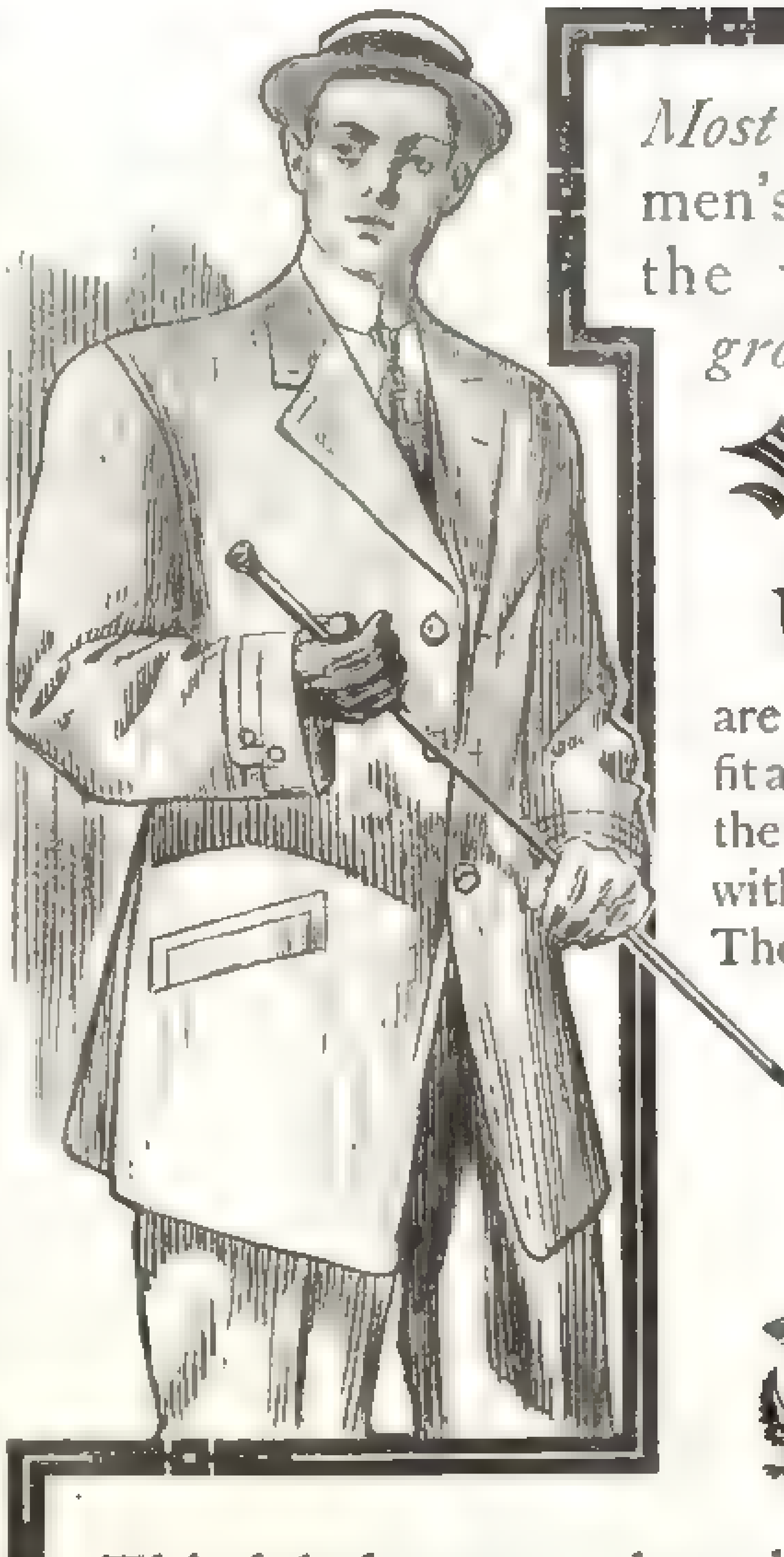
"Are you helping Pino to win a revolution," he demanded, "or are you helping me to get your father out of prison?"

Inez gazed at him in dismay. In her brief twenty-two years no man had spoken to her in such a manner. Among her friends she knew of no Venezuelan who, no matter what the provocation, would have addressed his wife, his sister, his daughter in a tone so discourteous. And yet this stranger was treating her, who, as she had been frequently and reliably informed, was the loveliest and most lovable of her sex, as he might a mutinous younger brother. In spite of the new and serious thought that now occupied her mind, this one was also sufficiently novel to compel her attention. It both amused and fascinated her. Here was at last one man who was working to help her father, and not only in order to find favor in her bright eyes. He needed her wits and her courage; he wanted her help, but he wanted it as from a comrade, as he would have asked it of another man. Unconsciously he was paying her the compliment that best pleased her. When she nodded in assent she laughed delightedly, partly at him for bullying, partly at herself that she should for a moment have resented it.

"I am helping *you!*" she said.

Not understanding why she laughed, Roddy regarded her doubtfully.

Imitating the directness of his manner, Inez spoke quickly. "You can keep the pony. It is new to our stable and not known to belong to us. Tomorrow morning, before sunrise, ride out again, but this time take the road to Otra Banda and along the cliff. Be sure to pass our house before sunrise. Ride about a mile and turn down a bridle-path to your left. That will bring you to the beach. If I cannot go, Pedro will meet you. You will get the history my father wrote at Belancourt's, in Willemstad." For a moment she regarded him with friendly eyes. "If you



Most makers of young men's suits *forget* that the wearer is still *growing*.

Sincerity Clothes

are cut so *full* that they fit as *well* at the *start* and the *end* of service. Made with *snap* and *ginger*. They never lose *shape* because cloth and canvas are both *re-shrunk* by the London Process.

SINCERITY CLOTHES

This label means that the garments will never *sag* or *stretch* at collar or breast. Found *everywhere* in the *best* shop in town. *You* can afford to wear them.

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.
CHICAGO

To men particularly—

Be comfortable without wearing "feminized" undergarments of muslin or nainsook. **Now** you get the new style underwear—short sleeves, knee length, coat shirt and all—in the old-fashioned, long-wearing balbriggan, that satisfactory knitted stuff that absorbs perspiration and prevents chilling. Your size will *fit* you, ample and easy in crotch and seat. Non-shrinking. *There is a little book on*

Roxford Underwear

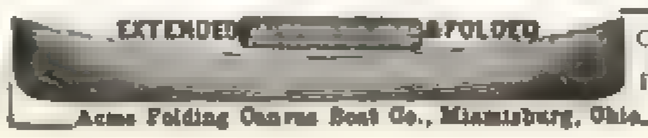
For Men and Boys. It tells all about this great improvement in masculine undergarments. Send for it before you purchase your Spring underwear. *It is well worth writing for.*

Long sleeve shirts
Short sleeve shirts
Sleeveless shirts (no buttons)
Bachelor shirts (no buttons)
Coat shirts (short or long sleeves)
Ribbed and flat union suits
Ankle length drawers
Knee length drawers
Short stout drawers
Long slim drawers

50c., 75c., $1.00. Any style, any weight, for any climate. Send your name for the *Book* and please yourself.

Roxford Knitting Company, Dept. K, Philadelphia

AGENTS EARN EXCELLENT PAY selling non-alcoholic flavors. 25c tube equals pint. Permanent business. Terms free. C. H. Stuart & Co., 6 Stuart Bldg., Newark, N.Y.



Catalog Free
Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

Tax Bonds

$100, $500 and $1,000 Bonds

Representing parts of the public indebtedness of counties, cities, school districts and other political sub-divisions. State laws control their issuance and the amount of indebtedness. Attorneys whose reputation is national approve the legal proceedings.

Bonds are often due in ten to thirty years, giving an assured income without loss incident to frequent change of investments.

Your protection is ample and you can sell when you desire. Life Insurance Companies, Fraternal Orders, Savings Banks, Trustees and other large investors buy this class of bonds.

The Great Central West

a land of development and of prosperity, offers you better interest with equal security. Years of experience render us competent to select—you benefit by our complete organization, large purchasing and distributing power with customers in all States. Whether you invest $100 or $10,000, you become a customer of a Banking House with a record of absolutely no losses in twenty years' experience, with all the protection this implies.

Here is a list of bonds (owned by us) for your selection:

$250,000 City of St. Louis.
200,000 City of Milwaukee.
250,000 City of Oklahoma, Oklahoma (School).
300,000 City of Muskogee, Oklahoma (School).
100,000 City of St. Joseph, Mo. (School).
45,000 City of San Diego, California.
100,000 County of Cass, Missouri.
42,000 Township of Waukegan, Illinois (School).
35,000 Traverse City, Michigan
50,000 City of Daytona, Florida.
50,000 City of Dallas, Texas.
80,000 City of Enid, Oklahoma.

Such securities net you interest from 3¾% to 4½%.

Many customers prefer higher interest and are content with less known issues. For these we select special securities, bought after the most careful investigation of our expert buying force. In this class we offer you now:

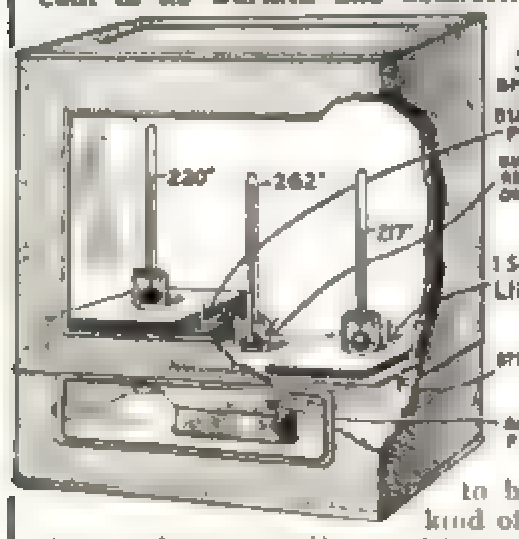
Idaho U.S. Government Carey Act Bonds, Yielding 6%.
Arkansas District Levee Bonds, Yielding 5½%.
Oklahoma School Bonds, Yielding 5%.
Iowa County Drainage Bonds, Yielding 6%.

Send your name for our mailing list—get our circulars, whether ready to buy now or not. The information you secure will be of value. Secure our Articles on Tax Bonds. Address Department A.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY
232 Merchants-Laclede Bldg., St. Louis, Missouri

LINOFELT
Linen Felt made from Flax Fibre
38 Times As Effective As Standard Building Paper

For excluding cold, heat or sound. Not expensive—it adds less than 1 per cent. to the cost of any building; but adds fully 40 per cent to its warmth and comfort.



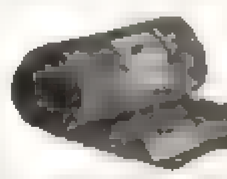
How You Can Prove It.

Are you going to build? Any kind of building—

You owe it to yourself to send for our Free Book.

Just the information you want to make your house warmer in winter—cooler in summer—protected against noises.

Put on like building paper—sheathing and sound deadener.



Write UNION FIBRE CO.
312 Fibre Ave., Winona, Minn.
The PHILIP CAREY COMPANY
Distributors, Cincinnati
Branches and warehouses in all large cities in the U. S., Canada and Mex.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago; 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis; 851 Tremont Bldg., Boston; 206 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 200 Central Bldg., Los Angeles

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

should be right," she exclaimed, "how can I ever thank you?"

Roddy smiled back at her and shook his head.

"I don't know that we were exactly looking for gratitude," he said. "Now, go!" he ordered, "for I can't leave until you are well out of sight."

With another delighted laugh, that to Roddy was again inexplicable, the girl accepted her dismissal. It was her first rendezvous, but, in spite of her inexperience, she knew that had it been made with a Venezuelan the man would not have been the one first to bring it to an end.

Roddy impatiently waited until a quarter of an hour had passed, then galloped to Willemstad. At the bookstore he explained what he wanted were guidebooks and histories of Venezuela. Among those the man showed him was one in three volumes, in Spanish, by Señor Don Miguel Rojas. Roddy restrained himself and, after buying these and half a dozen other books, returned to his hotel. Locking himself in, he fumbled at the first volume of the history until he had found page fifty-four. His eyes ran down it to the fourth paragraph. His knowledge of Spanish was slight, but it was sufficient. Page fifty-four was the description of an attack from the sea, by Drake, upon the Fortress of San Carlos. Translated, paragraph four read as follows: "Seeing that it was no longer possible to hold the fortress, the defenders were assembled in the guardroom, and from there conducted to the mainland, through the tunnel that connects San Carlos with the Fortress of El Moro."

Like a man in a trance, Roddy walked to the adjoining room and shook the sleeping Peter by the shoulder. Peter opened his eyes, and the look in Roddy's face startled him into instant wakefulness.

"What's wrong?" he demanded.

"Nothing!" said Roddy. He pointed with a triumphant finger at paragraph four.

"I have found an underground passage into the cell of General Rojas," he said. "We must go back and dig him out."

In order to avoid the heat those planters who lived some distance from Willemstad were in the habit of rising by candlelight, and when the sun rose it found them well advanced upon their journey. So when, on the following morning, Roddy again set forth to meet Inez Rojas, the few servants who knew of his early departure accepted it, and the excuse he gave of wild-pigeon shooting, as a matter of course.

Without difficulty Roddy found the bridle-path leading down from the cliff, road to the sea, and after riding for a short distance along the beach came upon Inez, guarded by the faithful Pedro. The cliff, hollowed at its base by the sea, hung over them, hiding them from any one on the cliff road, and the waves, breaking into spray on an outer barrier of rock, shut them from the sight of those at sea.

As Inez rose from the rock on which she had been seated and came eagerly to meet him, her face was radiant with happiness. Over night she appeared to have gained in health and strength, to have grown younger, and, were it possible, more beautiful. The satisfaction in the eyes of Roddy assured her that he, also, had solved the riddle.

"You have seen the book?" she called; "you understand?"

"I think so," replied Roddy. "Anyway, I've got a sort of blueprint idea of it. Enough," he added, "to work on."

"I didn't tell my mother," Inez announced. "Nor," she continued, as though defying her own misgivings, "do I mean to tell her. Until you can get back word to me, until you say that *this* time you believe we may hope, it seems to me it would be kinder to keep her in ignorance. But I told Pedro," she added. She flashed a grateful smile at the old man, and he bowed and smiled eagerly in return. "And he has been able to help me greatly. He tells me," she went on, "that his father, who was in the artillery, was often stationed at Moro before it was abandoned. That was fifty years ago. The tunnel was then used daily and every one knew of it. But when the troops were withdrawn from Moro the passage was walled up and each end blocked with stone."

"I don't know El Moro," said Roddy.

"You have probably seen it," Inez explained, "without knowing it was a fort. It's in ruins now. Have you noticed," she asked, "to the right of the town, a little hill that overlooks the harbor? It is just

Trade "Standard" Mark
Baths and Lavatories
make the luxury and pleasure of the bath a delightful revelation, and stand as perpetual safeguards against imperfect sanitation. Their installation in your house is equivalent to a permanent health certificate.

Write for our beautifully illustrated 100 page book "Modern Bathrooms" the most complete and practical book ever issued on the bathroom subject.
[illegible]

Address Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.
Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street
St. Louis: 100-102 North Fourth Street
Louisville: 325-329 West Main Street
London, Eng.: 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
Pittsburgh: 949 Penn. Ave.
Philadelphia: 1128 Walnut Street
New Orleans: Cor. Baronne and St. Joseph Sts.
Cleveland: 648-652 Huron Road, S. E.

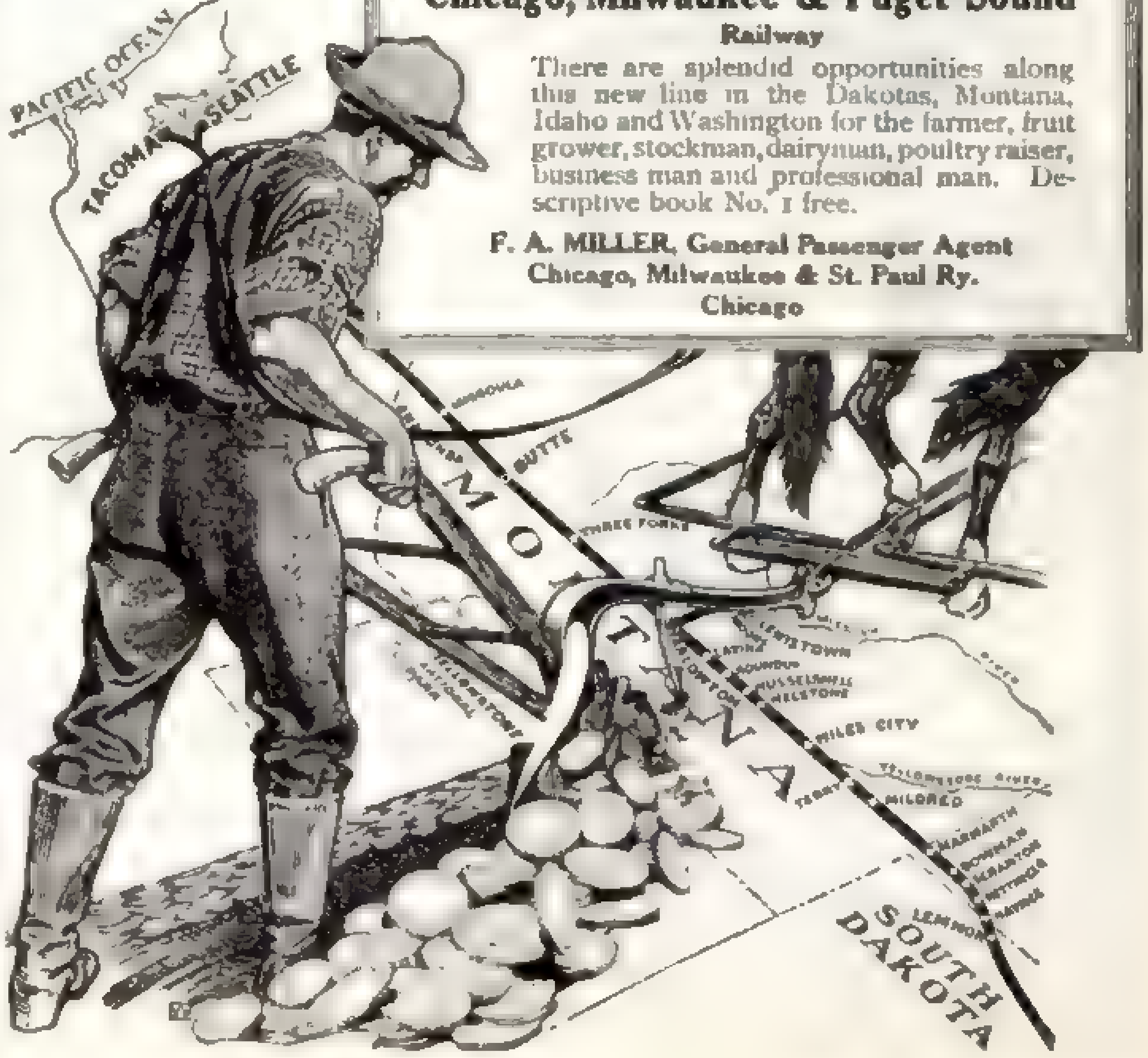
Making Money on the New Line

Fertile land at reasonable prices, a mild and healthful climate, crops of excellent quality and markets for them, transportation facilities—are some of the advantages of the country along the line of the

Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway

There are splendid opportunities along this new line in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington for the farmer, fruit grower, stockman, dairyman, poultry raiser, business man and professional man. Descriptive book No. 1 free.

F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.
Chicago



Pump-Filling Style

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Self-Filling, Self-Cleaning and no Complicated Parts. For Ten Years the Best and Without a Peer To-day.

Operation of Filling

Positively Cannot Get Out of Order as There Are No Inner Parts That Deteriorate.

From your local dealer.

If he says it is complicated then it isn't a Waterman's Ideal. Look for the Globe.

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N.Y.

Boston Chicago San Francisco Montreal London Paris

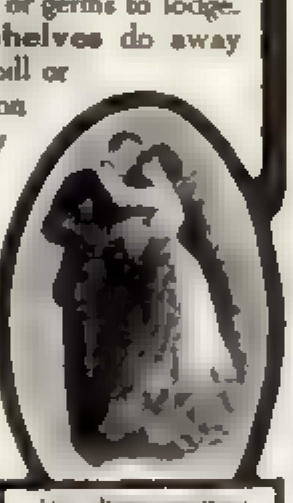
White Frost Refrigerators

Absolutely sanitary and protect the health of the family by keeping food sweet and wholesome. Made **entirely of steel**, enameled spotless white, inside and outside. **Round** in shape, there are no cracks, seams or nasty corners to dig out, no place for dirt or germs to lodge. Removable **Revolving Shelves** do away with "reaching over" to spill or muss. **Natural** refrigeration maintains an even, cold, dry temperature with little ice. **Ball-bearing** castors, solid brass trimmings — the handsomest and best Refrigerator made.

Send today for free descriptive booklet.

We will sell you one at trade discount, freight prepaid to your station if your dealer does not handle them.

METAL STAMPING CO.
524 Mechanic St. Jackson, Mich.



Dear [illegible] say there a White Frost Refrigerator

The Celebrated Hungarian and English Partridges and Pheasants, rabbits, deer, etc., for stocking purposes. Fancy pheasants, peafowl, cranes, storks, swans, [illegible] geese and ducks, all kinds of birds and animals. WENZ & MACKENSEN Dept. X. Pheasantry and Game Park, Yardley, Pa.

Stamp Album with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. 100 diff. Japan, India, N. Zld., etc., 5c. Agts. wtd. 50%. Big bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free! We Buy Stamps. C. E. Hussman Stamp Co., St. Louis, Mo.

above the plain where the cattle are corralled until they are shipped to Cuba. Well, the ruins of El Moro are on top of that hill. It is about a quarter of a mile from San Carlos."

"There must be a lot of people," objected Roddy, "who know of it."

"Fifty years ago they knew of it," returned Inez eagerly, "but, remember, for half a century it has virtually ceased to exist. And besides, to my people there is nothing unusual in such a tunnel."

The young people had been standing ankle-deep in the soft, moist sand. Now the girl moved toward her pony, but Roddy still stood looking out to sea. He appeared to have entirely forgotten that Inez was present, and to be intently regarding the waves that surged against the rocks, and burst into glittering walls of foam. At last, with a serious countenance, he came toward her.

"I shall tell the authorities at Porto Cabello," he said, "that they ought to build a lighthouse on El Moro. At any rate, I will ask permission to make a survey. As they don't intend to pay father for any of his lighthouses, they are not likely to object. And as I don't intend to build one, father can't object. As soon as I find out anything definite I will let you know. By the way," he asked, "*how* am I to let you know?"

Inez gave him the address of a fellow-exile from Venezuela, living in Willemstad, who was in secret communication with Pedro. Through this man letters would reach her safely.

She turned to him in farewell, and held out her hand.

"You must be very careful," she said.

"Trust me!" answered Roddy heartily. "I promise you I'll be as mysterious a double-dealer as any Venezuelan that ever plotted a plot. I admit," he went on, "that when I came down here I was the frank, wide-eyed child, but, I assure you, I've reformed."

With a grin, Roddy invited the girl to sympathize with his effort to conceal the seriousness of their undertaking, but she regarded him doubtfully, and frowned. In his heart Roddy felt sorry for her. It hurt him to think that any one so charming could not accept his theory that the only way to treat a serious matter was with flippancy. But the girl undeceived him.

"You don't understand me," she said quietly. "I didn't mean to be careful to protect our interests. I meant you to be careful of yourself. If anything were to happen to you through this ——" She hesitated and looked away from him toward the sea. "Do you imagine," she demanded, "that it is easy for me to ask what I am asking of you? *I* know I have no right to do it. I know the only possible excuse for me is that I am not asking it for myself, but for my father — although, of course, that is asking it for myself."

"Beauty in distress," began Roddy briskly, "is the one thing ——"

"That's what I mean," interrupted the girl gratefully, "the way you take it, the way you make it easier for me. Every other man I know down here would tell me he was doing it only for me, and he would hope I would believe him. But when *you* say you are helping beauty in distress, you are secretly frightened lest I may not have a sense of humor—and believe you. I know you are doing this because you feel deeply for my father. If I didn't know that, if I didn't feel that that were true, all this I have asked of you would be impossible. But it is possible because you are brave and generous."

But Roddy refused to be ennobled.

"It's because I'm a White Mice," he said. "My oath compels me! How would you like," he demanded, "if we turned you into an Honorary White Mouse?"

For an instant, with perplexed eyes and leveled brows, the girl regarded him fixedly. Then she smiled upon him. It was the same flashing, blinding smile which the morning before had betrayed him into her hands, bound and captive. It was a smile that passed swiftly, like a flash of sunshine over a garden of gay flowers. It brought out unsuspected, ambushed dimples. It did fascinating and wholly indefensible things to her lips. It filled her eyes with gracious, beautiful meanings. Inez raised her head challengingly.

"You think," she declared, "that I cannot be foolish, too. But I can. Let's sit down here on this rock and be quite foolish."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Heat that makes complete

There are thousands of houses that need only to be furnished with the *home-making* comfort of Steam, Hot-Water, or Vacuum heating to secure good tenants or ready purchasers. No one will long live in a poorly heated house, and the vacant house goes to pieces much faster than one which is occupied.

JOB LOT OF GOOD HOUSES WITH OLD FASHIONED HEATING FOR SALE CHEAP

AMERICAN Radiators & IDEAL Boilers will attract and hold tenants at 10% to 15% higher rentals; property sells quicker, and owner gets back the full cost of the heating outfit. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are annually replacing thousands of old-fashioned heating equipments that have been found wasteful and wanting in OLD cottages, houses, stores, churches, schools, etc. Ever hear of any one going back to other forms of heating once they have tried our way? Any argument in that to you?

A No. 3015 IDEAL Boiler and 175 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $115, were used to Steam heat this cottage.

A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 400 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $205, were used to Hot Water heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

Don't delay investigating this well-paying, permanent investment with its marked fuel, labor, and repair savings, besides the greater comfort, health protection, cleanliness, safety, and durability. Just the season to get the services of the most skillful fitters. ***Prices are now most favorable.***

Write to-day for free, valuable book, telling how to save heating dollars and the way to save buildings from emptiness and decay. Our definite information and booklets put you under no obligation whatsoever to buy.

Showrooms all large cities AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY Write Dept. 28 CHICAGO

Violet Blue Rose
A Remarkable Novelty

The New Rambler (Violet Blue), hailed by the German rose growers as the forerunner of a genuinely cornflower blue rose, is a seedling of Crimson Rambler, very vigorous and hardy.

For descriptions of this great novelty, as well as many others, send for Booklet.

ELLWANGER & BARRY
Mount Hope Nurseries Box V, Rochester, N. Y.

BASEBALL UNIFORMS
Made up Right at Right Prices

Got out ON TIME. Order from Mfrs. and save money. Free Catalog and Samples.

WESTERN UNIFORM CO.
Leading Uniform Mfrs. 330 Clark St., CHICAGO

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System — written with only nine characters. No "positions" — no "ruled lines" — no "shading" — no "word signs" — no "cold notes." Speedy practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, Chicago Correspondence Schools, 720 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

$33 Pacific Coast

Colonists' one way, second class tickets from Chicago, daily during March and April.

CHICAGO, UNION PACIFIC & NORTH WESTERN LINE

Daily and Personally Conducted Tours. Send for Booklets and Itineraries

S. A. HUTCHISON, Mgr., 212 Clark St., Chicago

FIX YOUR ROOF

5c Per Square.—We will guarantee to put any old leaky, worn-out, rusty, tin, iron, steel, paper, felt, gravel or shingle roof in perfect condition, and keep it in perfect condition for 5c per square per year.

Roof-Fix **The Perfect Roof Preserver**, makes old worn-out roofs new. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Our free roofing book tells all about it. Write for it today.

The Anderson Manufacturing Co., Dept. 68 Elyria, Ohio

Here Is Something New From Kalamazoo

Prove for yourself in your own home, that the Kalamazoo is the most perfect—most economical—most satisfactory range for you to use—Your money back if it's not. Send for Catalog No. 152 with special terms and compare Kalamazoo prices with others.

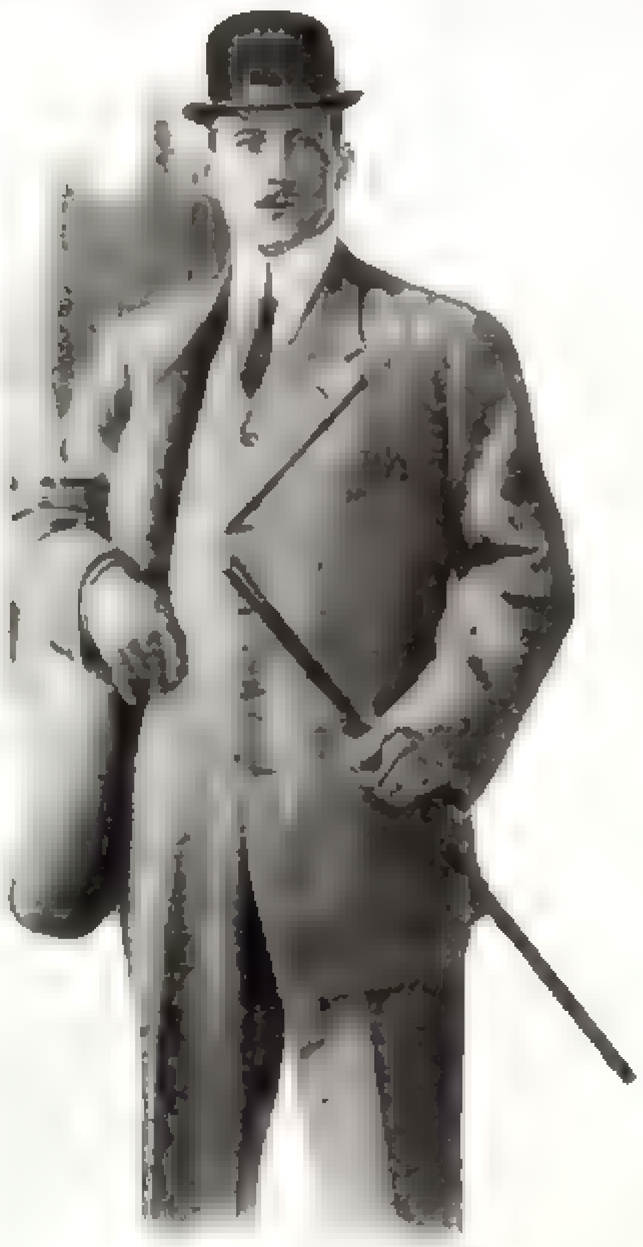
Cash Or Time Payments

We want every housewife to know the comfort and convenience of a Kalamazoo in her home. You can buy on **easy time payments** or pay cash if you like. Either way you save $10 to $20 on any stove in the catalog. We make it easy for responsible people to own the best stove or range in the world.

We Pay the Freight
Kalamazoo Stove Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

Spring Clothes for Men



By Stein-Bloch 1909

STEIN-BLOCH have distributed to the best clothiers their styles for Spring and Summer, 1909. Wherever in America you happen to live these styles are there for you to see.

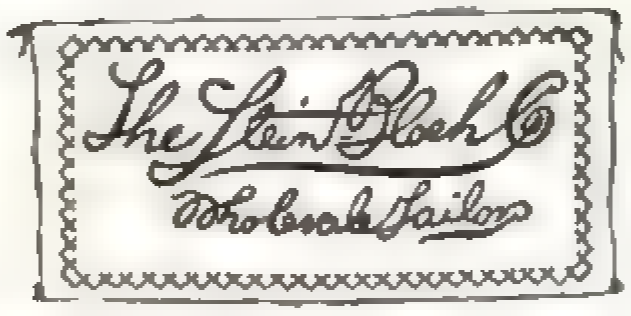
They have not been "created"—*no good styles are.*

They are the tasteful product of a dozen capable minds that have observed the shaping of the season's fashions among the fashionables who really evolve them—some in New York, some in London, others in Boston and still others at the Virginia and Florida resorts.

Stein-Bloch have made the round for you and adapted the best of these dictates of the fashionables. As your clothes commissioners they can give you, at your own home and at moderate cost, the best that taste and wealth have produced for the season.

"Smartness" is full of fashion photographs. Send for it—free.

Look for this label in the coat.



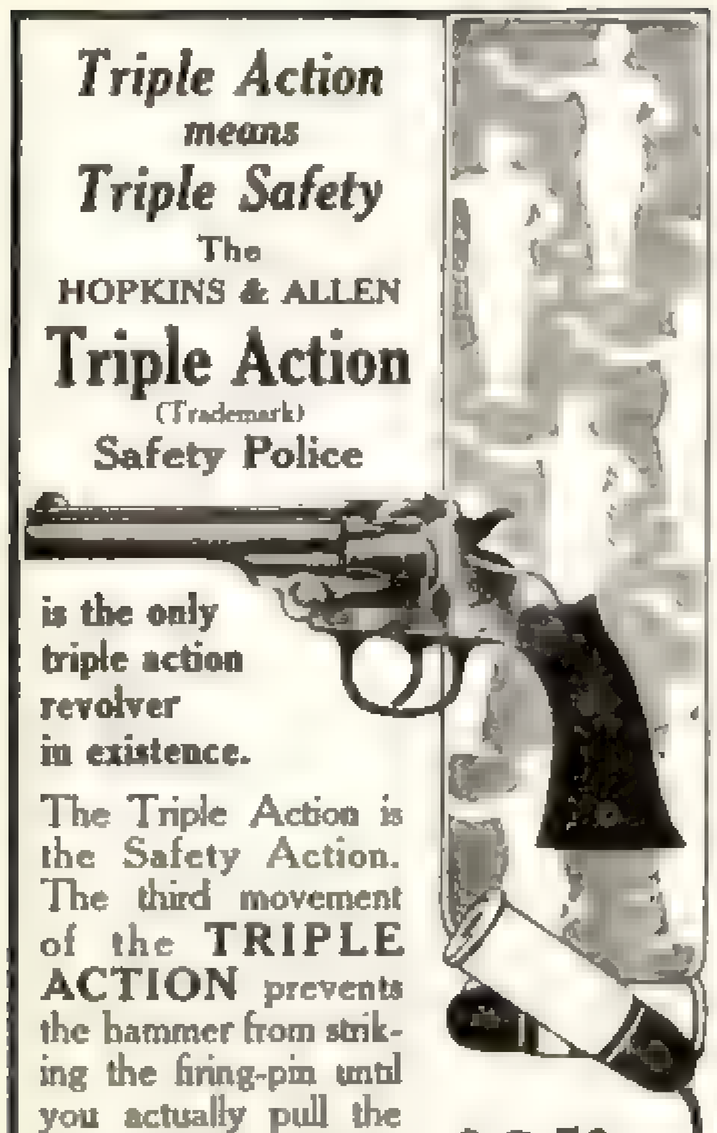
THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Tailors for Men

Offices and Shops:
Rochester, N.Y.

Chicago:
1022 Republic Building.

New York:
The Fifth Avenue Building.

Triple Action
means
Triple Safety
The
HOPKINS & ALLEN
Triple Action
(Trademark)
Safety Police



is the only triple action revolver in existence.

The Triple Action is the Safety Action. The third movement of the **TRIPLE ACTION** prevents the hammer from striking the firing-pin until you actually pull the trigger. The remotest chance of accidental discharge is thus made absolutely impossible.

$9.50 Nickeled Finish

Immediately after firing, the hammer slides up mechanically and rests against a solid frame of steel, safely out of the danger-zone — not in any way in contact with the firing-pin. It is held there, firm, fixed and immovable, until the second discharge. This third movement eliminates wholly and finally **even the supposition of danger.**

The New Army Grip gives a strong, firm handhold. It adds greatly to the effectiveness of the revolver. .32 and .38 cal., 4 in. barrel. Blued finish, $10.00.

Ask your dealer to show you this revolver. If he doesn't sell it, we will send it to you direct, charges paid, on receipt of price.

Our Free 1909 Gun Guide and Catalog
shows the most complete line of high-grade popular priced revolvers, rifles and shot-guns made. Write for this book now. It's free.

The Hopkins & Allen Arms Co.
15 Chestnut Street, Norwich, Conn.

2 IN 1

SHOE
POLISH
The New
Perfection in Polish

An entirely new and original preparation.

Easily and quickly applied — adds to the lasting quality of the leather.

TWO IN ONE
SHOE / POLISH
DOS EN UNO
BETUN SUPERIOR

At All Dealers
10c
Apply as directed on the box.
The F. F. DALLEY CO., Ltd.
Buffalo, N. Y., and Hamilton, Can.

A few hundred dollars will start you in business

Just now I know of a few splendid openings for retail stores—and I know something about a line that will pay big profits on a comparatively small investment. Write me today for full particulars. EDWARD B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

THE AMERICAN JEWEL MARKET

(Continued from Page 13)

demand. The supply is regulated by the DeBeers Consolidated Mining Company, Limited, and the price is determined by the London selling syndicate. The DeBeers Company, which operates all the mines in Cape Colony, controls the great bulk of the diamond output of the world. It has had no competitor strong enough to interfere with its control of the market. Its entire product is turned over to the London selling syndicate. This syndicate sells to the cutters. It has a regular list of customers, and only those on the list can buy.

On this list each cutter has his turn, and as the shipments come in from South Africa he is notified at what time he will be offered what is called "a sight" at goods. At the specified time he is shown a series of stones, and he can take them or leave them, as he chooses. He is not allowed to select merely stones that strike his fancy. He must buy the whole series or none. If he fails to buy his name goes to the bottom of the list and he has to wait until his turn comes again.

The cutter divides the goods according to the character of the trade in different parts of the world. Turkey, Spain and a few other countries of Southern Europe get the poorest class; the United States gets the very best. He sells to the importers, the importers sell to the manufacturers and to the wholesalers who are not importers for themselves, and then the goods go to the retail market.

This selling syndicate, so powerful, so arbitrary in its methods, alters its plans not a particle when business depression comes. Every country in the world might be in the grip of hard times for years; the syndicate's scale of prices would not fall. The advancing scale is arranged for many years ahead, with the realization that some time within that period business depression is almost sure to occur. The prices are based on an estimated demand, covering a period of from ten to twenty years.

A Tennessee Diamond Deal

The only mine that is a factor in the trade, outside of the DeBeers mines, is the New Premier of the Transvaal. It was the finding of the Cullinan diamond that introduced the New Premier to the world. Soon came the prediction that, as a result of the riches found in this mine, the DeBeers Company would face stiff competition and that prices would tumble. But the New Premier and the DeBeers Company are now selling side by side, at the same prices, and during the six months ending May 1, 1908, the syndicate sold the output of both concerns.

The new mine is not in a position to declare war upon the old monopoly. It is handicapped by the mining law of the Transvaal, under which almost two-thirds of its product goes to the Transvaal Government. On the other hand, the DeBeers mines lie in Cape Colony, where there is no law against the company's full control of the product. In the face of these conditions the chances of cheap diamonds seem very slim indeed.

The rapid advance in prices sometimes causes queer situations in the diamond trade. Recently a small wholesale dealer in Maiden Lane decided to try his luck with small retailers outside the routes of the traveling salesman. One day in a little town in Tennessee he discovered a jeweler whose melancholy countenance and marked depression of spirits convinced him that business in that particular store was not what it should be. He looked over the man's wares and was amazed to find the prices so low.

"How do you manage to offer them at such figures?" he inquired.

"I can't sell 'em at any price," declared the retailer dejectedly. "I haven't laid in any new stock in over two years. Business is on the blink in this hayseed town. If a citizen showed up here with a diamond he'd be ostracized."

The man was trying to sell at a close margin, yet the price of diamonds had risen forty per cent since he had laid in his stock.

The wholesaler grasped the situation at once and saw his chance. He had come to sell; he would remain to buy. He went over the diamond stock carefully. The retail prices at which it was marked amounted

"Porosknit"

Summer Underwear
COOLEST THING FOR WARMEST WEATHER
FOR MEN **FOR BOYS**

—Comfortable—**Fits** as if it were made **on you**—**Wears** as if it cost twice as much—No better **quality** at any price.

Ask for this Label

TRADE MARK
"Porosknit"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FABRIC
DESIGN

and you will be sure of a clean, cool, sanitary, well ventilated *"Porosknit"* Summer. Ask your dealer for it.

MEN'S	Shirts and Drawers, each	**50c**
Boys'	Shirts and Drawers, each	**25c**

Union Suits: Men's $1.00, Boys' 50c.

Made in all standard styles and sizes. Send for our new illustrated booklet on "Coolness, Comfort and Economy."

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
1 Washington Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

INTERNATIONAL ACCOUNTANTS SOCIETY
connected with INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
Fort St., West, Detroit, Mich. Seventh Year—1909

Correspondence Course in Higher Accounting

Now completely revised and comprising Preliminary Bookkeeping, Cost Accounting, Systematizing and Higher Accounting—taught completely in 12 lessons.

Are you willing to fill a responsible position as an Accountant, in the Commercial World, or are you satisfied to just plod along as an ordinary bookkeeper? The demand for *thoroughly trained* and educated office men is always greater than the supply.

Opportunity is Knocking Right Now at Your Door

WHY PUT OFF or delay any longer the acquisition of a complete *knowledge* of the principles [illegible] the most influential of all professions, and the most profitable too?

HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY. *To master* the principles, which are so essential to the [illegible] of every Business, does not mean that you must put in several years of hard study, nor does it mean that your earnings must stop for one minute.

A FEW HOURS of spare time spent in interesting study of **The Individual Home Study Course in Higher Accounting** will equip anyone possessing a common school education for the positions which are *now seeking men* to fill.

We Want You to Write for our catalogue, which will be sent to you FREE without any obligation on your part to take the course. In this catalogue we tell you of the many exclusive advantages and features of

The Individual Home Study Course in Higher Accounting

This course is the revised form of study of 12 meaty lessons, interesting from every viewpoint. It is without question the strongest Correspondence Course now being offered to the student.

THE BUSINESS LIBRARY, which is sent to all students with the first lesson, includes the Magnificent Revised Edition of the American BUSINESS AND ACCOUNTING ENCYCLOPEDIA of Six Volumes, [illegible] Century Bookkeeping and Business Practice, and A HANDSOMELY BOUND VOLUME of the twelve complete lessons for review on completion of the course, together with numerous valuable text books.

DO NOT DELAY informing yourself fully on the possibilities for a betterment of your position. Simply write for our catalogue today. **It costs you nothing to investigate.**

The International Accountants' Society
6 West Fort Street, Detroit, Michigan

GET THIS CATALOGUE
SAVE MONEY **Mailed Free** SAVE MONEY

The largest in the world on speed propeller wheels, reverse gears and marine hardware. Everything new and up to date. We want every man who builds, owns or sells a boat to get our 84-page *free* catalogue. Prices right, satisfaction guaranteed, immense stock, prompt shipments. You save money by getting catalogue today.

MICHIGAN WHEEL COMPANY,
Dept. D, Grand Rapids, Mich., U. S. A.

GREAT FALLS
100,000 Horse Power **MONTANA** Being Developed

Openings for Candy, Biscuit, and Soap Factories, Cold Storage, Lime Kilns, Jobbing Houses. The Chinook Belt grows all grains, apples, plums, berries. Irrigated Homesteads. Fine Farms.

BOARD OF COMMERCE, Great Falls, Mont.

STAMPS! Our Leader: 1000 stamps, many varieties, incl. Malay, Newfoundland, Philippines, Comoro, Congo, etc., only 18c. New 112-p. list. Bargain list and $1 in coupons all Free! Agents Wanted 50%. **We Buy Stamps.**
E. J. Schuster Co. Dept 29 St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS Books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services. I PROCURE PATENTS THAT PROTECT. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Box 2476, Washington, D. C.

Swift
Safe and Silent
$75

Pierce Motor Boats Manufactured Complete by Pierce, the Pioneer Gasoline Motor Builder. 14 ft., Speed 7 miles, $75; 16 ft., Speed 7½ miles, $87.50.

Pierce Motor Boats are noiseless, speedy and so simple the boys and girls can operate them. The 14 ft. motor boat will carry 5 people, has 3 seats, as pictured above. The 16 ft. motor boat has 4 seats and will carry 7. Are made stiff, strong and staunch. Motor works under water, preventing vibration. Weight is little more than that of a strong row boat. Costs what a good row boat did a few years ago. Ideal for hunting and fishing.

We guarantee Pierce Motor Boats to give perfect service. We furnish free any defective part within **Five** years. 2 gallons of fuel will run the 18 hours. For a safe, durable and entirely seaworthy small motor boat nothing can equal these 14 and 16 ft. **Pierce** Boats. We make other boats up to 40 ft. If interested send 4 cts. in stamps and we will send our complete Motor Boat Catalog. Motor and Dory Catalog sent free.

PIERCE ENGINE CO. Twenty-second Avenue, **RACINE, WIS.**
Siegel Cooper & Co., New York City, Eastern Representatives.

Schloss Baltimore Clothes are worn by the best-dressed men in the business and social world. 1260 new models for Spring and Summer of 1909. New designs—new colors—suitable for every form and figure.

Ask any of the best clothiers to show you the new 1909 models—if they haven't the new models we will cheerfully send them. *No obligation to buy—our pleasure to show.*

Schloss Bros & Co.
BALTIMORE-NEW YORK

The "Pull Fastener" does away with string, tape, straps and rubber bands

—accomplishes *all* that can be done by these old-fashioned tying appliances—does it quicker, easier and better. A bulky parcel, clumsy bundle or dainty package are all the same to a

"Pull Fastener."

Place around package and pull—that's all. Fastened or loosened instantaneously

Pull-Fastener

Sold under U. S. Patent No. 756,496

Used by United States Government and indorsed by State Officials, prominent business and professional men. Made in 38 different styles. Lasts twenty times longer than rubber bands. Write for samples and enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Energetic representatives wanted

Pull Fastener Company,
327 Cox Bldg., Rochester, New York.

NO MORE SOILED FINGERS

Scriptol Fountain Pen
Trade **CARTRIDGE** Mark

is a little container full of the finest Fountain Pen Ink, that just slips into your pen—screw on the cap and it is ready to write. When empty, throw it away. No ink bottle, no filler, only Scriptol Cartridges. Fit any Fountain Pen—save time and patience—and cost but a penny [illegible] Agents wanted

SCRIPTOL INK CO., 180 Fulton Street, New York

to about twenty thousand dollars, which was at least fifteen per cent less than the importers would have charged. He bought up the whole lot and distributed it among the retailers at an unusually fat profit, while the sad-faced jeweler in Tennessee was able to shut up shop and strike out for a more promising field.

An advance in price never reduces the demand. In 1907 the importations had increased steadily and rapidly, not only in value but in quantity, for many years, with the price going up all the time.

One might think all the diamonds of South Africa must be pouring into this country if he should visit the jewel examiner's office in the Government warehouse in Christopher Street, New York, when times are good. Two million dollars' worth of diamonds have arrived in a single week just before the Christmas season. It is not at all unusual for little piles of stones, invoiced at half a million dollars, to be lying on the black-covered table in the examiner's room.

Many a week the examiner's trusted messenger—Diamond Charlie, as he is called—has carried back and forth between the customs collector's safe and his superior's office, five stories above, a quarter of a million dollars' worth a day. No one keeps an eye on him as he travels from floor to floor, and he might step out into the street and disappear with one hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels in his pocket, with a good half-hour's start before the examiner would begin to wonder where he was. In spite of his responsibilities his salary is only eight hundred and forty dollars a year.

Why North Light is Best

From the corner of a jewel-laden block a large Taft and Sherman banner was swung across Broadway at Maiden Lane. It hadn't been up five minutes when a chorus of protests rose from a dozen wholesale jewelers. The banner was interfering with their business. The neutral light needed for the examination of diamonds was being spoiled by the waving red and blue stripes. It looked as if the whole diamond vote might go to Bryan if something wasn't done quickly.

For the remainder of the campaign the banner hung across Broadway diagonally between the northeast and the southwest corners, and thousands of people in the "cañon" must have done a lot of wondering as to why they were presented with only an oblique view of the candidates.

In all the Maiden Lane district there is not a diamond house without windows on the north, for the neutral northern light is regarded as a necessity.

When Elbridge T. Gerry a few years ago painted his building at Numbers 5 and 7 Maiden Lane a red-yellow the importers and wholesalers across the street fell into the depths of despair. That glaring red-yellow, if allowed to remain, meant ruin.

In the face of this threatening calamity the diamond interests of the street got together. Various kinds of pressure were brought to bear upon Mr. Gerry, who announced that he couldn't quite see why he didn't have the right to paint his own building whatever color he chose.

In sympathy with their afflicted brothers across the way all the jewel dealers in his building threatened to move. As he had scarcely a tenant who wasn't a jewel dealer, the landlord decided it was full time to stoop to conciliatory measures. Peace was brought about by his agreeing to stand half the expense of having the building painted an inoffensive drab, the other half to be met by the jewelers across the street.

This factor of light is often turned to profitable account by the retail dealer.

"Louis," inquired a visitor to a Broadway jewelry store of his old friend the proprietor, "how is it you have such a long diamond shelf, and what are those two marks on it about three feet apart?"

"Ah," said the jeweler with a shrewd smile, "that mark by the window is where I buy; the other is where I sell. It makes a difference of almost one per cent."

And yet thousands of people will buy diamonds under artificial and even colored light. What magnificent opportunities this jewel business offers to the unscrupulous to take advantage of the unsophisticated public!

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of papers by Mr. Bacon and Mr. Willson on precious stones—where they come from, how they are sold and what happens to them.

"BLUE LABEL" Ketchup

Pure and Unadulterated,

containing only those ingredients

Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government

ALWAYS during our business experience of over forty years, our aim has been QUALITY and our product is recognized as the BEST and PUREST of its kind. Using, as we do, only perfectly matured Red-Ripe Tomatoes fresh from the fields in perfect condition for our use—never the left-overs from market stalls—(skins, seeds and cores being removed) cooked ever so lightly that the natural flavor may be retained; combined with skilfully blended pure spices—all handled by experienced chefs in a scientific way in sanitary kitchens, enable us to produce the Ketchup

"BLUE LABEL"

that is now, and has been for twenty years, recognized as the standard of quality and excellence.

The same statement is also true regarding our Canned Fruits, Vegetables, Meats, Soups, Plum Puddings, Preserves, Jams, Jellies, etc.

Owing to the acknowledged purity and high quality of our products, and our honest labels, no change whatever in either goods or labels has been required or made because of the enactment of the National Food Law.

Ask for and see that you get food products bearing our name. Always the guarantee of purity and wholesomeness.

Do Not Accept Substitutes

Write today for our booklet, "Original Menus," telling what to have for breakfast, luncheon or dinner.

Our kitchens and all of our other departments are always open and visitors are made welcome.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

BLUE LABEL
TOMATO
KETCHUP

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name in Shoe

The "Argyle"

Lace Oxford — Velvet Calf
Fancy Wing Tip and Perforation

Foot Ills

relieved by wearing FLORSHEIM "Natural Shape" Oxfords. Always ample room for the toes to rest free and easy as Nature intended whatever the style of the last.

Most Styles $5.00
Write for Style Book

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

$15 SUIT

Made to Measure

Suit Case FREE

Free Suit Case

Fine Tailor Made Cashmere or Worsted Suits. Your choice of our large variety of 1909 patterns in all newest colorings and [illegible] Broadway [illegible] hand [illegible] button holes [illegible] We are manufacturers, importers and [illegible]

In order to establish a larger trade we are giving on the first order [illegible] a strong, handsome suit case, worth from $3 to $5 in your local stores.

We Pay Express Charges

You *take no risk* when ordering from us — we guarantee satisfaction in fabric, finish and fit and pay all express charges.
For 53 years we have given satisfaction.
Samples [illegible] *free* together with catalog showing our many advanced styles. Write for samples *today*.

Meyer Livingston Sons, 911 Livingston St. **South Bend, Ind.**

Reference: Citizens National Bank, South Bend, Ind.

RTC
'09
CLASS
PINS
and BADGES
BHS
0
9

COLLEGE-SCHOOL
SOCIETY-or-LODGE.

Either style, with any three letters or figures, and one or two colors of enamel. Sterling Silver 25c each, $2.50 a doz.; Silver Plated 10c each, $1.00 a doz. [illegible] designs in [illegible] made for any [illegible] Society [illegible] prices. Send design for estimate. Catalogue free.

BASTIAN BROS., 143 South Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

18 YEARS IN BUSINESS, investing our Depositors' money to earn them 5% and 6% and without loss of a single dollar. Your security lies in $2,000,000 of First Mortgages on Improved City Real Estate, deposited with Germania Bank as your Trustee, as required by laws of Georgia. The Sulky Dollar booklet tells our plan — double your interest income. Write at once.

Georgia State Savings Ass'n, 175 York Street, Savannah, Ga.

The Theatrical Syndicate From the Inside

(Concluded from Page 4)

discussion and arrangement, and we never sign a contract for a theater's season without the approval of the local or theater manager and without submitting the time and terms to him. This should, once and for all, dispose of the accusation that the Theatrical Syndicate has made janitors out of the local managers. The managers are always the final arbiters and we are content to be the agent and not the principal. We do not care to assume responsibility for the conduct of the hundreds of theaters all over the country, the inside of some of which we have never seen.

It might be interesting, in this connection, to say that the capital involved in the various theatrical interests that we represent is more than sixty million dollars. This includes the values of the various playhouses, their leases or real estate, and the value of plays and productions.

In New York City the usual arrangement between a traveling company and a theater is 50 per cent for the smaller attractions. This means that the theater and the attraction share equally, the theater furnishing its complement of stage hands, light, heat, ushers and orchestra, and the attraction furnishing the play, company and stage entertainment complete. Larger attractions usually have what we call a "sliding scale" of terms—that is, 50 per cent up to a certain amount, after which the attraction gets 60 per cent. The scale usually changes after the figure is reached at which the theater pays its expenses. After that figure the visiting company always gets the larger share.

I often wonder when I see (and it is a pleasant sight, too) a long line of ticket-buyers at the box-office window patiently sending their crisp two-dollar bills over the glass or marble slab, generously paying for goods before they have even seen them, whether they realize just where their money goes and how much of it stays in that box-office. I have always said that the settlement of the box-office at the end of a week reminded me of sifting money through a ladder and giving the manager all that sticks.

Dividing the Receipts

Let us take the concrete case of a musical comedy play in a first-class Broadway theater. The company probably has a salary list of thirty-five hundred dollars, and the manager is paying 10 per cent of the gross receipts as royalty for the privilege of presenting that particular piece. If the receipts of the week are ten thousand dollars, which is a fine average, he is paying one thousand dollars royalty, which, added to the salary list, makes forty-five hundred dollars. His other incidental expenditures will usually run his expense account for the week to fifty-three or fifty-four hundred dollars. The theater, on the other hand, in addition to its regular staff of employees, is probably paying for fifteen or twenty extra union musicians, will find its expenses ranging from thirty-five to thirty-eight hundred dollars. Now add fifty-four hundred dollars, the traveling manager's expenses, to the thirty-eight hundred dollars expenses of the house and you have a total of ninety-two hundred dollars. In other words, you get a total of eight hundred dollars to be divided between the manager of the playhouse and the manager of the traveling attraction, giving each one slightly over 10 per cent on the money he has risked for that particular week.

When a play fails, as a rule, there are no assets. It is a failure generally of one hundred cents on the dollar, because the scenery and property that go to garnish it cannot be sold for much more than junk.

There is no doubt but that in this country many an indifferent play has been saved from absolute failure by a favorite star, and many a good one has failed for lack of a star.

It is easier to advertise a person than a play under the present press system, which encourages hero-worship and feeds on human interest. So the manager should not be blamed for the starring system which, at times, I must confess, is developed at the expense of good casts and plays.

My Suspenders Look Like This

while I am standing in this position with one shoulder higher than the other. See how the sliding cord in the back has equalized the strain. I don't feel my suspenders at all no matter how I reach, stretch or stoop. And you should be just as unconscious of your suspenders. Don't make yourself uncomfortable by wearing rigid-back suspenders, for whether you realize it or not they are binding your shoulders and pulling on your back all day long. And you know a business man ought to look out for his suspender comfort just as much as the man who exercises violently. You will never appreciate what real suspender comfort is until you try a pair of

LIGHT WEIGHT LISLE

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Then you will feel the difference. I didn't believe it myself until I tried them. Now you couldn't induce me to wear the rigid-back kind. It's such a comfort to put on your suspenders in the morning and be able to forget they are there till you take them off at night. And it makes a big difference in the way your shoulders feel at the end of the day.

The Light Weight Lisle President Suspenders are made especially for business and dress wear. They lie flat on the back and are the lightest suspenders made. Medium and heavy weights for workers and extra lengths for tall men. Maker's guarantee on every pair — *Satisfaction, New Pair or Money Back.* If your dealer can't supply you, we will, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Convenience suggests a pair for each suit. Get them today.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., 717 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.

Lovers of Good Chocolates

A new kind, more delicious and tempting than any before, are now to be had in the best stores.

These new chocolates are so perfectly made and from such fine materials, that literally "the more you eat, the better you feel." Lovers of chocolates will be delighted to know that they can now eat all of their favorite confection that they care to without that disagreeable "after feeling" which comes from eating other kinds. These new perfect chocolates are

Johnston's Dutch Bitter Sweets

Made in Milwaukee

Daintily put up in Dutch style boxes—like photo—ribbon tied and sealed, retaining all their goodness and freshness just as they leave our model sanitary candy kitchens. In sizes of boxes to suit all at 40c, 50c, 60c, 80c and $1.00 per box.

Special Offer

If not yet on sale at your dealer's, send your order direct and I will express, prepaid anywhere, and include *Free* a 36-inch *Dutch Poster in seven colors.* Be sure and give your dealer's name to secure poster. If you send ten cents to cover cost of packing and postage, I'll send you by return mail a sample box of my Dutch Bitter Sweets.

Johnston, Dept. S,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Distance Eliminated by The Great Western System of Measurement

In every state — wherever **you** are — there also is the Great Western System of Measurement.

Fabric — Style — Workmanship — Fit — these are the four essentials of good clothes. But the greatest of these is Fit.

Nature makes no duplicates. No two human forms are exactly alike. The Great Western System of Measurement is based on this fact. It is the only exact system. It shows our cutters your every line — every angle, hollow, bulge and stoop. No other system does this.

We adapt our fabric to **your** form. Your clothing becomes a very part of **you** — the clothes we fit to **you** will fit **nobody else**.

We Make To Your Exact Measure A Suit from $18 to $40

In your town we have a dealer. We have taught him the Great Western System of Measurement. If you don't know him ask us. With his name and address we'll send you free handsome Style Plates.

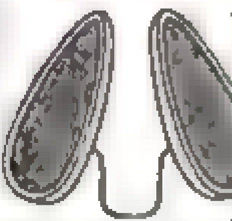
Call on our dealer. Choose a fabric from his superb line of 400 samples. Let him measure you. Then let us make for you the best fitting suit of clothes you ever wore — a lasting credit to you and us.

Your Local Tailor Can't Fit You as Well, Yet He Charges $15 to $20 More.

We guarantee the Fabric — the Workmanship — and the Fit. If you are not satisfied, you get your money back. Our dealers are instructed to do this.

Great Western Tailoring Company
Great Western Bldg., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Don't Breathe Dust



Dust is a menace to health — you can't afford to take chances breathing it while working, travelling or if you have any tendency towards asthma or catarrh. If dust annoys you or you feel that it is injurious, get a **NASALFILTER** and you need not breathe a particle that cannot be blown through fine damp linen. Its use may mean years of profitable employment at your present occupation.

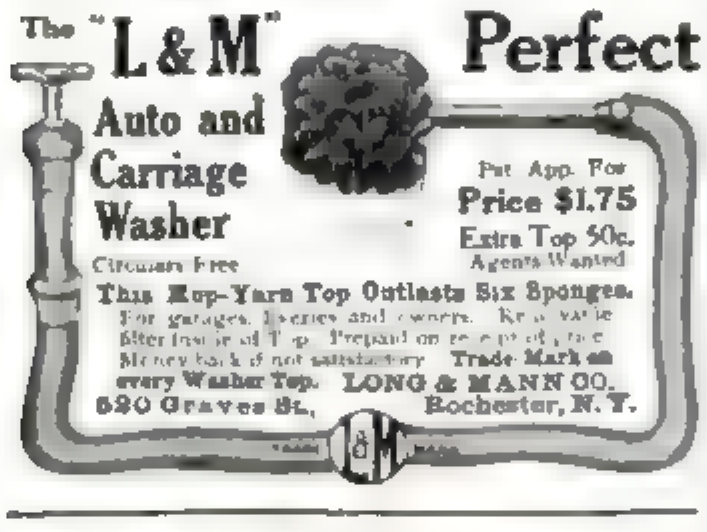
The Nasalfilter is made of Sterling Silver, is as durable and easily put on and off as spectacles. Fits the nostrils comfortably and snugly as illustrated, so that all the air is breathed through the fine linen; only the slender silver wire bridge shows when worn; easily kept clean, drop into boiling water or hold in running water under faucet, linen can be quickly and easily changed when necessary. Thousands worn in dusty trades, in dusty climates by automobilists and those having asthma or catarrh.

Price $2.00

If your druggist can't supply you, we will. Write for descriptive book and testimonials from satisfied wearers.

Universal Supply Company, 428 Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

The "L & M" Perfect Auto and Carriage Washer



Pat. App. For
Price $1.75
Extra Top 50c.
Agents Wanted

Circulars Free

This Mop-Yarn Top Outlasts Six Sponges. For garages, liveries and owners. Removable filter inside of Top. Prepaid on receipt of price. Money back if not satisfactory. **Trade Mark on every Washer Top.**

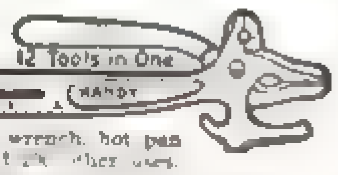
LONG & MANN CO.
520 Graves St., Rochester, N. Y.

6%

Business, professional men and all persons who save a portion of their income find the Certificates of Deposit issued by this Bank to be adequately safe and satisfactory. **Please write for our booklet "S."**

FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONT

AGENTS



wanted to sell this most complete of all combination tools. Serves as stove-lid lifter, screw driver, wrench, hot pan lifter, tack hammer and pincher and [illegible] other uses. Sells at sight to farmers, storekeepers, in homes, offices, etc. Write today for our **FREE OUTFIT OFFER** to workers.

T. THOMAS MFG. CO., 223 Barney Block, Dayton, Ohio

Everyone interested in a Piano should write for a copy (free) of our new

Lyon & Healy Piano Catalog

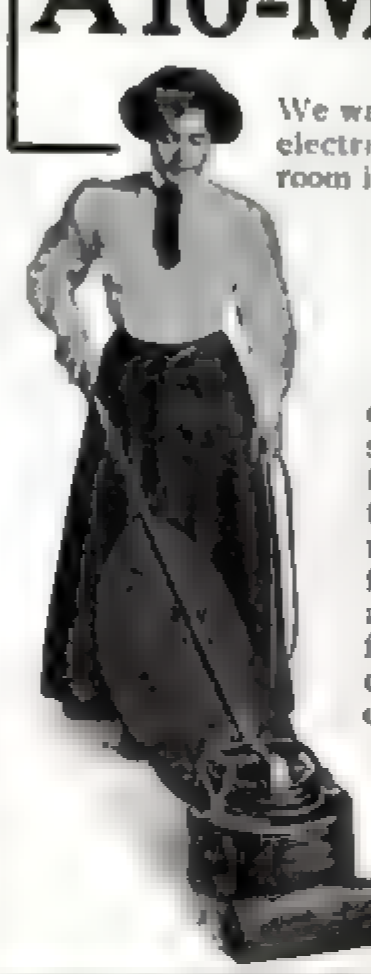
With Easel-back Illustrations

IN this catalog, for the first time, you can examine various styles of pianos simultaneously, because the illustrations may be removed and set up upon your table.

Our Trial Plan: The Lyon & Healy Piano sells so extensively in Chicago and a few other cities, that it is only recently that we could take care of a general demand. Now, however, by reason of factory enlargements, we can let you test a Lyon & Healy Piano in your own town, free of expense. The price is the same everywhere. The quality of the Lyon & Healy Piano was achieved through 45 years of unbroken success in piano selling.

Lyon & Healy, *Makers*, 60-70 Adams St., Chicago

A 10-Minute House Cleaner



We want to send this machine to every housekeeper in America who uses electricity, that she may prove for herself that it will thoroughly clean any room in a few minutes. All we ask is that you send your name and address.

The Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper

does more than any vacuum cleaning system. Unlike all other systems, it is not necessary with the Electric Suction Sweeper to first sweep the floor with a broom to remove pins, match-sticks, etc., that lodge in the pipes and stop them up. Nine-tenths of the work required from a cleaning machine is on the floor. There is no need for dusting when you use the Electric Suction Sweeper — it takes up and holds all the dust without scattering it about the room. Yet we furnish attachments, at small extra cost, that do clean portieres, curtains, furniture and bed clothes. The work of spring house-cleaning becomes a pleasure with the Electric Suction Sweeper.

The Electric Suction Sweeper sells for considerably less than any good vacuum system, and costs but a little more than a good range, sewing machine or other household convenience that would not give as much satisfaction. If you would like to try this machine at our expense — we pay express charges and make delivery to your home — send name and address today to

Electric Suction Sweeper Co., Dept. 16, New Berlin, O.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It relieves painful, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous, swollen, tired, aching feet. Try it *to-day*. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. *Don't accept any substitute.* For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU

and thousands of others to work for him. Common school education sufficient. 40,000 appointments yearly in Railway Mail, Postal, Customs, Internal Revenue, and other branches of U. S. service, Philippines and Panama. Full particulars **free** concerning positions, salaries, examinations (held soon in every State), sample examination questions, etc.

National Correspondence Institute
18-40 Second National Bank Building
Washington, D. C.

The 1909 Catalogue of Collier Art Prints

Contains 175 Illustrations
15 cents each

[illegible]
Nancy

Would you like a copy of the new 1909 Catalogue of the Collier art prints containing 175 illustrations in half tone of the works of Maxfield Parrish, Jessie Willcox Smith, Frederic Remington, A. B. Frost, Charles Dana Gibson and many other leading American artists?

The engravings are made from the originals which were drawn exclusively for Collier's. They are exact reproductions in miniature and show the entire line with sizes, prices and descriptions. A feature of the book this year is a series of full page pictures and intimate sketches of the artists themselves.

The catalogue is a thing of beauty and of educational value — too valuable to send free — but if you will send us 15 cents in stamps to cover charges, we will mail you a copy and will

Rebate the 15 cents

with your first purchase of $1.00 or more.

Write your name and address plainly on the order form and send with 15 cents in stamps. Address Print Dept. P. F. Collier & Son, 410 West 13th St., New York City.

ORDER FORM

P. F. Collier & Son, ____________1909
410 West 13th St., New York City

Enclosed find 15c in stamps to pay charges on one copy of the new catalog of Collier art prints.

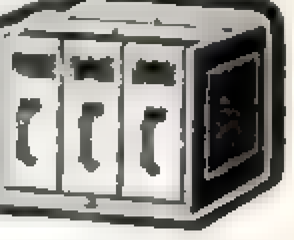
Name ____________________
Address ____________________

HAVE YOU the conveniences for doing business quickly and accurately?

Are the details of your business or profession arranged and filed so that you can have any paper or record instantly? If not, ask about

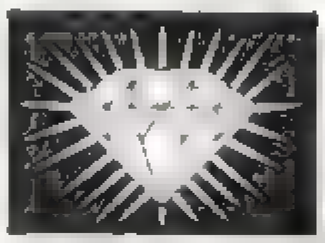
Sectionets

which for the first time enable every man — no matter how small his business — to have those office conveniences which every large business today employs for handling its office detail. Ask today for free book about Sectionets.



SHAW-WALKER
[illegible]

The Precious WHITE TOPAZ



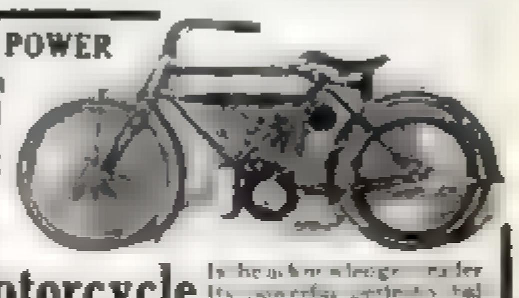
A rare, sparkling, **Genuine** Gem of great hardness and marvellous brilliancy. Very closely resembles the finest blue-white diamond when placed side by side. Same perfect cut, rare beauty and **permanent** brilliancy. Wears [illegible]. We are the largest house in the world selling **genuine** gems. We sell direct [illegible] from mine to customer at [illegible] prices. To advertise this rare gem we make this

SPECIAL MINE-COST INTRODUCTORY OFFER

We will mail you a 1-carat (about ⅜ inch wide) Precious White Topaz, perfect cut, flawless, extra brilliant AA grade, our regular mine-to-customer price $6.00, for only $3.94. Same quality [illegible] price $[illegible], for $[illegible]. One stone only to a customer at these prices. Each gem mailed registered in [illegible] with written warranty of gem fineness and [illegible] for mounting. Money back if not pleased. Supply [illegible], order quickly. [illegible]-page Art Catalogue of Gems in actual colors [illegible].

Francis E. Lester Company, Dept. EX 4, Mesilla Park, N. M.

SILENCE and POWER together with SPEED and the M. M. SIMPLICITY of construction, is why the



M. M. Motorcycle

is the best motorcycle made. Its powerful, perfectly balanced engine, its absolutely silent muffler, its positive control, and its easy riding, smooth running [illegible] Motorcycle [illegible]. Dealers wanted.

M. M. MOTOR COMPANY, Brockton, Mass.

$10.00 Buys This
All Wool Blue Serge Suit

We will send it to you without your risking one penny.

Read This: We positively guarantee it will [illegible] every particular [illegible] value [illegible] that it is not equal to any [illegible] ever [illegible] expense or [illegible] every cent [illegible] may have paid for [illegible] charges. Order one of these latest New York style all wool navy blue serge suits. Dress as the New Yorker dresses — he's the best dressed man in the world. Read the detailed description [illegible]. Send [illegible] order to-day.

[illegible] all wool, navy blue Oswego brand serge, the best known serge [illegible]

COAT [illegible]

PANTS [illegible]

VEST [illegible]

ABOUT SIZES [illegible] inseam [illegible] We guarantee [illegible] perfect.

Don't pay Retail prices when you can buy a suit like this for $10.00
Catalogue Sent Free to any Address Upon Application

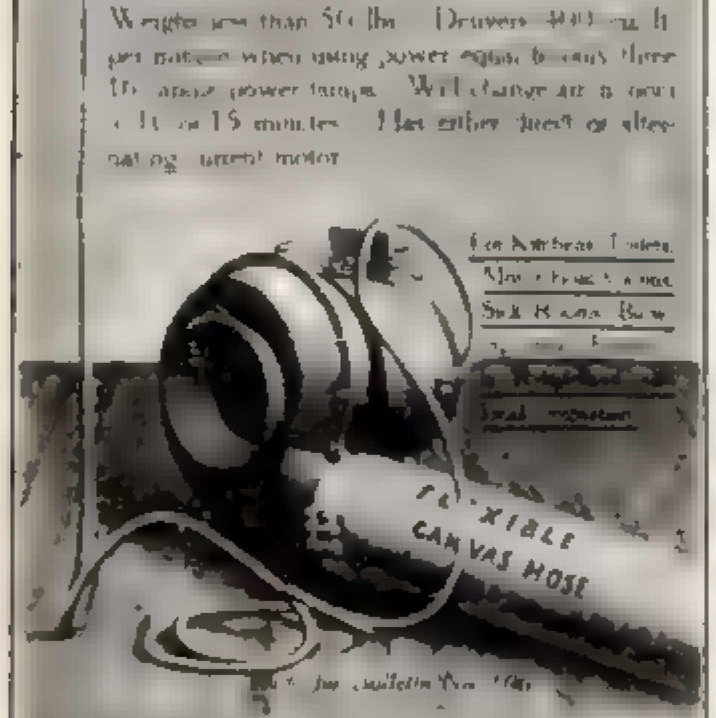
About Samples You are perfectly safe in ordering [illegible] other samples [illegible] FREE anywhere upon [illegible]. The number of this suit is No. 7 & 100. Give [illegible] ordering — $10.00.

Write to-day for our FREE Catalogue
BELLAS HESS & CO
BROADWAY PRINCE & CROSBY STS
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.
Write to-day for our FREE Catalogue

REMOVE Foul Air

DON'T STIR IT UP. Get a
STURTEVANT ELECTRIC
VENTILATING SET

[illegible] REMOVES the [illegible]. Can be [illegible] room to room. Weighs less than 50 lbs. [illegible] per minute when using power equal to only three 16 [illegible] power lamps. Will change air [illegible] 15 minutes. Has either direct or alternating current motor.



B. F. Sturtevant Co., Boston, Mass.
General Office and Works, Hyde Park, Mass.

MAKE MONEY WRITING

SHORT STORIES — 1c. to 5c. a word. We sell stories, plays, and book **Manuscripts**, on commission; we criticise and revise them and tell you where to sell them. **Story-Writing and Journalism** taught by mail. Send for free booklet, "**Writing for Profit**"; [illegible] The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE NET AND THE QUARRY

(Continued from Page 21)

"You're getting soured, Marvin, and you want to guard against that. It hurts digestion and turns friends into enemies. That common stock is good. I'd give you fifty for it this minute. That is, I'd buy from any outsider at fifty, and be glad to get it — but I won't buy from you, because it's worth more. It'll go to par within two years."

"Where does its value come in?" I asked.

"In the dividends you are going to earn on it, my dear Jack. You know, and the directors feel sure, that, having a free hand, you can put the earnings up to eighteen or twenty per cent, and that'll pay six per cent on the preferred and eight or ten per cent on the common. With such dividends the common will go to par as sure as a balloon goes up — and about as quick."

I had to be content again with that; but I hated such stock manipulation. I did not understand it. My way of making money was by making profits on the goods. That looked like clean business, and was plain and straightforward. Still, I had nothing to do with the stock plans, and so settled in my mind that the best thing for me to do was to put my shares away and stick faithfully to the factory work, and if it did come out as Barker prophesied I'd be no loser. Anyway, I'd got twenty thousand dollars now, on paper, which was a bit comforting, especially as I felt very sure of the dividends if Rochler didn't butt in.

He did not. For the next eighteen months I had the time of my life. I was allowed a free hand in all the factory operations, and, as another thousand shares of stock had been issued and sold, there was ample money to make additions to the equipment, with the result that the work came through in splendid shape, both as to quantity and quality. And not a bit too fast for Rochler. He was a corking sales-manager, all right, and he was working on my schedule, and on fast time. We did a booming trade during that time, and I was happy. Who wouldn't be, with a fine equipment of machinery, a first-class crew, and a man keeping the stuff shipped out as fast as it was made?

We had just paid the third semi-annual four per cent dividend on the common stock, and had a handsome little surplus besides, when Barker asked me to take a ride with him one afternoon behind a pair of roan trotters he had just bought. We went up to Grosse Point and had a frog supper at Tony Bergeron's, and while we were smoking afterward, on the big veranda overlooking the orchard, Barker asked me if I wanted to sell my stock.

"I'm not so eager that I'm offering trading-stamps with it," I replied instantly. "Why should I want to sell?"

"I could find you a customer if you did," he lazily observed.

"Yourself?"

"No, I'm not buying — I'm selling."

"Selling! Why — what's going wrong?"

He did not answer for several moments, but sat staring at the gnarly old apple trees. Finally he asked:

"Jack, since we've been acquainted, how many times have I given you information, or advice, about the finances?"

"I don't know; several times, sure."

"Did I ever tell you anything that wasn't true — or mislead you?"

"Never!" I said heartily. "You're square, all right, Barker."

"Well, now, I've got another little chunk of advice ready to serve up. Sell your stock!"

"Not unless I know what for," I retorted.

"You're refreshingly direct," he laughed. "Another man would have worked diplomatically for an hour to find out what's underneath. But I'll tell you at once, if I have your word that it won't go any further."

"All right," I agreed. "Go ahead."

"The stock is up to a good figure now — ninety-two; in six months it'll be way below that, because there's going to be a slump, Jack!"

"Who says so?"

"It's in the air. The big men are whispering it among themselves. It's coming, all right!"

"I don't see it, Barker. Business is first-rate, collections good and crops fine.

WHEN Mr. Harry Coons of Keyport, N. J. won six racing prizes last year —

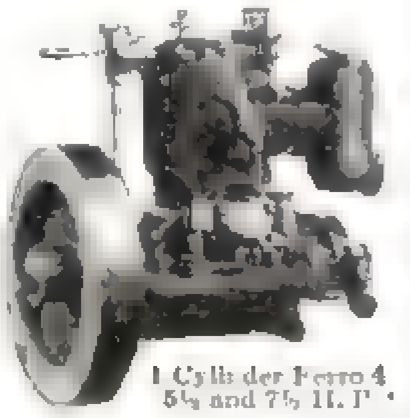
With his 22-ft. boat "Artful" and 15 h. p. Ferro engine, he made a remarkable record. The most remarkable part of this, however, is the fact that his engine had been run hundreds of miles before the races and hundreds since without repair, trouble or preparation. His Ferro is a stock motor, not a special speed engine.

One of these prizes was a silver shield won in the [illegible] from New York to Poughkeepsie and return — a distance of [illegible] miles per hour. Every other boat [illegible] powered and much more expensive engines.

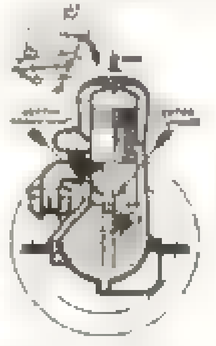
FERRO
Marine Engines

Made in 1, 2 and 3 cylinders from 3 to 25 H. P.
Jump Spark Ignition
1 and 2 cylinders, 4 to 15 H. P. Make and Break Ignition
Just the engine for any boat for work or pleasure

Attractive Prices — Best Quality


1 Cylinder Ferro 4, 5½ and 7½ H. P.

Offset Cylinder — An improvement found in the highest priced automobile motors [illegible] which loosens parts.



Ferro Engine Embodies Most Advanced Improvements
- Counter Balanced Crankshaft
- Successful Cooling System [illegible] climate
- Positive Pressure Oiling System
- Efficient Ignition — Jump Spark and Make and Break
- Accessibility of Working Parts
- All Parts Interchangeable
- And others too lengthy to mention.

SPECIAL — 5000 3 H. P. FERROS AT $60 EACH. Good as money can build. All improvements of standard Ferros, quantity brings down the price. Just the thing for launch, canoe, dingey or auxiliary yacht.

Leading Boat Builders use Ferro engines. They must be good. Ask any of the following. W. H. Mullins Co., Salem, O. Outing Boat Co., Kankakee, Ill. Auto Boat Co., Cleveland, O. Memphis Boat Co., Memphis, Tenn. Pope Boat Co., Fond du Lac, Wis. Weckler Boat Co., Chicago. Rippley Hdwe. Co., Grafton, Ill. Inland Lakes Boat Co., Lake Geneva, Wis. W. J. Hand, New Bedford, Mass. Niagara Boat Co., N. Tonawanda, N. Y.

Free Catalogue describing all 1909 models upon request. Write for it.

A Practical Treatise covering design, construction, installation and operation of marine motors sold for half the cost — 25 cents [illegible] in size. 250 illustrations and diagrams. 72 pages. For the man who is not an expert mechanic. Full of helpful information which every boat owner should have.

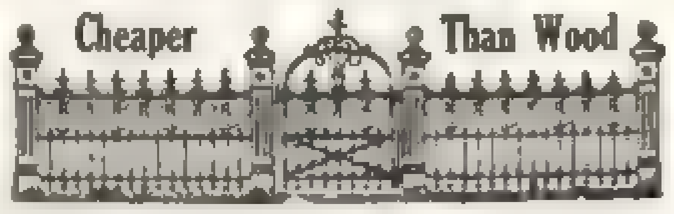
Remember our New York Office, 44 Cortlandt St. (2nd floor)
A large stock of engines. Experts in charge.

The Ferro Machine & Foundry Company
Largest Marine Engine Builders in the World
Main Offices 808 Superior St., Cleveland, O.

Ask the following Distributors for Information and a Demonstration
[illegible]
S. P. [illegible]
J. C. [illegible]
Bates & [illegible]
F. A. [illegible]
Leane [illegible]
Bath [illegible] Me.
Richards & [illegible] Chicago
E. P. Thomas, West Haven, Conn.
Tranter [illegible]
G. B. Hall [illegible]
C. J. [illegible], Bourse Bldg., Phila.
Seattle Mar. Sup. Co., Seattle, Wash.
Star Boat Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Jas. M. Schack, Los Angeles
Dunn Mach. Co., Atlanta, Ga.
Ware Bros., [illegible]
B. C. Boat & [illegible] Co., Vancouver, B. C.
Bacon & [illegible], Springfield, Mass.
South. Eng. & Sup. Co., San Antonio, Tex.
A. R. Williams Mach. Co., Ltd., Toronto
L. M. Trask, St. John, N. B.

BRIDGE
OVER ALL TIRE TROUBLES
Diamond
Tires

"The Fence That Lasts Forever!"



Ornament your front yard by installing a beautiful Iron Fence. Our Iron Fence has Style, Finish and Durability, and in cost we compete with the World. 100 Choice Designs. Address Dep't. B. for prices.
CINCINNATI IRON FENCE CO. (Incorporated)
FREE Catalogue. CINCINNATI, OHIO
AGENTS WANTED in every town. EASY TO SELL.

CAN'T YOU WRITE WELL?

Then get $1.00 worth of my Patented Pen Practice Sheets [illegible] benefited, return all to me and get your $1.00 back at once.
WALTER THOMSON, Box 55, FARGO, N. D.

An Education Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school — we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Penn.

THE GREAT U. P. R. R. Guarantees you a TELEGRAPHIC POSITION after training; practice on railroad wire. Address for particulars, H. B. BOYLES, Department U, Omaha, Nebraska.

How to Avoid Tire Troubles

TODAY practically all automobile troubles are tire troubles. Eighty per cent of up-keep expense is tire expense. When you are tied up on the road 20 miles from nowhere — nine cases out of ten it's TIRES.

— And nine cases out of ten the punctures and blow-outs which waste money and kill pleasure were caused by *overloading*.

— Tops, Glass Fronts, Gas Tanks, Searchlights, Extra Seats (an invitation for more passengers), storage batteries, extra casings and pounds of luggage are added to large and small cars alike

— Before you know it your tires are carrying from 200 to 300 lbs. more than they were *ever built to carry*. The result is certain, quick destruction — heavy expense — trips of trouble instead of pleasure — and a world of humiliation for the man who owns the car. Rubber, strong as it is, has its limitations.

Goodyear Automobile Tires overcome these conditions because EVERY TIRE IS OVERSIZE.

They are full 15 per cent larger than any automobile tire in the market sold for the same size A Goodyear 4 inch tire is really almost 4½ inches.

But even if your tires are ample for their load — even if your car is not weighted down with accessories — think what the extra 15 per cent means to you as a "*margin of safety.*"

Tires alone are expected to work to the *limit of their resistance* When you overload them there is no "margin of safety." It has been exceeded. You are taking chances every minute you drive

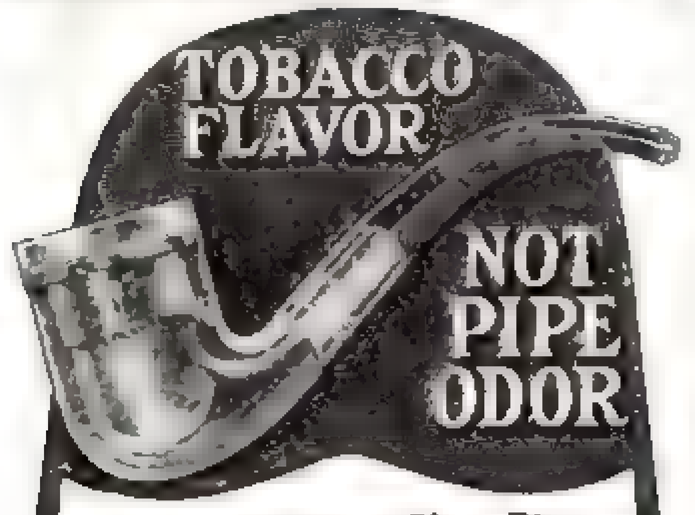
Think carefully what this *15 per cent oversize* (to be secured only in Goodyear Tires means to you

Other points — some of them even more important — are mentioned in our printed matter If you are interested in the details, ask for our helpful book, "How to Select an Auto Tire." It's Free for the asking.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Seneca Street, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies Boston, 261 Dartmouth St.; Cincinnati, 317 E. 5th St.; Los A[illegible] [illegible] 1402 Ridge Ave., New York City, 64th St. and Broadway [illegible] Jefferson [illegible]

GOOD YEAR TIRES



Turco-American Glass Pipe

[illegible] are held [illegible] leaves no offensive odor [illegible] Straight or Curved Stem Pipe in handsome leather CASE $2.00. Without CASE $1.50. [illegible]

TURCO-AMERICAN PIPE CO., 388 South Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

Make a Motor Boat of Any Boat in Five Minutes

You can do it with the Waterman Outboard Motor, which you can quickly attach and detach to the stern of any skiff, rowboat, dinghy, punt or sailboat, [illegible] 2 H.P. Marine Motor that will drive an 18 foot row boat 7 miles an hour, 4 hours on gallon gasoline. Simplest motor made. Weight 40 lbs.

Equipped with Schebler Carburetor. Four years successful results behind it. Send for Catalog C [illegible] Motors 1, 2, 3, 4 cylinders Catalog K. [illegible] Catalog A.

WATERMAN MARINE MOTOR CO.
1508 Fort Street, West, DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

Besides, if I did see it, that wouldn't make me anxious to sell. What could I do with the money? Other businesses would drop, too, I suppose."

"You bet they *will*—not would! As to the money—if you sell now, at ninety-two, and bank your funds you'll be able to buy back when the stock drops to fifty, or even less. That's pretty good finance, isn't it?"

I didn't answer, for I was turning the matter over in my mind, and Barker continued:

"Of course, you'll not neglect a chance like this, Jack. There are a few of us pooling our stock, so as to feed it out carefully and not break the price until we have unloaded; and you had better come in with us."

"Who are they?" I inquired.

"Buckley and the directors. They want you to come in on this, because you behaved so well over your ante, and they feel that it's only right that you should have this chance to make good."

"Well, I won't come in," I added firmly. "I don't like the game, and I don't like the company. My business is manufacturing—not stock-jobbing!"

"But—Good Heavens, man—look at what you're throwing away! You remember I told you before that your chance would come to make up that forty thousand dollars, all right—and here it is, as easy as picking it out of the road. Unload your two hundred shares at ninety-two, and within a year the money you sell for will buy four hundred shares. You hear me!"

"And how about the folks who buy now?" I asked slowly.

"What!" he exclaimed in amazement. "How about the folks who buy?"

"The folks who buy—what are they to you? It's all in their game. They trade in stocks, and win or lose according as to whether their play is good or poor."

"There are others!" I insisted. "There's Scovill's widow—you knew poor Scovill. She's talking of putting his life-insurance money into Marvin Manufacturing stock. What if she buys at ninety-two? That insurance is all she's got."

"It wouldn't hurt her!" he exclaimed. "There'll be one dividend passed next year, and after that it'll pick up again, all right. What difference would it make to her whether the stock sells at ninety-two or fifty, eh?"

"If she talked to you about buying now would you advise her to wait till it went down to fifty?" I looked him square in the eye, but he didn't flinch, nor could he dodge the question. He laughed—but the ring was not quite so jolly as usual—and replied

"Certainly not! The stock is worth ninety-two now. It'll be worth ninety-two, or more, two years from now. In the mean time it'll drop to fifty, or less, but why should the widow bother about that? She buys for investment—not for speculation."

"Well, the plan doesn't hit me," I said with decision. "I don't understand such work, and don't want to."

But I was to understand it better, whether I wanted to or not. Business went along smoothly for two or three months, and then one week we ran short of orders and President Buckley sent for me.

"Marvin," he commenced—and his face was as long as a horse's—"things are looking bad, very bad! The orders are dropping off fearfully."

I couldn't deny it, and said so.

"We've got to cut down—and do it sharply," he continued. "We've six hundred hands at work now, eh?"

"Just about."

"Three hundred must be laid off at once, Marvin. It can't be helped."

"Isn't that rather smashing things, Mr. Buckley?" I objected. "We've mighty little stock ahead."

"So much the better! That's the most cheering news I've heard for a week. But the men must be laid off. We may think ourselves lucky if we don't have to close down entirely."

Of course there was no help for it, although I felt puzzled. It seemed queer that our orders should slump so suddenly and so severely. The next day's papers had a front page article about us, reporting interviews with the president and two of the directors, who expressed the opinion (with much regret) that the bottom had tumbled out. That afternoon the stock dropped to below eighty, and I began to suspect something.

COPYRIGHT [illegible] BY DAVID ADLER & SONS CLO. CO.

Adler's Collegian Clothes

represent the highest type of ready to wear apparel America produces. The fabrics, the linings, the tailoring and the fitting qualities are best appreciated when critically compared with the clothes of any other maker. The man who is painstaking in the selection of his clothes—who recognizes the real worth of a well made garment with which is combined the best features of present day fashion is the man whose attention we seek. Collegian clothes for spring are now being shown by all the high class clothiers—suits and overcoats range from $15.00 to $35.00 in price. A new book showing the prevailing styles is ready for free distribution. Write for a copy to-day.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
Nobby Clothes Makers Milwaukee

50 FEET Early Scarlet Globe RADISH "Plant the Tape" American Seed Tape Co., Chicago

We GUARANTEE Our Seeds to Grow

500 FEET OF GARDEN FOR $1.00

Gardening made easy by using American Seed Tape. At proper spaces in paper tape seeds are fastened by glue fertilizer which insures quick, sturdy growth [illegible] **"PLANT THE TAPE"** [illegible] Time and labor almost nothing. The paper attracts moisture [illegible]

500 FEET OF CHOICE GARDEN SEEDS. 50 FEET EACH OF Radish, Radish, Lettuce, Lettuce, Onion, Spinach, Beets, Carrots, Turnips, Cabbage [illegible] and Lettuce. We Want Agents [illegible]

AMERICAN SEED TAPE CO., Not Inc., Dept. C, HINSDALE, ILLINOIS

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

"Visible" Typewriters [illegible] and all other makes sold or rented anywhere at ¼ to ½ mfrs. prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Cat. D
Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago

WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for $2.50

Announcements, etc., engraved and printed. Latest styles, best quality, sent prepaid anywhere. Visiting Cards, 100 50c, with case 75c. Write for samples.
THE ESTABROOK PRESS, 181 S. Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

A Lot of Work For 50c

You can "save" 50 cents when you buy a saw, and waste $50 worth of time, temper, muscle and material trying to make it work. It will pay you to throw away a poor saw and buy one of the kind that the best carpenters use—

ATKINS
Silver Steel
Hand Saws

The easiest running, fastest cutting saws in the world. Keep their shape and seldom need sharpening. Made of Atkins Silver Steel — better steel than you'll find in most razors. Taper-ground — only the teeth touch the wood — no "binding." The Atkins Perfection Handle prevents wrist cramp. Money promptly refunded to any dissatisfied purchaser. Be sure the name is on the blade. If your dealer doesn't supply you promptly, write us.

FREE Our practical booklet, "Saw Sense." And for 10c (stamps) we'll send you postpaid our souvenir folding metal rule very handy for home or pocket.

E. C. Atkins & Co., Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.
Largest Exclusive Saw Mfrs. in the World
Branches carrying complete stocks at
New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Portland (Ore.), Seattle, San Francisco, New Orleans, Memphis and Atlanta. Canadian Factory, Hamilton, Ont.

Build Your Own Boat—Save ⅔

Anyone can put together my knock-down boats or build a boat from my paper patterns. If you want to know how it can be done

Send for my 1909 Catalog No. 22 today

It shows 100 new models

I can supply you with the frame work for your boat, shaped, machined, every piece fitted and ready to put together, for less money than most lumber dealers charge for suitable rough lumber.

Today there are more boats built by inexperienced amateurs using my system than by all the boat factories.

I can save you (1) the boat builder's profit, (2), labor expense; (3), big selling expense, (4), ⅔ of the freight. Figure it out yourself

YOU TAKE NO RISK I absolutely guarantee that you will be perfectly satisfied with everything you purchase of me, or your money will be instantly refunded. C. C. Brooks.

I can save you two-thirds on high grade Mission furniture shipped knock down **in sections, not in pieces.**

Put the K. D. Sections Together Yourself

As you receive it—with cushions made ready to drop in place. Just six joints to put together.

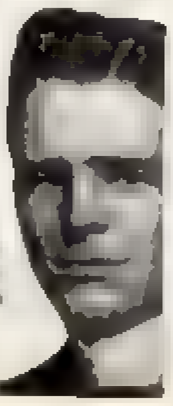
Every piece is of selected solid oak, massive, simple, always in good taste, of a style that never changes

C. C. BROOKS, Pres., BROOKS MFG. CO.
294 Ship Street, SAGINAW, MICH. [illegible] of the Knock Down System of Boat Building and Home Furnishing

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

I won the **World's First Prize in Penmanship.** By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. I also teach Book-keeping and Shorthand. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my **Favorite Pens** and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

C. W. RANSOM
238 Reliance Building, Kansas City, Missouri



One week later some fair orders were turned in, and I was told to take some of the hands back—a few at a time. "We must act conservatively," Buckley insisted.

In three weeks I had nearly a full crew on again, but no mention of that was made in the papers—not a word. And, a little later, I discovered that almost all of the orders received during that slack week had been held up by the president in order to give an excuse for that big lay-off. The reason was easy for me to see now—it was to give as black an outlook as possible to our own affairs, so as to depreciate the stock.

The fiscal year closed and the annual report came out. To my astonishment our assets seemed to have dropped off nearly thirty thousand dollars from the previous year. Looking at the items I found that our patents were put in at a valuation of one dollar, whereas the year before they were valued at ten thousand—and that was low. In another item the plant and machinery was put at seventeen thousand dollars less than the previous year.

I asked Rochler about that and he said, smiling sweetly:

"Well, you see, Marvin, the directors instructed me to write off twenty-five per cent for depreciation."

"Twenty-five per cent in one year!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes," he answered cheerfully. "Of course, as times are, the directors consider that we should be very conservative in our statements."

I guess small stockholders never look at the items of a corporation report. The totals are what they're after, and this method of doctoring made it look as though we'd been operating at a loss, instead of profit. It slashed our apparent net earnings so that no dividend could be declared, and the stock dropped below fifty. Barker came to me with a newspaper and pointed out the quotation.

"It's too bad, Jack," he said sorrowfully (but I saw a twinkle in his eye), "altogether too bad! You've let a couple of hundred shares of stock just flutter right past you. If you had only sold when I advised see what you could do now with the money!"

"I don't want to be mixed up in such business," I retorted savagely; "I'm drawn into it now more than I like. No 'dog eat dog' in mine!"

He chuckled at that. You couldn't make him mad, and it was well-nigh impossible to get mad at him

"It isn't fair to your wife and children," he went on gleefully. "Suppose something should happen to you; that extra two hundred shares would come in fine for the widow and orphans."

"I'll look out for them," I retorted, "and I'll do it hereafter without any connection with the Marvin Manufacturing Company. I'm done! I'll go farming before I'll be drawn any deeper into this kind of work."

"Go home, Jack, and talk it over with your wife, and sleep on it!" he laughed. "You'll change your mind."

I slept on it, but I didn't change my mind. I sent in my resignation. I couldn't stand it any longer.

But what hurt me the most was the case of Scovill's widow. Scovill had always been a good friend to me, and I wanted to look out for his widow, so I had urged her to keep her money in the bank for a time, but Rochler got hold of her and sold her one hundred shares at ninety. She had a son-in-law who was a porter, or something, in a bank, and who, of course, knew it all. He got the poor woman fairly frantic for the safety of her investment. She came to me with her woes, and I did my best to cheer her up by assuring her, as emphatically as I could, that the company was absolutely sound, and that the scare would pass over in a few months. I got her cheered up finely—and then that chump of a son-in-law gave her another blast—and she sold out. Got back five thousand dollars for the nine thousand she'd put in six months before. And then blamed me. That hurt!

So, as I said before, I sent in my resignation. But I have to confess that that stock deal got on my nerves; and for some time after I caught myself thinking, regretfully, of the ease with which I could have turned my two hundred shares into four hundred.

Editor's Note — This is the first of four stories by Mr. Stratton under the general title of The Net and the Quarry, relating the business experiences of John Marvin. The next story will be printed in an early issue.

Business men,

you know the value of wearing good clothes. Half the business battle is won by making the right first impression. Hundreds of thousands of business men throughout the United States have learned that they can secure ideal clothes made to their individual measures through

Strauss Brothers' National Tailoring Service
(5,000 local representatives and branch stores throughout the United States)

We have a wonderful organization for the making of good clothes to order on a large scale.

By our modern methods, we effect a great saving of money, enabling us to make

Guaranteed Suits or Overcoats
To Order at $20 to $40

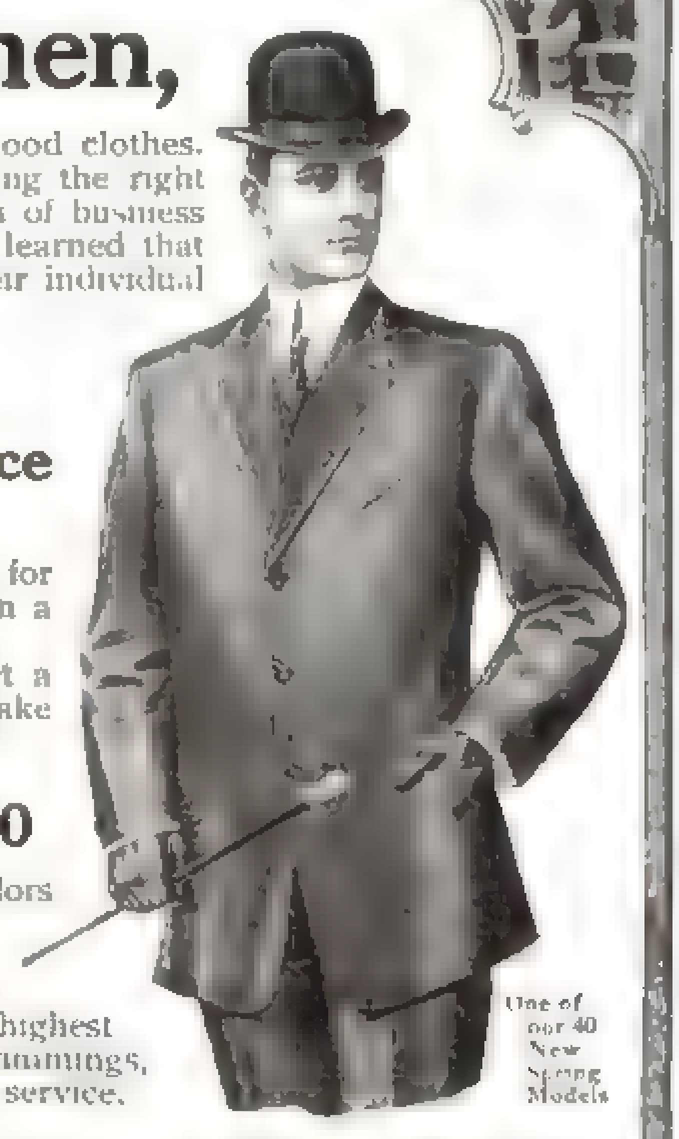
Our skilled designers and master tailors take that conscientious interest in their work which assures perfection of every detail. We use only the highest grades of woolens and trimmings, guaranteeing satisfactory service.

One of our 40 New Spring Models

How to Order our Tailoring Call on our established dealer in your town who displays our line of almost 500 of the Spring season's best woolens. Have him skillfully measure you and in a short time you will receive the finished clothes, whose superiority none will dispute.

Booklet No. 9 entitled, "Spring Thoughts," containing authentic fashions and color reproductions of [illegible], sent free on request. We will at the same time refer you to our nearest dealer.

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
S W Cor. Monroe & Franklin Sts. Entire Building
Established 1877
CHICAGO



The Knot That Holds

"Jubilee Year" of Page Fence

Page Fence is woven just the same today as 25 years ago. A real triple knot—not a simple twist! Page Fence is made of High Carbon Steel of double the tensile strength and elasticity of common fence wire.

Page Catalog—"Jubilee Edition"—SENT FREE!

Page Woven Wire Fence Co. Box 89 X, Adrian, Michigan

PERNIN SHORTHAND

Makes Expert Stenographers

It is the simplest, most legible and rapid shorthand in existence. [illegible] No failures. Textbook on approval. Write for free booklet No. [illegible]

The PERNIN SHORTHAND INSTITUTE, Detroit

Make Your Own Furniture

Anyone can do the work from our simple plans, patterns and directions at 1-5 the usual cost with only common household tools.

Plans 50c each, 3 for $1. Send two-cent stamp for Catalogue of Mission designs and our free booklet "The Joy of Craftsmanship" which explains everything.

ROLFSMAN SYSTEM
1314 East 93rd St., Cleveland, O.

Gold Dollars Wanted—Also all other rare American and Foreign Coins. Send for premium list or prices. I pay and hunt them up. Certain coins bring hundreds of dollars each. If you handle money you should have this book. Send today, price 10c (silver).

David Stanger, Glassboro, N. J., Collector and Dealer in Rare Coins.

Why Pay Any Dealer $18?

We ship in complete sections ready to fasten and stain—all quartered oak. You save over half on

SECTIONAL "COME-PACKT" FURNITURE

Write for big free catalog.

$6.75 Direct to You No. 300 Library Table Top 23x34 in.

INTERNATIONAL MFG. CO.
414 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium

The ideal place to rest; to accurately learn your exact physical condition, to have applied the physiological and dietetic methods necessary to eliminate the causes of your illness and to build up permanent health. Luxurious modern appointments, moderate rates, delicious health cuisine. 200 kinds of baths, electricity, swimming pools, indoor palm garden, tonic Michigan climate, 800 feet above sea level, 300 trained nurses, 30 physicians, accommodations for 1000 guests. Illustrated Catalogue free.

HEALTH REST

The Sanitarium, Box 75, Battle Creek, Mich.

Ann Arbor Lighting System

The most up-to-date and complete lighting system on the market. Beautiful fixtures for the home. Attractive high candle power inverted arcs for stores, halls, etc. The best proposition going for hustling agents. Write today for agents terms and territory. Handsome catalog free.

SUPERIOR MFG. CO.
275 Second Street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

EASTER POST CARDS

10 Fine Easter or Birthday Post Cards mailed for *10 Cents.* *100* for *90 Cents.*

MADISON ART CO., Madison, Conn.

University of Michigan 16th Summer Session, 1909. June 28—August 20

Regular session of the University—offering more than 275 Courses in Arts, Engineering, Medicine, Law, Pharmacy, and Library Methods. Increased facilities for graduate work. Delightful location. Expenses low. For particulars address,

Edward H. Kraus, Secretary, 822 Oakland Avenue, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Make a Good Income!

operating a **Daydark Photo Post Card Machine.** 3 Photo Postal Cards of any object made and delivered on the spot in 10 minutes. No experience required—no dark room necessary. All work done in the machine in open day. Establish a profitable business at home by opening a Daydark Postal Parlor and big money maker on the street, at fairs, etc. **Make Good Money.** Send at once for free catalog and sample post card showing fine work the machine does.

DAYDARK SPECIALTY COMPANY, 1009 St. Ange Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Standard Books in Sets at One-Quarter Publishers' Prices

It is not often that the public throughout the country have the opportunity to profit by the famous Strawbridge & Clothier SPECIAL SALES of Books in Sets. We have Book customers everywhere, but the occasional EXTRAORDINARY values secured are snapped up quickly by buyers who can come in person. We now have, however, a great lot of Standard Sets, closed out to us at a fraction of the usual cost, and these are offered to the readers of THE POST at prices which average ONE QUARTER publishers' list prices.

Quantities are Large, but Not Unlimited — Order Early

Orders will be filled in the order in which they are received. Remit amount with your order by Post-office Money Order, Express Money Order or Bank Draft. Give post-office, county and state and nearest shipping point [illegible] from post-office.

Dickens, 20 volumes, for $18.75
Published at $90.00. [illegible] de Luxe half-morocco, gilt tops, fully illustrated.

James Bryce's American Commonwealth 2 volumes, for $1.75
Published at $4.00. Includes the Chapter on the Tweed Ring in New York, by Rufus Rockwell Wilson. Cloth.

Gibbon, 6 volumes, for $6.75
Published at $33.00. Complete History, Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Half-morocco, gilt tops, illustrated.

Smollett, 6 volumes, for $6.50
Published at $27.00. Edition de Luxe, half-morocco, gilt tops, frontispiece illustrations.

Emerson, 6 volumes, for $6.50
Published at $27.00. Selected works. Edition de Luxe, half leather, gilt tops, frontispiece illustrations.

Library of Oratory, 15 volumes, for $7.00
Published at $30.00. Ancient and Modern Oratory. Cloth, marbled edges, illustrated.

Science Library, 16 volumes, for $7.00
Published at $30.00. The important writings of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Geikie and others. Cloth, illustrated.

Austen, 12 volumes, for $9.50
Published at $30.00. The beautiful "Chawton" edition, cloth, paper labels, gilt tops, illustrated.

Plutarch's Lives, 5 volumes, for $5.85
Published at $22.50. Revised by A. H. Clough. Half-morocco, gilt tops, fully illustrated.

Kipling, 10 volumes, for $10.00
Published at $37.50. Selected works. Half-morocco, gilt tops, illustrated.

Charles Lamb, 8 volumes, for $9.75
Published at $32.00. Edition de Luxe. Half-morocco, gilt tops, illustrated.

Macaulay, 20 volumes, for $10.50
Published at $40.00. Cambridge edition, complete works, cloth, gilt tops, frontispieces.

Scott, 24 volumes, for $20.00
Published at $100.00. Edition de Luxe, half-morocco, gilt tops, illustrated.

Shakespeare, 20 volumes, for $16.50
Published at $85.00. Edition de Luxe, half-morocco, gilt tops, illustrated.

Stevenson, 10 volumes, for $6.75
Published at $30.00. Selected works. Edition de Luxe, cloth, gilt tops, frontispieces.

Balzac, 30 volumes, for $15.00
Published at $45.00. The famous Wormeley translation. Cloth, gilt tops, frontispiece illustrations.

Burns' Poems, 4 volumes, for $4.75
Published at $16.00. [illegible] Half-morocco, gilt tops, water-color frontispieces.

NOTE — All the new Books are on our shelves — every Book usually found in a complete Book store may be obtained here. Order all your Books from

Strawbridge & Clothier, Market, Eighth and Filbert Streets **Philadelphia, Pa.**

KRELL AUTO GRAND

EASE of OPERATION

"The Youthful Mozart"

AT FIVE, Mozart astonished the musical world by his playing.

Your son or daughter, at the same age, can rival the skill of the most artistic performer if you own a Krell Auto-Grand Player Piano.

It is the piano and musician in one.

You can draw soul-stirring harmonies from it whether you are a finished musician or unable to read a note. It can be played by hand when desired, like ordinary pianos, and when not in use as a player, is indistinguishable from any beautiful upright.

The possibilities of expression on the Krell Auto-Grand are a marvel to the musician — a continual delight to the possessor.

The critic and the untutored in music both agree that the Krell Auto-Grand surpasses in brilliance of tone, in responsiveness and, most of all, in that supreme attribute of any piano player — the "human touch."

The reason of this superiority lies in the mechanical advantages of the Krell Auto-Grand player, which represent a distinct advance in every particular. Individual, detachable and adjustable pneumatics, metal tubes instead of rubber, automatic pedal, aluminum fingers, tilting motor, graduated tone device — to name but a few exclusive Krell Auto-Grand good points — are all improvements that make for greater worth and excellence.

If you will fill out the coupon herewith, we will send you two books worth having: Our Catalogue and "How to Select a Player-Piano." Write for them. To do so may save you money and regrets.

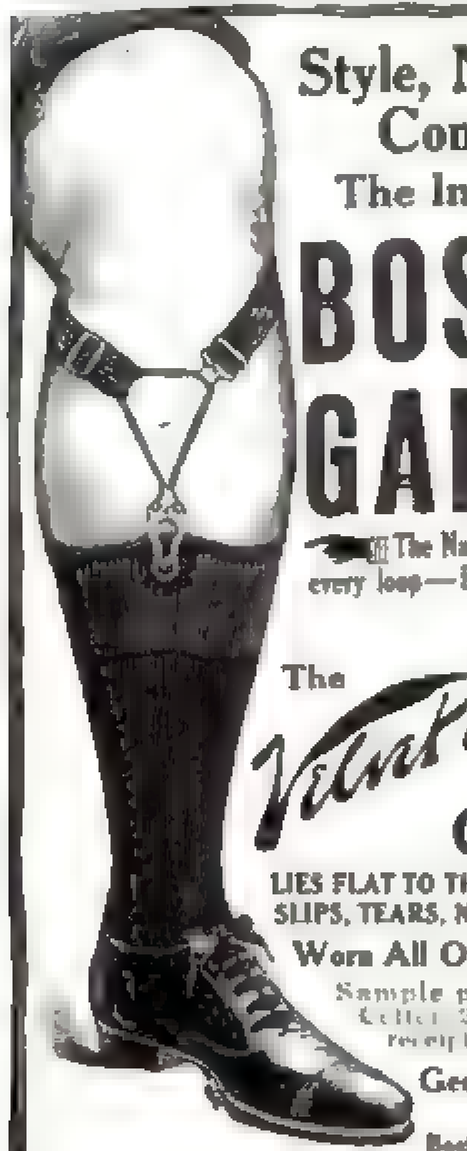
Krell Auto-Grand Piano Co.
Dept. T, Connersville, Ind.
Manufacturers of the Celebrated Albert Krell Pianos

KRELL AUTO-GRAND PIANO CO.
Dept. T, Connersville, Ind.

Gentlemen: I am interested in player pianos and would be glad to receive the books you mention.

Name

Address



Style, Neatness Comfort

The Improved

BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop — Be sure it's there

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG — NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

Worn All Over the World

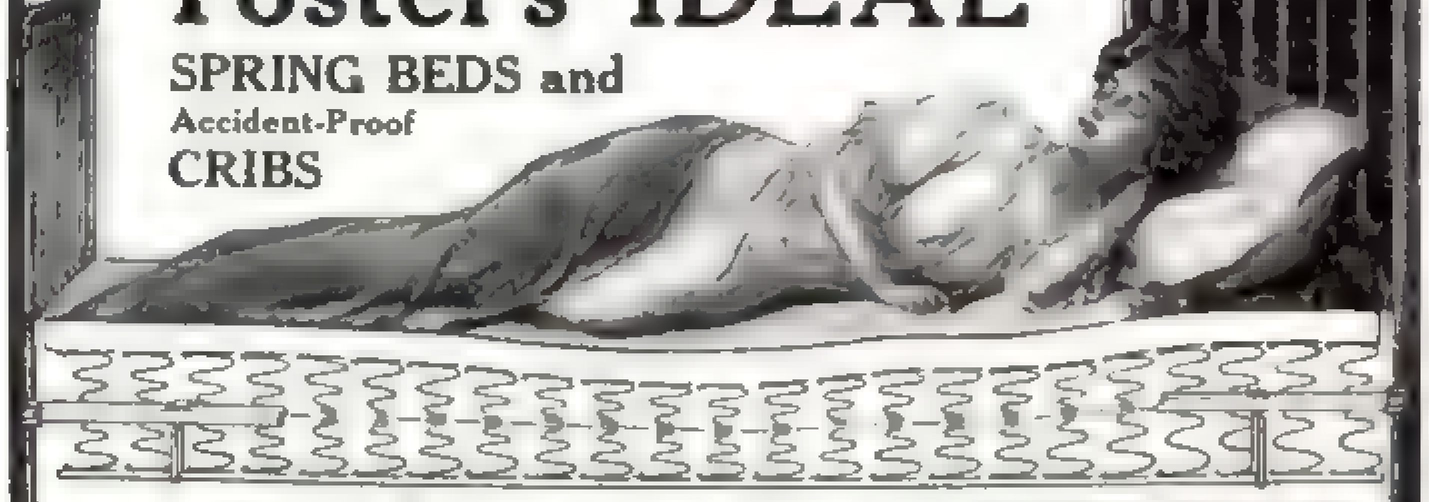
Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

George Frost Co.
Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Insist on Having the Genuine
Refuse All Substitutes

Foster's IDEAL

SPRING BEDS and Accident-Proof CRIBS



A Dream of Luxury and Ease

The chief element of a good bed is the spring. FOSTER'S IDEAL SPRING is the perfected result of a quarter century's inventive genius and constructive effort, and is built by special machinery and processes of which we own the exclusive patents.

It gently yields to the pressure of the body in exact proportion to weight, conforms perfectly to every curve, thus giving perfect support at all points, the essential feature of the perfect spring bed. It is a "double decker" — two springs in one — does not roll to the center, and never sags like woven wire and other springs. A priceless boon to invalids — a delightful luxury for all. Made either upholstered or plain. Extensively used by leading hotels, — its merits secure and retain patronage.

This Trade Mark IDEAL is on all our goods.

Do not be deceived by imitations. Look for the brass name-plate on every Ideal Spring. Every furniture dealer and leading [illegible] get our goods. Insist upon them. Write for Spring or Crib booklet, mailed free with name of nearest dealer.

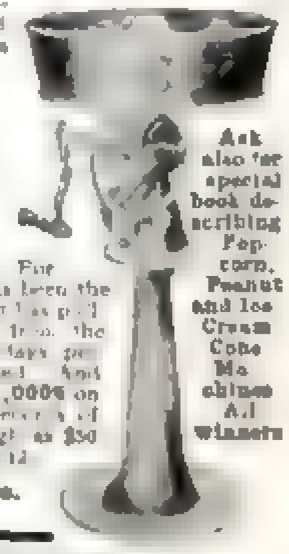
FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO., 4 Broad St., Utica, N. Y. 1402 16th St., St. Louis, Mo.

ACCIDENT PROOF

Mother retires knowing baby's safe in Foster's Ideal Crib. High sliding sides, closely spaced spindles, woven-wire springs, patented [illegible] fastener (on our [illegible]) guaranteed not to break. Different styles and prices. Enameled white or colors. Write for free Crib booklet.

Plant Pennies and Grow Dollars

Pennies spent in common, ordinary [illegible] into dollars in a few minutes, if you use an



EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE

The wonder of a wonderful century. For the past two years the EMPIRE has been the [illegible] You can't help but make 3,000% on every pound of sugar used. [illegible] of a large number of users show as high as $50 or [illegible] a day profits. Ask for catalog 12.

Ask also for special book describing Pop-corn, Peanut and Ice Cream Cone Machines. All winners.

Empire Candy Floss Machine Co.
Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

WHAT is that boy of yours reading?

The American Boy

is the greatest adjunct to refined home training. Wins every boy's enthusiasm and confidence. Bright, breezy stories of adventure, travel, history, biography, and world events, beautifully illustrated. Proper amount of sports and games, and departments of photography, electricity, stamps, coins, carpentry, how to do things, how to make things. To delight and develop your boy, SEND $1.00 FOR A FULL YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION.

On sale at all news-stands at 10 cents

Sprague Publishing Co., 85 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Feel-Fine Air Heels

make your feet and legs feel fine [illegible]. Worn inside shoes [illegible]. Used by Regal Shoe Co., Emerson Shoe Co., Crawford Shoe Makers, Inc. [illegible] size of shoe [illegible] back if not satisfactory.

Per pair, **25¢**

Consolidated Mfg. Co.
375 Asylum St.
Hartford, Conn.

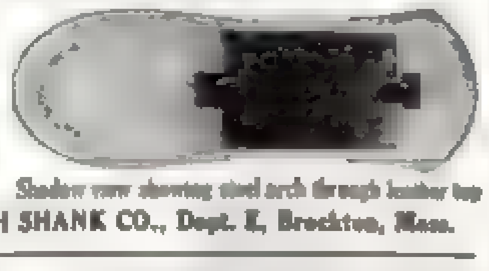
BROKEN-DOWN ARCH OR WEAK INSTEPS CAUSE RHEUMATISM, LAMENESS and TENDERNESS of the feet, also legs, knees, and backache, and possibly deformity. The

C & H ARCH INSTEP SUPPORT

will prevent all this.

50c. PER PAIR

Your Dealer or by Mail. Give size shoe, Men's or Women's.



Shadow view showing steel arch through leather top

The C & H ARCH SHANK CO., Dept. E, Brockton, Mass.

PATENTS THAT PAY "Protect Your Idea" Book "Fortunes in Patents — What and How to Invent" Free. 84-page Guide Book. Free report as to Patentability. E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer, 1186 F, Washington, D. C.

Going to Build?

Neponset Waterproof and Air Tight Building Paper on walls beneath clapboards or shingles means a yearly saving of one-third in heating cost. It makes rooms comfortable and healthy, and free from draughts and dampness.

Neponset Black Waterproof Building Paper

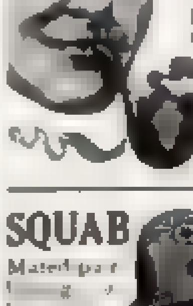
See that it is used on your house. Write for booklet "**Comfortable Homes**" — it tells the story you ought to know.

A bungalow, garage, barn, or any kind of a building, from a poultry house to a factory, needs a good roofing — one easy to apply, that will prove durable and attractive — will not leak. No trouble to those who use **Paroid Roofing.** It is absolutely unaffected by any climatic extremes.

Paroid Roofing

has stood the test of time. Our booklet "**Paroid Proofs**" will tell you why it is the best. Write for it and free sample.

F. W. BIRD & SON, 233 Mill Street, E. Walpole, Mass.

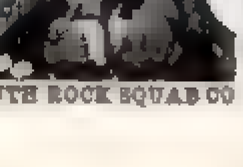


Buy TOBACCO DIRECT From FACTORY Then you will learn to know the exquisite aroma of a pure, perfectly blended, clean and wholesome smoke.

French's Mixture The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco pleases instantly, and satisfies continuously. Fragrant, rich, mellow and never bites tongue. Not sold by dealers but direct to smokers in [illegible] **Send 10c** [illegible] for Large Sample Pouch and Booklet

French Tobacco Co., Dept. R, Statesville, N. C.

SQUAB 1909 **BOOK FREE**



Mated pair [illegible]

Write for our handsome 1909 FREE BOOK, telling how to make money breeding squabs. We were first, the originators. [illegible] 303 pages, [illegible] It's great.

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 423 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

Kenyon
Kenreign
Rain Coats
Positively Hold Their Shape

On these shape-retaining "skeletons" we construct a Rain Coat of better quality and workmanship than you can otherwise hope to secure for the prices charged.

When you understand the peculiar merits of the system developed for their manufacture in the largest factories of their kind in the world, you will be as certain as we are.

THE KENYON GABARDINE
is made for both men and women—the watertightest light weight cool summer coat you ever saw made without rubber.

FOR SALE AT
GOOD STORES

Look for the Kenyon label. Ask your dealer or tell us what garment you prefer and the price you wish to pay. We will send Style Book and samples and see that you are supplied.

C. KENYON CO.
NEW YORK - - CHICAGO
Address requests for samples to the factories
602 Pacific Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

CULVER Summer Naval School
(On Lake Maxinkuckee) Culver, Ind.

THE eight weeks course at the Culver Summer Naval School is an ideal outing for boys. It's an organized vacation with life out of doors to tan the skin and harden the muscles. An hour or so of the forenoon is devoted to study; the afternoons are spent out of doors, learning the interesting things of the sailor's calling. Special tutoring may be had in any study. Also instruction in boxing, swimming, dancing. Every sort of athletic and aquatic sport is afforded.

Beautifully illustrated catalogue sent on request. Address

Commanding Officer, Culver, Ind.

FRENCH—GERMAN
SPANISH—ITALIAN
Spoken, Taught and Mastered by the
LANGUAGE
PHONE
METHOD
Combined with
The Rosenthal
Common Sense Method
of Practical Linguistry
The Latest and Best Work of Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal
YOU HEAR THE EXACT PRONUNCIATION OF EACH WORD AND PHRASE. A few minutes' practice several times a day at spare moments gives a thorough mastery of conversational French, German, Spanish or Italian.
[illegible]
THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
802 Metropolis Bldg., Broadway and 16th Street, New York

THE BLACK SHEEP

(Continued from Page 16)

in your clothes, do you?" As Hoppy seemed to be more intent on stamping his letters than listening to the plea, Mr. Peterman repeated it. Then he wet his lips again and nervously offered explanations. "I'm kinder short for a while," said he, and then, with a gulp, he threw himself on Hoppy's mercy. "Ah, be a good fellow, won't you?"

"No," said Hoppy, looking up, "I won't!"

A momentary pause followed, and Mr. Peterman fell back abashed. "You won't!" he gasped; and after that first, shamed cry of pride and wretched disappointment his face turned ashy and he curled back his lips in a sneer. "Yeh!" he muttered, his voice quivering. "Yeh, you and that other tinhorn—you and him'd josh me along till I was sucked dry like an orange! Yeh! And then you'd chuck me out, wouldn't you? Well," growled Mr. Peterman, tossing his head, "I knew he and that Burke were welshers and con men, only I didn't think you ——"

Hoppy gravely finished the last of his letters, deliberately stamping each in turn. Then he got to his feet. "Sit down, Mr. Peterman!" he snapped, and so sharply that Mr. Peterman gasped. "Sit down, I say!"

So the little man, his breath taken away from him, sat down, muttering and dumfounded. "Now *stay* there!" said Hoppy, and picking up the envelopes he walked to the outer door. "Boy," he called briskly, "drop these letters in the box—the box out in the hall." Waiting till he saw the boy depart Hoppy returned to Mr. Peterman.

"Listen!" said he curtly. "I won't give you a hundred—or even fifty. But I'll tell you what I will do: I'll give you a new position—a new job," he said, in that same brisk, self-confident voice. "I'll keep your wife and girls from being turned into the street, Mr. Peterman. I'll give you a place so you won't have to go home every night and lie about your business. But," rapped Hoppy sharply, "you've got to promise me—you've got to promise you'll never look at the tape again. Do you promise?" he demanded, and looked down with a scowl as ugly as Rooker's. "Come—is it a go?"

But Mr. Peterman could only gasp. "Me? You give—you say I ——"

Hoppy pushed him back on his chair; Mr. Peterman's broken speech seemed to have been an explicit answer. "You sit still now," ordered Hoppy, "and wait for me. I've something I've got to do."

Then he turned on his heel and, pushing open the door to the rear offices, disappeared from Mr. Peterman's view.

"Feeney!" said Hoppy curtly. The head bookkeeper looked up alertly, a little confused. It was the first time Hoppy had spoken to him like that. "Feeney, you keep the books of the Honduras Gold and Placer Company. What's their cash on hand?"

A little startled, the bookkeeper answered lamely that he didn't know. "Perhaps Mr. Rooker ——" he began ingenuously.

Hoppy looked him in the eye. "What's the cash on hand, I say?" he repeated sharply; and then, with embarrassment, the bookkeeper consulted a private memorandum. "Thirty-six hundred," he announced uncomfortably, unaware that Hoppy had been looking over his shoulder.

"Thirty-six hundred, you say?" Hoppy smiled and wrote it on a slip of paper. "Thirty-six hundred—and then all the rest of it you forgot to mention—all the thousands that have been transferred to Account No. 12." He still smiled lightly as he put down these other figures, and then looked up. "Account No. 12—whose is that, by the way?"

The bookkeeper, who was perspiring now, said awkwardly he didn't know. "Perhaps I'd better call Mr. Rooker," he suggested, and made as if to depart.

"Don't bother," begged Hoppy airily; "it's with Bullheimer & Co., I am sure." Then again he applied himself to Rooker's sweating underling—pressing him in that same suave, insistent way. "Now, Feeney, just one thing more and then I'll stop bothering you. What's our balance with the bank?"

Though distinctly warned that any inquiries in his department must be referred directly to Rooker, Feeney gave the

Don't Judge a Roofing
By Its Looks

On the surface, most ready roofings look the same.

But the weather finds the hidden weakness.

The weather finds the vegetable fibers in the fabric and rots them.

The weather finds the volatile oils which are concealed below the surface. The sun draws these oils, in globules, to the top of the roofing, where they evaporate in the air.

Where there was a globule of air, there remains a hole. And behind each hole is a tiny channel which lets the weather and water into the very heart of the roofing.

When the sun and the wind and weather have sought out the hidden weaknesses, the roofing is porous, instead of solid; watersoaked, instead of waterproof.

You can't tell by looks, which roofing will last twenty years, and which will go to pieces in a single summer.

Seventeen Years of Service

But you *can* do this: You *can* tell the original Ruberoid roofing—the only roofing which *has* lasted seventeen years—from the 300 substitutes which have proven their unworthiness.

Ruberoid was the first ready roofing. Its basis is the best wool felt impregnated with Ruberoid gum.

It is this wonderful flexible gum which no other maker can duplicate.

It is this gum which gives Ruberoid all the flexibility of rubber without containing an iota of it. It is this gum which withstands wind, weather, sun, fire, acid gases and fumes, where all other compounds fail.

It is this gum, in the Ruberine cement which accompanies each roll of Ruberoid roofing, which makes ours practically a *one-piece* roofing—sealed against leaks—sealed against the weather.

Ruberoid comes plain and in colors. The attractive Red, Brown and Green Ruberoid are fine enough for the costliest home. And the color feature is exclusive—protected by U. S. and foreign patents.

In the past twenty years we have had experience not only with all ready roofings, but with other roofings—shingles, tar, tin, iron and other roofings.

We Test All Roofings

Each roofing we have exposed to the weather test, on our roof garden at Bound Brook, N. J.

The result of these twenty years of tests we have written into a book which will be gladly sent you free.

This book is a gold mine of roofing information, telling about the advantages and disadvantages of each roofing for each purpose. To secure a copy, address Dept. [illegible] The Standard Paint Company, 100 William Street, New York.

RUBEROID
TRADEMARK REGISTERED
Be sure to look for this registered trademark which is [illegible]

THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY, Bound Brook, N. J.
New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Boston, Philadelphia, Memphis, Atlanta, Denver, San Francisco, Montreal, London, Paris, Hamburg

The Reason Why "Old English" Floor Wax produces so much better effect is simply because it is a floor wax of the very highest quality.
You will understand it better when we say that all floor waxes are made essentially from two ingredients—a hard, expensive wax and a soft, cheap wax. That offers an easy way to cheapen any floor wax. In compounding

Old English
Floor Wax
"The Wax with a Guarantee"

the question of "cost" never enters—it is entirely a matter of "quality" of product—and we make it the very *best*. That's why it proves to be the most attractive, most economical, most easily applied and most satisfactory finish—

For Floors, Furniture and All Interior Woodwork

It is equally suitable for the finest inlaid hardwood floors or plain pine floors; never flakes nor becomes sticky, nor shows heel marks or scratches. It preserves the floor and is sanitary. It is easy to get beautiful floors and easy to keep them beautiful—if you do it right. We have treated this subject thoroughly and we will send Free—Our Book—"Beautiful Floors—Their Finish and Care."

It will give you valuable, expert advice in plain terms on such subjects as

Woods Fit For Flooring
Finishing New Floors
Finishing Old Floors
Finishing Dancing Floors
Care of Waxed Floors
Cleaning and Polishing Hardwood Floors
Finishing Kitchen, Pantry and Bathroom Floors
Stopping Cracks in Floors
Finishing Furniture and Interior Woodwork, Etc., Etc.
Removing Varnish, Shellac or Paint

"Old English" Floor Wax is guaranteed to give satisfaction when used as directed or money refunded.

SAMPLE FREE but be sure to use it as directed. Put up in 1, 2, 4 and 8 lb. cans, 50c a lb. 1 lb. covers 300 sq. ft.

Sold by high class dealers in paints and finishes. Mention your dealer's name in writing for the free sample and the book and if he hasn't "Old English" Floor Wax order it from us.

A. S. BOYLE & CO.
1907 W. 8th Street Cincinnati, Ohio
Also Manufacturers of "BRIGHTENER"—which keeps floors clean and bright all the time.

OLD ENGLISH FLOOR WAX
A. S. BOYLE & CO.

DIAMOND
FAST COLOR
EYELETS

are the only shoe eyelets made with tops of solid color. They

CAN'T WEAR "BRASSY"

They retain their bright, new appearance long after the shoes are worn out.

Eyelets that wear "brassy" give shoes a cheap appearance. If you would avoid them, look for the little diamond ◆ trade-mark as shown in illustration above. It is slightly raised on the surface of every genuine Fast Color Eyelet. Every good shoe should have them, and no shoe can be strictly high-grade without them. Ask your dealer about them, or write for a descriptive booklet.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

THE RACYCLE
THE RACYCLE
The Racycle

A Fortune

Is yours. $10,000 in cash and $50,000 worth of stock in The Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co. is offered in the "Bond Behind the Factory" to any one who can prove that the solution of the Crank Hanger problem, as published in our pamphlet "The Three Reasons"—has been figured incorrectly. Send for a copy of the Bond.

The World's Best Bicycle

pushes *farther* and *faster* with less work than any other bicycle. This [illegible]. The Racycle has 27% *less* pressure on the bearings than any ordinary bicycle. It is the best hill climber and easiest running wheel made.

This season's construction makes the Racycle Crank Hanger [illegible] "The Three Reasons" [illegible] PRIZE [illegible] FREE [illegible] can get yours [illegible] agent.

The Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co., Middletown, O., U.S.A.

$160,000,000
Loss by Rats

[illegible]

Rat Bis-Kit

needs no mixing [illegible] druggists [illegible]

The Rat Biscuit Co.
[illegible]
Springfield, O.

Colonial Estate (2000 ACRES) For Sale

On S. A. L. Ry. in North Carolina consists of 2 nice [illegible] Residences [illegible] rooms and [illegible] rooms, 13 tenant houses, [illegible] pasture for 100 cattle. Well watered, healthy climate. Rich land close to big markets. Fine for wheat, cotton, grasses, fruits, vegetables, etc. Water power, grist mill, cotton ginnery. [illegible] worth $3,000. Price for everything, $17,000. Terms $1,[illegible] cash, balance $1,000.00 a year. Now rents for $1,000.00. Write

Industrial Dept. S. A. L. Ry. Co.
Dept. P, Portsmouth, Va.

desired information. "Thank you," said Hoppy agreeably. "Quite entertaining, this job of yours, isn't it? I've been studying double entry for some time, now. It's really fascinating. Yes, I can hardly tell you how much I've enjoyed looking in your books—when you were at luncheon, don't you know!"

Gathering up his memo. slips he bestowed another smile on the dumfounded and suffering bookkeeper and strolled back to the customers' room. "Sit still, Mr. Peterman," he called as the little man arose with a subdued, wondering look. "Just a few minutes more now and then I'll be ready to go."

But Mr. Peterman insisted. "I want to speak to you—I got to—it may be too late tomorrow. It's about Rooker and that fat crook, Sunset Burke!" cried the little man. "My Reading order—they ——" He paused uncomfortably, because Hoppy had begun to laugh at him. "But that Reading order—my last two hundred," he spluttered thickly; "I gave the order to Hink Rooker and then watched him. He never went near the 'phone—the order never left the office. He just went into his office—looked out the window—lit a cigar—and came back and told me it was filled. Why!" exclaimed Mr. Peterman, "they're bucketing everything, and ——"

"Mr. Peterman, *don't*, I beg of you!" Smiling gently, he laid a hand on the little man's shoulder. "I know you mean well, but you mustn't make a charge like that unless you're sure. And how can you be sure unless you know bookkeeping and sometimes look in the books?" And, laughing gaily, Hoppy walked into his private office and picked up the telephone.

"I say," he called to the operator, "if any one asks for me or Mr. Rooker and Mr. Burke, just say we're busy, won't you?"

Hanging up the receiver he went over to the washstand, brushed his rumpled hair, gave his cravat a tug and then smiled at himself in the glass. "——and devilish busy, too!" he murmured.

"Mr. Rooker!"

Closing his partner's door Hoppy stood looking down at the tableau. There was Rooker, his feet cocked up on his desk, and in the chair opposite lolled Sunset Burke, his fat face glowing good-humoredly. "Mr. Rooker and Mr. Burke!"

At the names, and as if answering to a roll-call, Rooker took down his feet, while Sunset removed the cigar from between his fat, smiling lips. "I hope you're not engaged?" suggested Hoppy.

The query, though put in the most even of tones, seemed to awaken in both Rooker and Burke something akin to uneasiness. Together they looked at each other for the briefest fraction of a moment and then together they looked at Hoppy. Sunset, however, no longer smiled, nor did he remember to replace the cigar between his fat lips, now no longer grinning. "Want to talk to us?" said Rooker, and then remembered his manners. "Why, sure sure, Hoppy! Have a chair, won't you?" He not only shoved the chair forward then, but also offered a cigar. "Smoke?" Hoppy declined the panatela, but Rooker still pressed it on him. "Smoke it after dinner, then."

"I didn't come in here to smoke," said Hoppy calmly; "I came in to talk."

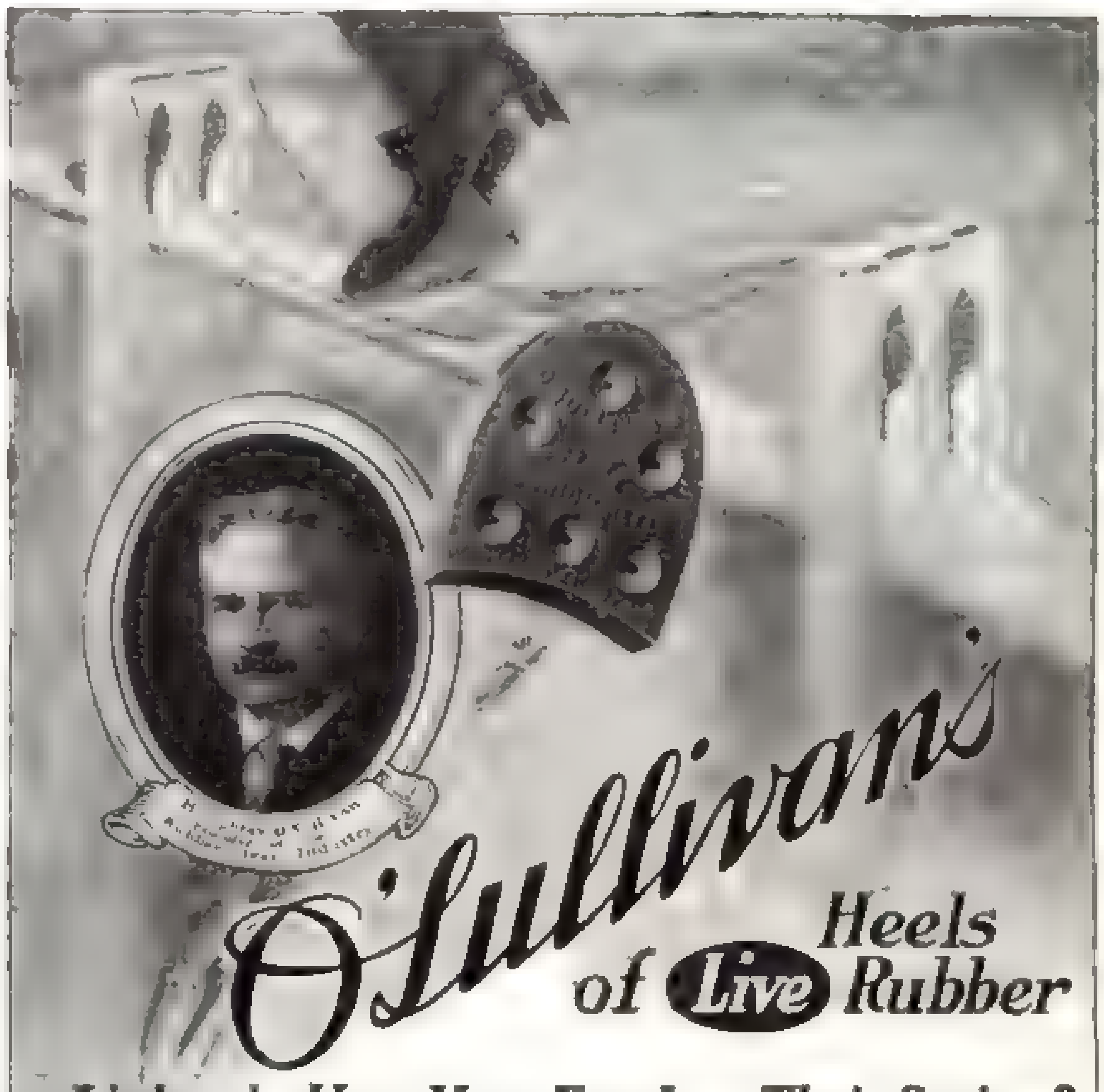
Another quick exchange of glances between the two, another momentary flickering of eyelids, and then Rooker cleared his throat. "Well, fire away," he commanded, and stuck both thumbs in his armpits.

Hoppy went straight to the point. "I want to ask about your gold mine—how it's going—and whether you've taken out any gold?"

At the question Sunset started abruptly, but Rooker gave no sign. "Why, yes. Not getting interested, are you?" he inquired evenly.

Hoppy assured him that he was. "I wish to know particularly whether you've taken out any gold. I wish to ask you whether your mine isn't a flat, downright fizzle?"

Sunset said something sharply, and looking over his shoulder Rooker silenced him with a look. "Shut up, Sunset!" Then Rooker pulled out the flap of his desk and hitching toward it put up both his feet. It was an act evidencing calmness and purpose—a clear intent to discuss the matter dispassionately—to show that he was not disturbed. "Why do you want to know?" he asked pleasantly. "You're



Listen! *Have Your Feet Lost Their Spring?*

Do you sit down where you used to stand? Do you ride where you used to walk? Are you disinclined to walk? Do you wear the soles of your shoes on the inside? Look to your shoes; look to the heels of your shoes particularly. These symptoms and many others arise from improper attitudes in walking, bringing disproportionate weight on the inner or weaker side of the feet.

See to your shoes; see to the heels of your shoes; see that the heels are low and long enough to receive a perpendicular line passing down through the center of the ankle on the inside of your foot; see that your boots are fitted with heels of Live Rubber for just one reason, though there are many others which physicians, nurses, teachers, housekeepers, and in fact all sensible people, will offer; and the great reason why you should wear Heels of Live Rubber is that they encourage walking, which is universally conceded to be the simplest and best exercise, and enable you to walk more briskly and farther with the same effort. They do more than that; they help you to walk normally and gracefully.

If all people wore Heels of Live Rubber and had them put on by shoemakers who understood their work, they would be wearing heels one inch high and long enough to receive that portion of the weight which ought to be supported by the breast of the heel and to relieve the strain upon the instep arch.

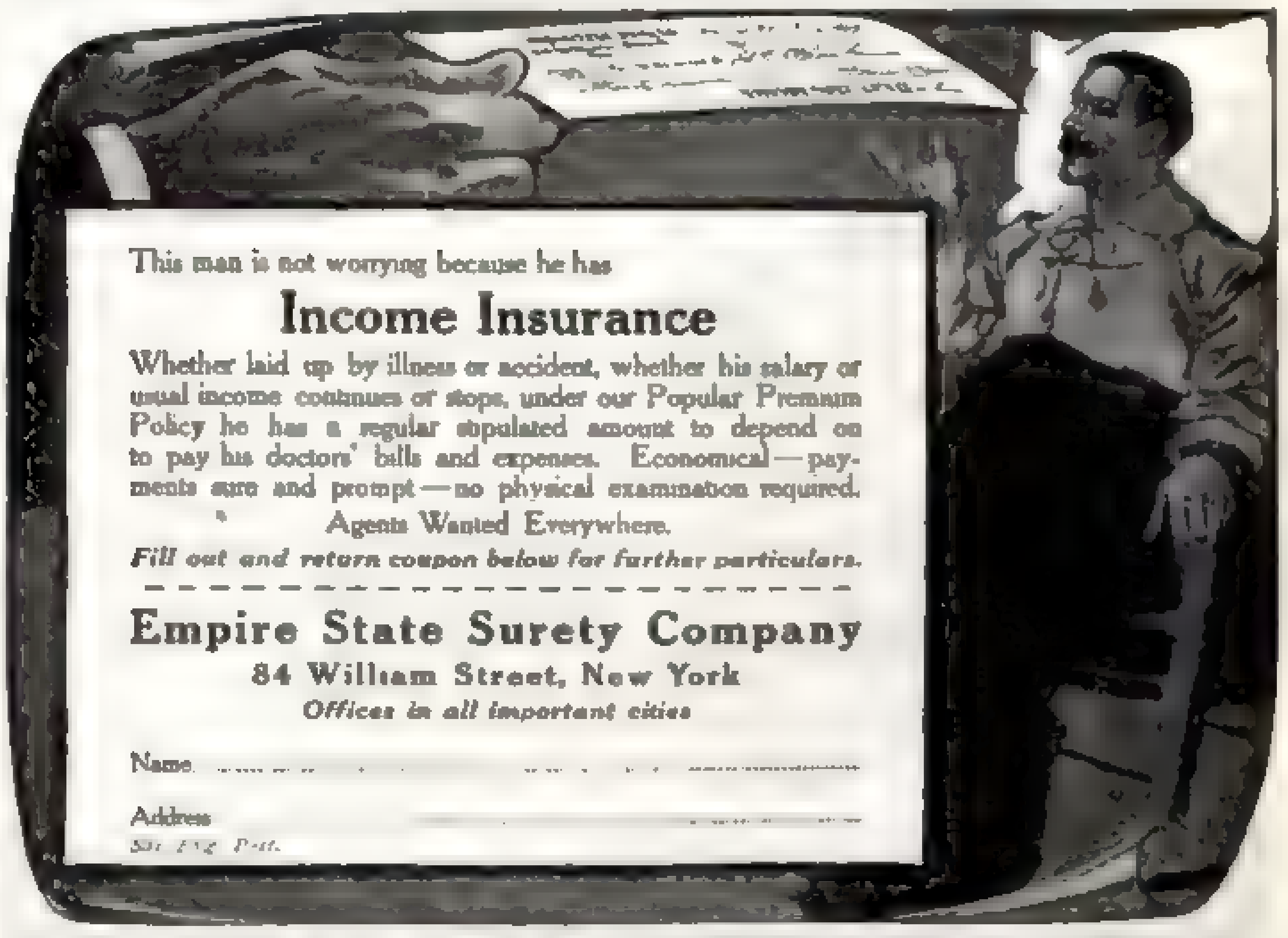
The resiliency of the Live Rubber Heel induces you to walk normally; that is, to carry your feet parallel in walking. Leather heels are inclined to make you toe out; that is abnormal, ungainly, and tiresome, and results in the afflictions for which instep supports are worn on the inside of the shoes.

Provided Heels of Live Rubber encourage walking and induce normal attitudes in walking, then it follows that they cause you to use the ball of your foot as the fulcrum, and the muscles of your leg to lift your body in walking.

If Heels of Live Rubber are helpful along these lines, isn't 50c. a low price for them? Isn't it almost a shame to substitute ash-barrel rubber stuffed with rags when *Live Rubber* is the only article that will fill the mission of the rubber heel? But that is the situation; if you want *Live Rubber* you must demand O'Sullivan's. The few cents more profit that the substitute leaves the dealer explains why he makes his little speech as to why they are "just as good."

When you encounter such a condition send diagram of your boot heel and 35c. to Lowell and get your Live Rubber Heels direct from the makers. A free booklet on the proper walk and proper walking shoes, written by Humphrey O'Sullivan, expert foot fitter, for the asking.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., Lowell, Mass.



This man is not worrying because he has

Income Insurance

Whether laid up by illness or accident, whether his salary or usual income continues or stops, under our Popular Premium Policy he has a regular stipulated amount to depend on to pay his doctors' bills and expenses. Economical—payments sure and prompt—no physical examination required.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

Fill out and return coupon below for further particulars.

Empire State Surety Company
84 William Street, New York
Offices in all important cities

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

Sat. Eve. Post.

All Safety Razor Blades 2½c

We resharpen double-edge and other safety blades for only 2½c each. You can't afford to throw away old blades when we will sterilize, resharpen and make them better than new at this trifling price. We return your own particular blades. One trial will convince you of the merits of our service. Stamps taken in payment. State number and make of blades and we will send a convenient mailing package free. *Write now.* Keenedge Co., 800 Keenedge Bldg., Chicago

There's Always a Chance Ahead

for the ambitious man to obtain a technical education without leaving home or giving up his work.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF
CIVIL ENGINEERING

is adapted for Home Study because it is compiled from text books prepared especially for the American School of Correspondence Courses. This set of books has more up-to-date, accurate money-saving information on Reinforced Concrete, Irrigation and Water Power Development than any other similar set of books. Also contains complete and authoritative information on Steel Construction, Railroad Engineering, Cost Analysis, Bridge Analysis and Design, Sewers and Drains, and Sanitation, in fact it covers thoroughly every branch of Civil Engineering, big or little.

Just to introduce our methods of Correspondence Study, we are offering these books at a special price of $24.00, payable $2.00 down and $2.00 a month. The regular price is $48.00. If the books are not what you want, return them at our expense. We will pay transportation charges both ways.

IMPORTANT SUBJECTS COVERED

Plane Surveying — Mechanical Drawing — Plotting and Topography — Railroad Engineering — Statics — Strength of Materials — Roof Trusses and Mill Building Construction — Cost Analysis in Relation to Engineering — Masonry — Practical Problems in Construction — Hydraulics — House Drainage and Sanitation — River and Harbor Improvements — Highway Construction, etc.

Order promptly and we will include FREE for one year as a monthly supplement, the TECHNICAL WORLD MAGAZINE, a live, up-to-the-minute, $1.50 monthly, crowded with special technical articles in popular form.

FREE OFFER COUPON

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.

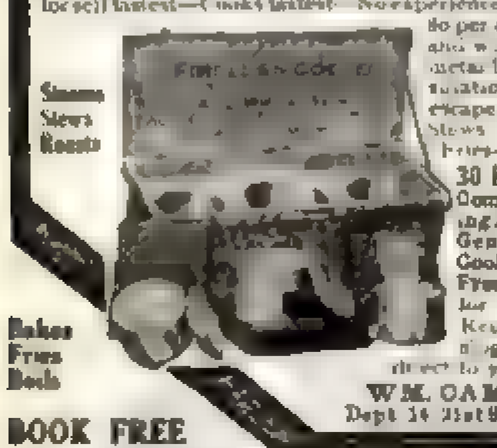
Please send set Cyclopedia of Civil Engineering for 5 days' free examination. Also Technical World for 1 year. I will send $2 within 5 days and $2 a month until I have paid $24.00, otherwise I will notify you and hold the books subject to your order. Title not to pass until fully paid.

NAME

ADDRESS

EMPLOYER

SAT. EVE. POST 4-3-09



Rapid Fireless Cooker

You'll Be Surprised at the Low Direct Price I'll Make You

Satisfaction guaranteed by full 30 days' trial or no charge—Pays for itself fastest—Cooks fastest. No experience necessary—Saves 80 per cent. on fuel, time and work. Non-rusting metal lined. Perfect insulation — Steam can't escape — Boils, Steams, Stews, Roasts, Bakes, Fries—Sent prompt you

30 Full Days' Free Trial

Complete With Roasting Attachment. Also Genuine Aluminum Cooking Utensils.

Free. Send name today for over 125 special Recipe Book and Catalog Free, and low direct to you factory prices.

WM. CAMPBELL CO.
Dept 14 31st St Detroit Mich

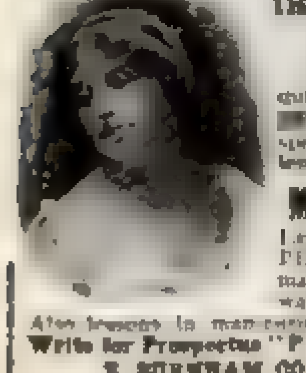
BOOK FREE

DO YOU HAVE KNIVES TO GRIND, SILVER TO POLISH, SMALL TOOLS TO OPERATE, WASHING MACHINES OR WRINGERS TO RUN? LET THE RED DEVIL

Water Motor Do Your Work

Attached to any water faucet will develop up to 3 Horse Power according to size of pipe and water pressure. Only perfect small motor made. Improved bucket wheel construction. **6 in. Motor** for all small power work and **Washing Machine**, ½ H. P. on ½ in. pipe 80 lbs. water pressure, 1 H. P. on 60 lbs. pressure, 2 in. pipe. Net price **$8, cash with order. 4 inch Motor** for grinding, polishing, fans, sewing machine. No. 14-3 Motor with Pulley **$3.50**. No. 14-7 Motor with emery, buffing wheel, silver polish and pulley **$5, cash with order**. Money back for any reason. Order your motor from dealer or from us. Send your water pressure and size of supply pipe. Active Agents wanted. **Catalog free.**

DIVINE WATER MOTOR CO.
DEPT 5 UTICA, N.Y.



THE E. BURNHAM ILLUSTRATED

LESSONS

quickly teach you at your home to earn an [illegible] INCOME. Become a specialist in one of the most pleasant professions for women. *The Cost is Small*

Manufacturing of Hair Goods

Lessons are illustrated from ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS showing just how to make coils, puffs, switches, pompadours, waves, art coiffures, wigs and toupees. Also lessons in manicuring, hairdressing, shampooing, etc. **Write for Prospectus "P."** Gives full particulars. **Sent free.**

E. BURNHAM CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
70 and 72 State Street, Dept. 2508, Chicago, Ill.

not in on that mining deal. It's not a concern of yours."

"Yeh! What're you driving at, anyhow?" demanded Sunset, and again became the target for a look.

As before, Hoppy went straight to the point. "It is my concern," he corrected, "very much so, indeed. Mr. Rooker, though you assured me otherwise, you have sold to the customers of Rooker, Burke & Co. a good many thousand dollars' worth of that stock—some sixty-six hundred shares, to be exact. Your mine is a fizzle, gentlemen—no, it's worse. It's a plain, clumsy fraud—the clumsiest kind of a fraud!"

Again Sunset's temper got the better of him and he lurched ponderously to his feet. "Say, Rooker," he demanded hotly, "are you going to sit there and let that boob throw the hooks into you? I'm not, anyhow."

Rooker looked over his shoulder at his partner. "Sit down, Sunset, you're only getting excited. Hoppy has not quite finished." Then he turned back again. "Now, Hoppy, you were saying?"

But Rooker's manner was too unconcerned to be capable. "Need I say it again?" queried Hoppy baldly. "It's a fraud, and you knew it from the beginning—from the first moment that swindler Williams trundled his red wheelbarrows into this office. *Red wheelbarrows!*" laughed Hoppy lightly. "Yes, you needed something novel to fool the wise ones—the ones that had been bitten before! So you tried the wheelbarrows, and these customers of ours—these dopes, I believe you call them—fell like little children."

Rooker put down his feet again and tugged solemnly at his collar. Like Sunset, he no longer smiled, though he still made a brave show of indifference. "One moment, please," he interrupted. "How do you know the mine is a fraud?"

"Because," said Hoppy, crossing his knees comfortably, "because when you tried it on me I suspected something like that. Because, later on—the next morning, by the way—I shipped a mining engineer down to that place in Honduras. He was a real engineer, you know," added Hoppy, "not one of the kind like Williams, the kind that hang around Broadway and Forty-second Street. He knew it was a fraud before he went there and an afternoon's work convinced him. Would you care to see what he's written?"

No—neither Rooker or Sunset cared to see it, so Hoppy returned the paper to his pocket. Then Rooker smiled amiably and leaned back with his elbows on his chair-arms. "Well, Hopkins," he said quietly, "is that all? You know, I really thought it was something bad, yes?—by the way you came flouncing in on us." After that he looked over lightly at Sunset Burke, nodded and laughed again. "Why, Hopkins, we knew the mine was a fraud—that Williams had tried to swindle us. We found it out last night, and do you know what we're going to do? Do you know?"

Hoppy had a pretty clear idea what they were going to do, though he didn't say so. Instead he contented himself with a quiet, "Well?"

"We're going to pay back every cent of it," said Rooker sharply, "every single, red cent we've collected. That's what we're going to do, young man—and I don't thank you for the way you've insulted us!" Flaming up suddenly, Rooker stuck out his jaw and glared. "I'm sending out notices tomorrow that one year from the date of sale we'll pay it back with interest. With interest at four per cent!" snapped the senior partner and spat suddenly. "That suits your Highness, doesn't it?" he sneered.

It seemed, then, that Hoppy must be a finical person to deal with; so square a proposal as this bore every evidence of Rooker's good faith, for he, too, had been defrauded and now he strove to make good. "Well, does that satisfy you?" he demanded anew; and Sunset, who had received the announcement with open-mouthed wonder, now took a part in the colloquy. "Yeh!" he echoed hotly.

"No," said Hoppy, "it doesn't at all." He waited until both Rooker and Sunset recovered themselves, and then he quietly resumed. "No—because you're going to pay it back at once—every last cent of it," said Hoppy flatly, and arose. "It *was* a swindle, and it's *still* a swindle! You buncoed our customers into buying stock of you—you let them in as a favor, yes—and

(Concluded on Page 48)

Crawford Shoes

FOR MEN 3.50 4.00 5.00

In New York the fashion centre of the country Crawford Shoes are sold by Crawford Shoe Makers, at

23d Street and 4th Avenue.
[illegible] Nassau Street.
137 Fulton Street.
10 and 12 Broadway.
138[illegible] Broadway.
103 West 42d Street.
141 West 125th Street.
4[illegible]3 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.
1001 Broadway, Brooklyn.

No. 1703—Student shape, made of Mirror Patent. Sent prepaid, $3.75.
CRAWFORD SHOES ARE UNION MADE

The most scientific feature of the Crawford Shoe is its model construction. Upon this all true foot comfort depends.

A pair of Crawford Shoes reproduced in glass would clearly show you why Crawford patented "Tredstrate" lasts let the foot lie in an easy, natural position. There's no pinching or crowding the toes. No running over on the outside. Crawford Shoes follow the correct lines of the foot, rather than forcing the foot to conform to the shape of the shoe.

Write for interesting booklet telling "**why** Crawford Shoes are **good** shoes."

Charles A. Eaton

Chas. A. Eaton Co., *Makers*
Brockton, Mass.

9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

—How to manage a business
—How to sell goods
—How to get money by mail
—How to buy at rock bottom
—How to collect money
—How to stop cost leaks
—How to train and handle men
—How to get and hold a position
—How to advertise a business
—How to devise office methods

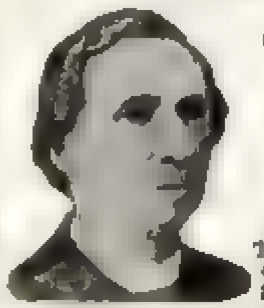
Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Simply say "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet." Send to

SYSTEM, Dept. 26-43, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

A Salary for Your Spare Time

THOUSANDS of people have time on their hands which could be profitably devoted to some outside employment. If you have a desire to do so, we can offer you the opportunity. We want agents in every town in the country to look after our subscription work—to forward renewals for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and to send new business. For this work we pay a regular, weekly salary and a commission on each order. If you are interested, send us a line of inquiry.

Circulation Bureau
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia



SOLID COMFORT!

The Worth Cushion Sole Shoe

A MATTRESS FOR THE FOOT.
Moisture-Proof Sole.
Send postal for illustrated catalogue
THE CUMMINGS COMPANY
406 W Washington St., Boston, Mass.
370 W Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

COOKING WITHOUT FIRE

We want everyone interested in Fireless Cooking to send for our Free Booklets on our **Fireless Cooker and Baker.** The only metal cooker that will Roast, Bake, Boil, Stew and Steam. **Sent on Approval.**

T. & S. CO., 207 Franklin Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

PATENT$ *FOR YOUR* IDEA$ *Send for FREE Book*
H. S. HILL, 32-84 Columbian Bldg., Washington, D. C.

STAMPS 108 all diff., Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 diff. U.S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agts. wtd. 50 per ct. **List Free.** I buy stamps. C. Stegman, 5943 Cote Brilliante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Hanover

$3

Guaranteed

Be on the safe side. Get shoes with leather, workmanship and fit guaranteed in writing. Doesn't cost you one cent more—costs less to buy the Hanover. You get $5 leather fit and style and you pay $3, because we find out what men want and give it to them direct without the expense of several middlemen.

Write for Hanover Style Book. We'll tell you the street address of our nearest store and send you our system of foot measurement. If not near a Hanover store send us your order, giving size of last comfortable shoe, and style you want. Add 25c for expressage and we'll ship immediately, express prepaid.

SHEPPARD & MYERS CO., Factory, Hanover, Pa.

STORES
Akron, O.
Albany, N. Y.
Allentown, Pa.
Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
Brooklyn, N. Y. (2 stores)
Camden, N. J.
Chester, Pa.
Cincinnati, O.
Cleveland, O.
Dayton, O.
Easton, Pa.
Erie, Pa.
Hanover, Pa.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Lancaster, Pa.
Newark, N. J.
Newcastle, Pa.
New York City (3 stores)
Norfolk, Va.
Paterson, N. J.
Philadelphia (5 stores)
Pittsburg, Pa.
Reading, Pa.
Richmond, Va.
Scranton, Pa.
Springfield, O.
Trenton, N. J.
Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Wilmington, Del.
York, Pa.

FREE CIGAR TRIAL

LA RECLAMA
CUBAN FACTORY
RR

LA RECLAMA
RR

HERE'S a rich, nutty, delicious clear Havana Cigar, that will cost you only $3.75 a hundred—if you like them.

We say "if you like them," because we are willing to let you try them before we ask you to buy them. The cigar that we want you to try, is our well-known "BABY GRAND"—a dandy Havana smoke, skilfully blended to the American smoker's taste. It's a medium size, full 4 3-16 inches long. It's a quality that if bought through the regular retail channels would cost you at least "three for a quarter."

It is only because we are the largest manufacturing mail order cigar dealers in the world, and sell our product BY MAIL—*direct to the smoker*, eliminating the profits and expenses of salesmen, jobbers and retail dealers, that we can give you such a wonderful value for so little money. That's why we want to impress it upon you not to judge the price before you judge the cigars.

To prove that the "BABY GRAND" is the greatest value you have ever tried, send us an order on your business letter paper, or furnish references and

We'll ship to you on FREE TRIAL

100 of our Famous "BABY GRAND" CLEAR HAVANA CIGARS

It's the same delightful smoke that we show you here in the exact size.

We'll send you these cigars without a cent in advance—charges prepaid. We want you to smoke five, then if you are pleased with them, send us $3.75 within 10 days and the cigars are yours. But, if for any reason you don't care for them, ship the remainder back, express collect, and we'll make no charge for the few smoked in testing.

We make this liberal offer, because we know you'll like the cigars, and because we know your initial order will turn you into a permanent patron.

Write Today for 100 "BABY GRANDS" on FREE TRIAL. Mention whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars. *We sell all our cigars entirely on their merit.* We let a customer try before he buys. We know if we please you, you'll continue to patronize us. We work no premium schemes to get your money in advance. We have confidence in you and in our cigars. Booklet which explains our methods and shows over thirty-five splendid cigar values, sent free on request.

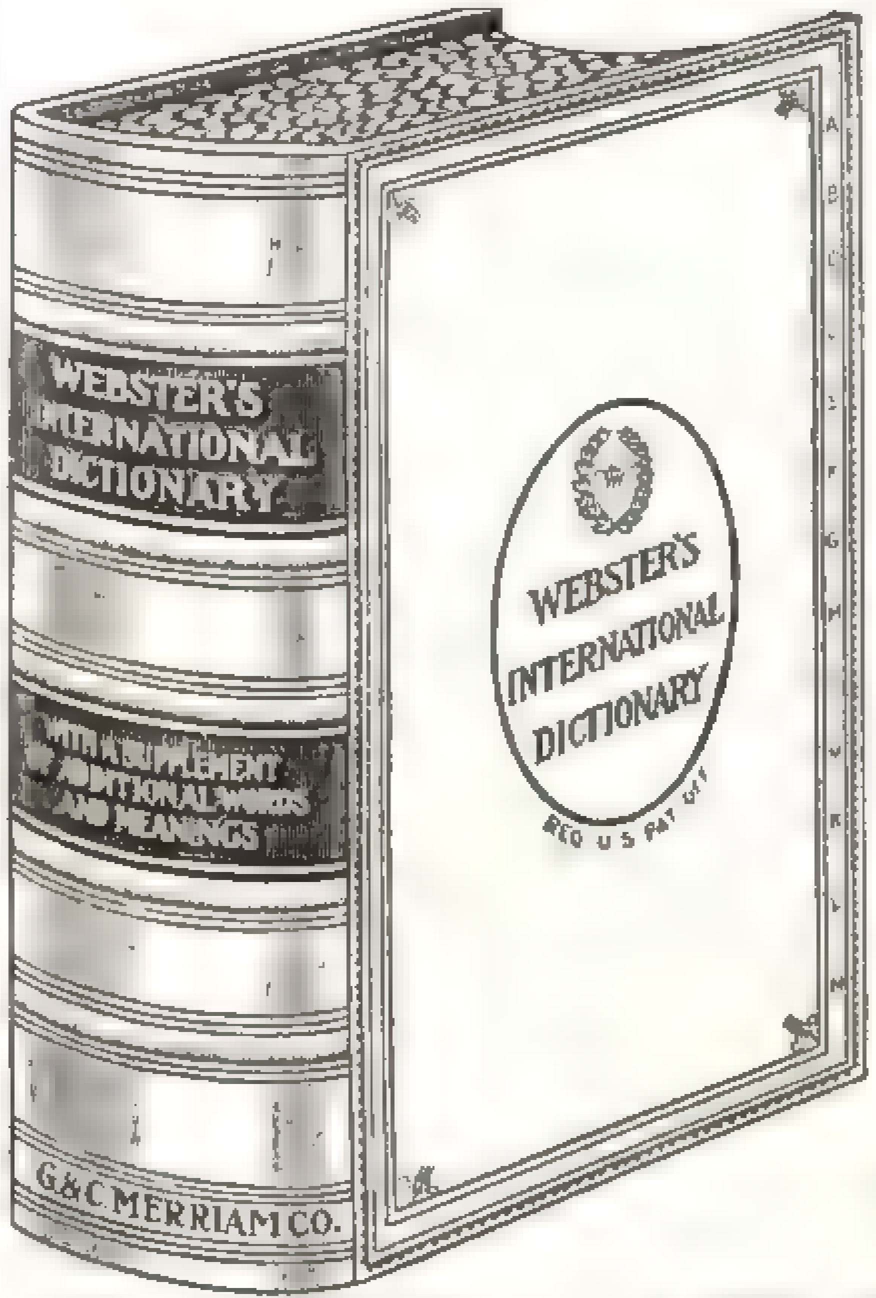
La Reclama Cuban Factory
L. H. RIDGEWAY President
CIGARS from MAKER to SMOKER by MAIL
Est. 1875 Inc.

165 B Lenox Ave.
New York City
Reference—
Bryant Park Bank, N. Y.

$3 ATLAS 1909 Edition Given FREE

To 1,000 readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who take advantage of this **Special Offer** now made in connection with the **Enlarged Edition of**

Webster's International Dictionary


WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
WITH A SUPPLEMENT OF ADDITIONAL WORDS AND MEANINGS
G&C MERRIAM CO.
WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
REG U S PAT OFF

25,000 Added Words
5,000 Illustrations
New Gazetteer of the World
New Biographical Dictionary

Readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can now secure this best known and unrivalled **Reference Library** in Dictionary Form on the following remarkably easy terms:

The entire work in full leather (with Atlas)

Delivered For $1.00

and easy payments thereafter of only a few cents a week, in the United States or Canada.

Furthermore

1,000 Complete Atlases of the World

will be given **Absolutely Free** to 1,000 readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who take advantage of this Special Offer.

The One Great Standard Authority

HON. DAVID J. BREWER, Associate Justice United States Supreme Court, says: "The International Dictionary is the perfection of dictionaries. I commend it to all as **the one great standard authority.**"

PRESIDENT ELIOT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY says: "The International is a wonderfully compact storehouse of accurate information."

ANDREW S. DRAPER, LL.D., Commissioner of Education of New York State, says: "Webster's International Dictionary is better adapted to quick and general use than any other Dictionary. It carries authority everywhere and **IS ENTITLED TO A PLACE IN EVERY GOOD HOME.**"

Have You a Good Home?

☛ To those who respond at once we will send a copy of "Dictionary Wrinkles," containing a humorous test in pronunciation, and also a "Red Fac-simile Booklet" of interesting questions, with references to their answers.

The ATLAS

is the 1909 "New Modern Atlas of the World," containing new colored maps, showing every country and civil division upon the face of the globe. It contains over 150 pages, size 10 x 13 in., including an Index-Gazetteer of all the principal places of the world, and is published by one of the best known map publishers in the world, at the price of $3 a copy.

Mail this coupon at once to

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
Springfield, Mass.

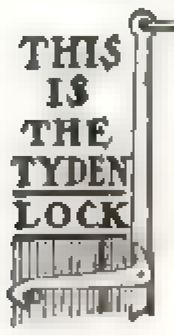
Home Office (Coupon)
G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
Springfield, Mass.

Please send me free of all obligation or expense a copy of "Dictionary Wrinkles," and also "Red Fac-simile Booklet," with special terms of your SATURDAY EVENING POST free Atlas offer on the enlarged edition of "Webster's International Dictionary."

Name.................................

Address.................................

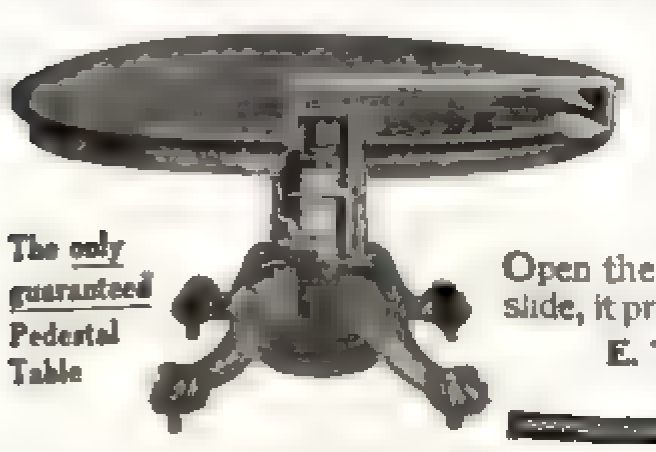
Let Me Send You 2 Booklets


THIS IS THE TYDEN LOCK

E. Tyden

Both Mailed Free One shows 50 of the very latest designs in pedestal dining tables at moderate prices (with suggestions for dining-room interiors); the other telling how to avoid mistakes in buying a dining table, how to add years of life to its beauty by insuring it against ruin caused by the pedestal spreading apart, and how to get a Tyden patent table lock free with your dining table, and why there is no other lock that will prevent the pedestal spreading and the top sagging—all of which you should know before buying a table. I have made a deep study of table locks and pedestal tables (interestingly told in booklet form) and know that

HASTINGS TABLES Fitted with a Tyden Lock are positively the best pedestal table values you can buy; in fact they are the only ones that are guaranteed never to spread apart at the bottom of the pedestal, and the only ones with Tyden locks.


The only guaranteed Pedestal Table

Made in oak and mahogany, from $20 to $100. One of our most popular tables extends to 72 inches and locks without opening the pedestal. Over 200,000 Hasting Tables now in use. Sold by furniture dealers everywhere.

Open the table—look for our mark on the top of the slide, it protects you. Send for these two booklets today.

E. Tyden, Mgr., HASTINGS TABLE CO.
Dept. S, HASTINGS, MICHIGAN

Cin Man Co FLY SCREENS

REWIRABLE—METAL FRAME

THE CINMANCO is the *newest and best* screen; strong, durable and ornamental. Will not rot, warp, shrink or swell. Works easy in wet or dry weather; easily taken apart and rewired. Made sliding or hinged and in any mesh, size or shape desired—basket, circle, segment top, bow or bull's-eye.

Cut below shows reinforced corners, and stationary bronze lift. Frame also is equipped with durable detachable spring for holding screen in place.

Cut to right shows frame construction and method of securing wire cloth, held by rounded corners, forming a perfect water shed. Open rivets are easily removed for rewiring. Cinmanco Bronze wire cloth (90% copper) is rustless in any climate.

We make to order window, door or porch screens for the home, office, club or public buildings. Write today for catalog and estimate on your work.

The Cincinnati Mfg. Co. (Ornamental Iron and Bronze), 1250 W. Sixth St., Cincinnati, O.

GOOD-as-NEW TYPEWRITERS at Sacrifice Prices

We're starting a most unusual clearance sale of slightly used typewriters as serviceable as new. **You Save Two-Thirds by Buying Now.** We've an overstock of typewriters sold to us by money pinched owners during the past year. Among them are several hundred excellent Smith Premiers, Remington and Fay-Sholes machines. We've rebuilt them and put them in perfect condition. Send for catalog and list of unprecedented bargains. **Machines shipped** for approval to any point in the U. S. also rented anywhere.

ROCKWELL-BARNES COMPANY, 908 Baldwin Bldg., Chicago.

WURLITZER
BAND
INSTRUMENTS

We Supply the U. S. Government

Prices Cut in Half

this season. Our large new 104 page Band instrument catalog Sent FREE. Write to day.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
172 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, or,
329 Wabash Ave., Chicago Ill

FINE HARDWOOD FLOORS

Most economical, healthful and satisfactory—for old or new houses, different patterns to match furnishings. Outwear carpets. Stocks carried in the leading cities.

Plain or Ornamental, Thick or Thin.

Write for Book of Designs.

THE INTERIOR HARDWOOD CO. Mfrs Indianapolis

DINGEE Roses

are the best. *Always on their own roots.* Plants mailed to any point in the United States. Safe arrival guaranteed. Over 50 years' experience. **Flower and Vegetable Seeds a specialty.** Write for

"Sixty Years Among the Roses"

for 1909—the leading rose catalogue of America. 116 pages. Mailed free. Describes over 600 varieties. Tells how to grow them and all other desirable flowers. Established 1850. 70 greenhouses.

The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 40, West Grove, Pa.

You Can Taste The difference

Between corn fritters, corn chowder, cream of corn soup made of ordinary corn and the same dishes made from

Burnham & Morrill Co.'s

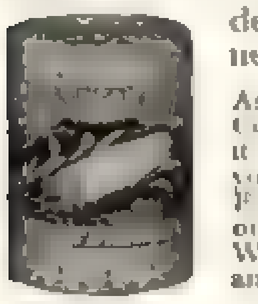
PARIS SUGAR CORN

Nowhere in the world is it possible to approach in richness and delicacy of flavor, the corn we grow on our Maine farms.

We watch the growth and cultivation of our corn with the utmost care, selecting the choicest seed, using only certain sections where soil and climate are peculiarly just right.

Our machinery is carefully sterilized and so delicately adjusted that absolutely no foreign matter gets into Paris Sugar Corn, nothing but corn and that of the sweetest.

This rigid attention to every detail of growth and packing enables us to bring our Paris Corn to your table so dainty and delicious it rivals the freshness of new gathered ears.



Ask your grocer today for Paris Sugar Corn. If he does not happen to have it he should be glad to get it for you. Our illustrated booklet "Five Foods Ready to Serve" tells about our other Maine products. We think this book will interest you and shall be pleased to send it free.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO., Portland, Maine

Examine FREE the

Indispensable New PARSONS

The foremost of money-savers in telling one what not to do.

The Famous Legal Standard **PARSONS'**

Laws of Business

The invaluable companion of every one *in* business, every one who *does* business, every one needing knowledge *about* business, every one who holds property or wishes to hold it; that is, all the world.

[illegible] in 900 pp. In Law Canvas Binding

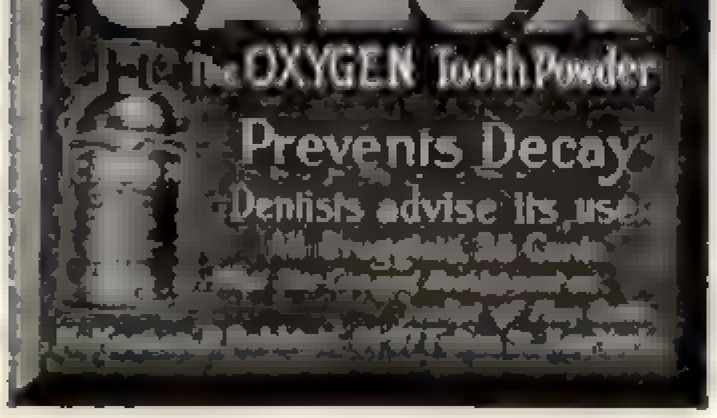
Over 220,000 Sold of former editions. *Whether or not you have one*, **You cannot afford not to own The New Greatly Enriched 1909 Edition.**

With up to date chapters on Employers' Liability; Powers and Liabilities of Stockholders, Officers and Directors of Corporations, Food and Drug Law, New Trade-Mark Law, Bailment, etc. Also a Full Glossary of Law Terms.

It treats also of rights and duties under Contracts, Sales, Notes, Agency, Agreement, Consideration, [illegible], Leases, Partnership, Executors, Interest, Insurance, [illegible], Bonds, Receipts, [illegible], Deeds, Mortgages, Liens, Assignments, Minors, Married Women, Arbitration, Guardians, Wills and much besides.

Up to Date. The book contains also abstracts of **All State Laws** relating to Collection of Debts, Interest, Usury, [illegible] nearly **300 Approved Forms** for Contracts of all kinds, Assignments, [illegible], Powers of Attorney, Wills, etc. [illegible] $3.50 [illegible] payment [illegible] not wanted [illegible] we will send stamps for return.

The S. S. Scranton Co., 276 to 281 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.



you did it to get their money, Rooker—and you, too, Burke!" said Hoppy without heat or passion, merely a little scornfully. "And then, gentlemen—what? Why, you took the money and went short on the market—at Bullheimer & Co.'s," he added, as if to convince them of the fact. "No, Rooker—and you, too, again, Burke—you'll pay it back at once."

Events flew thick and fast after that. "You will," explained Hoppy, "because this afternoon—just a few minutes ago, in fact—I sent out notices to all our customers that the stock subscription would be returned to them on demand."

"You did—what?" roared Sunset Burke; but Rooker, with a stifled gasp, sat back as if stunned. "You mean to tell me you had the nerve to——"

"Sit down, Mr. Burke," advised Hoppy. "Over the firm signature—I am still a partner, you know, and may sign it—over the firm signature I told them the mine was a fraud and that the money would be returned when they asked for it."

After another frantic, loose-limbed gesture of resentment Sunset appealed to his brother-partner. "Do you hear him? Look here, Hink, are you going to stand for a thing like that? Say something, can't you?"

But after an ineffectual effort to answer Rooker again subsided weakly.

"I've been following along in your tracks now for a good many months," went on Hoppy. "I wanted to get away from here—to quit a place where everything was crooked—only I couldn't do it. I had a responsibility. I had to protect the men out there—the dopes, you know—that you two were trying to swindle. You thought I was a boob—a Willie-boy. Well," he laughed, "perhaps I am—and now I'll tell what Willie-boy's going to do." He paused and gazed at them reflectively. "Gentlemen," said Hoppy, with the barest possible inflection on the word, "unless you turn over to me the entire Bullheimer account—that and whatever other money you wrongfully possess—my lawyers shall attach you the moment the courts open in the morning."

Rooker sighed at the words; he wet his lips as Mr. Peterman had done, and looked patiently at Sunset. "Yes, Sunset," said he, and his voice was weary, "he's got us, and we'll have to."

But to Burke a surrender like that seemed to be inconceivable. "What!" Throwing back his head he gave way to a burst of ironical laughter. "Hey, what! And turn over to him all our profits? Oh, I guess we won't do that. You go ahead, Willie-boy," he mocked, "and we'll just hammer it out in the courts."

"Very well, then." Hoppy walked to the door and laid his hand on the knob. "It'll be a fine tale—first the buckets of red paint and then the buckets of orders—the orders you've been bucketing for weeks. Mr. Burke," inquired Hoppy, "what will the Board of Governors do when they hear of that?"

And, while Sunset stood there gasping, his fat face ludicrously dismayed, Rooker struggled to his feet. "We got to, Sunset," he appealed; "it's the only way."

"But our profits! Do you mean we've got to hand them out to him?"

Rooker slouched back into his seat again, and Hoppy looked at him with something akin to pity. "There aren't any profits, Mr. Burke," said Hoppy, and still watched the senior partner. "After you've paid back the gold mine subscriptions and handed back my hundred thousand you'll be exactly where you started. I've watched the Bullheimer account for weeks, you know, and Rooker's been playing tricks with it lately."

The huddled figure shook itself together and looked up, sighing. "Yes—and I hope you won't be mad at me, Sunset. I hope you won't," said Rooker. "I got to pyramiding the account this week, and today's rise in Reading about shot us full of holes."

"Mr. Peterman," said Hoppy, "I'd like you to take dinner with me, and then go afterward to the show. I feel like the dickens, you know."

"Me?—you go with me?" choked the little man.

"Well," suggested Hoppy, "maybe Mrs. Peterman and the girls might come along with us, too. Then we can all talk over the new bond business. You're going to be office manager, don't you know."

(THE END)

Iron Clad

Just the Socks for Spring

Both have the high class silky appearance so desirable when Oxfords are worn yet are heavy enough to afford proper protection from the cool spring air.

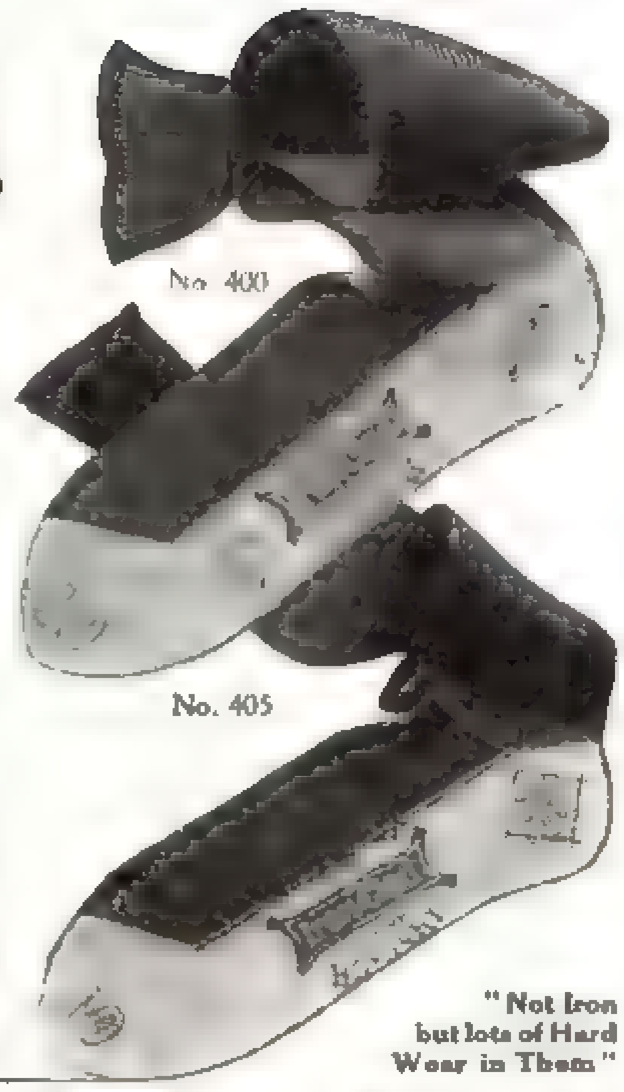
No. 400 is a beautiful black sock of all mercerized yarn. 2 ply leg, 3 ply natural white soles, 4 ply heels—specially durable.

No. 405 is a little finer and lighter in weight and has bleached yarn insoles but like No. 400 has that delightful silky finish.

If your dealer can't supply you, send us 25c for each pair wanted, stating size—such high quality at the price will surprise you. We mail prepaid.

Write today for free copy of our handsome catalogue; shows you, in natural colors, the unusual beauty and finish of Iron Clad Hose.

Cooper, Wells & Co., 212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Michigan



"Not Iron but lots of Hard Wear in Them"

McClure's DIE STAMPED Stationery

IS FIT FOR A KING

I make a specialty of fine Die Stamped Personal Stationery. My new system enables me to furnish this high grade Stationery for one-third the price others ask. Hundreds of customers express delight at the low price and high quality. **All I ask is a [illegible] trial order.** Send me 10c for a sample [illegible] of Letter Paper and Envelopes **Die Stamped with your Monogram or Initial.** I guarantee not only to please and surprise [illegible] that you [illegible] not duplicate the value elsewhere. If you don't care to order a sample lot, write me anyhow [illegible] let me send my samples. I also make business and professional stationery, visiting cards, etc.

FRED H. McCLURE, Box AA 462, Detroit, Mich.

Arizona Ruby FREE

To Introduce Our Genuine Imported

Mexican Diamonds

We will send you FREE a Genuine Arizona Ruby in the rough with Illustrated Catalogue of GENUINE MEXICAN DIAMONDS and other gems. Mexican Diamonds exactly resemble finest genuine blue-white diamonds, stand acid tests, are cut by experts, and yet we sell at 1-40th the cost. Only gem of its kind **guaranteed permanently brilliant. SPECIAL OFFER.** For 50c deposit as guarantee of good faith, we send on approval, registered, either ½ or 1 carat Mexican Diamond at special price. Money back if desired. Agents wanted. Catalogue FREE.

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept B 4, LAS CRUCES, N. M.

VICK'S MAGAZINE
ANNOUNCES ITS ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF
FREE FLOWERS AND SEEDS

Don't miss this grand opportunity to secure a choice collection of [illegible] flower seeds **free with VICK'S MAGAZINE,** the famous household journal, founded in 1878 by James Vick, the pioneer seedsman of America. This year we offer a better variety and a higher quality of plants and seeds than ever before. VICK'S MAGAZINE has always led the way in encouraging the universal propagation of flowers, and in making our 1909 offers, we have determined to break all records. We have ready for distribution nearly half a [illegible] exceptionally choice rose, carnation and chrysanthemum plants, and a large quantity of the best and most popular flower seeds.

Read this entire announcement carefully, select the offer that suits you best and send in your order at once. [illegible] afford to overlook these wonderful offers. They cannot be duplicated later. This distribution is made to extend the [illegible] and influence of VICK'S MAGAZINE. It is better than ever, under the able editorial management of James Cowen Hartnell. Our floral department is conducted by Eben E. Rexford, that Prince of Flora Writers, whose name and fame extend wherever the English language is spoken. VICK'S MAGAZINE tells you every month of the year just what to do to have the greatest success with flowers, either out of doors or in the house. In addition to the many absorbing stories and helpful articles by some of the most eminent writers of the land, VICK'S MAGAZINE contains departments devoted to Dressmaking, Fancy Work, Cooking, Care of Children, Health, Recreation, House Building, Poultry, Garden, etc. One of our most interesting departments, "Clever Ways of Doing Things," is conducted by our subscribers.

VICK'S MAGAZINE is unquestionably the brightest and best publication in its class. If you once have [illegible] therefore, to induce you to join our happy reading [illegible] we will give you any of the following [illegible] you may select. Remember, we are offering you absolutely the best. If you [illegible] as represented you may cancel your subscription [illegible] your money. You take no risk. Your subscription [illegible] and the seeds and plants will be sent [illegible] prepaid as soon as possible without danger of freezing. You will see from the following that our selections for this season could not be excelled. Those who get their orders in early will get the best selections.

6 Rose Bushes Free. Our selection of roses this year has been made with the greatest care. We give 6 choice [illegible] with each subscription. **Bridesmaid, Yellow Maman Cochet,** [illegible] very large [illegible] **The Bride,** largest white [illegible] **Freiherr Von Marschall,** [illegible] **Bessie Brown** [illegible] Tea, [illegible] **Philadelphia Rambler,** [illegible] larger, Jasper red. All these roses will bloom this year.

10 Large Packets of Flower Seeds. Sweet Peas, Asters, Nasturtiums, Pansies, Verbenas, Cosmos, Zinnias, Poppy, Salvia and Alyssum.

Six Carnations Free. Carnations are [illegible] popularity. With each subscription we give 6 fine plants—**Boston Market. G. H. Crane** regarded the [illegible] scarlet carnation. **Mrs. Frances Joost,** soft shade of pink, A-1 in every respect. **Enchantress,** the grandest of recent introduction, shell pink. **Harlowarden,** large crimson [illegible] **Prosperity,** largest offered, white overlaid with pink.

6 Chrysanthemums Free. The Chrysanthemum is the finest of Fall bloomers. With each subscription we give six sturdy plants: **Black Hawk,** [illegible] **Col. D. Appleton,** [illegible] **Dr. Enguehard,** [illegible] pink. **Glory of the Pacific,** extra early pink. **Monrovia,** yellow. **Timothy Eaton,** purest white.

Remember, the above are all of the Vick quality. Do not confuse these splendid plants and guaranteed seeds with the inferior or worthless kinds sometimes offered. Your order, if sent now, will bring you the [illegible] seeds possible to obtain. The idea of making an annual free distribution of flowers and seeds [illegible] with Vick's Magazine. We have [illegible] flowers and seeds [illegible] **Offer No. 1.** [illegible] **Offer No. 2.** [illegible] Vick's Magazine for **two years** [illegible] **Offer No. 3.** [illegible] Vick's Magazine for **four years** and the six roses [illegible] and the ten packets of seeds. Send in your order **now** before you forget it. [illegible] at our risk.

Vick's Magazine Co.
378 Vick Blk., Chicago

Vick's Magazine Company
378 Vick Blk.,
Chicago, Ill.

I enclose $ [illegible] for Vick's Magazine as per offer No. [illegible]
Send me this premium
Name
Town
St. or R. F. D.
State

STOCK MANIPULATION

(Continued from Page 9)

reference to mitigating as far as possible the evils of stock gambling, but in reference particularly to those evils for which manipulation is held responsible.

The third device is that known as tips. On the theory that manipulation is advertising tips have a readily recognizable value. Washing and matching give a semblance of activity, imply a ready market, and thus, apart from the appeal to human greed, the stock's trading desirability is advertised by means of the ticker; the tip is given by the little machine. Tips are otherwise given by word of mouth or by letter. Being advice to buy or sell, its regulation is a serious problem. Not all tipsters are manipulators nor do all manipulators give out tips. The newspapers constantly publish tips knowingly or unconsciously, and many kinds and fashions of tips exist. Tips vary as human advices vary; they may be good or worse than bad, intelligent or asinine, truthful or the reverse, honest or criminal, according to the motive and the brains of the tipster.

The Mania for Tips

It might truthfully be said that tips are usually given from purely philanthropic motives. The donor desires to help the man he most loves; if he loves himself more than his friends he helps himself. Again, all that is desired is to make the market go the way the manipulator desires it should go. The manipulator, when intelligent, is truthful. That man makes money easily who also helps others to make money. A liar who is also a hog does not always prosper, notwithstanding certain eminent specimens that occur at once to our minds. The manipulator who has followers has market allies. The manipulator, let us say, is conducting a campaign in A. O. T. stock. The price is 65. He will run it up to 85 in order to unload at an average price of 75. He has accumulated his line as cheaply and as unostentatiously as possible. He then begins his bull manipulation. Then he speaks—gives tips—to friends. The stock is cheap, for this or that reason; and the price is going up, for that or the other reason. If the friends take the tip and buy the stock they discover that they have friends, to whom they pass the tip. From the tipster to his friend, thence to the friend's friend. These purchases reduce the amount of manipulative buying the manipulator has to do to produce the desired advance. It saves capital. Once a man holds A. O. T. stock he becomes a bull on it, though he may not personally know the manipulator or the manipulator's plans. When a man thinks he is on the inside of a stock deal he has a delightful feeling of security and comfort, to say nothing of that fatal sense of superiority over the unenlightened mob.

Thousands of stories could be told to show how tips are taken or given. They are interesting only as proving how warping is the effect of greed or the gambling instinct on the human mind. People always want tips. In Wall Street they are preferred to news or statistics. During ten years' work in the financial district for a daily newspaper the question that was the oftenest asked me was: "*What do you hear?*" Not what I thought or what I knew, but what I heard—in short, irresponsible gossip. If it was sufficiently detailed it was more than enough to buy or sell stocks on. The old-timers tell of a speculator who asked a banker friend of his:

"How do you feel?"

"Pretty well, thanks," smilingly replied the banker.

"Hang your health!" shouted the trader. "How do you feel on the market?" For the banker, being the associate of high financiers, ought to have had a tip or two about him.

Nor do people wait for tips to come to them. They go out and look for them. The head of a prominent brokerage firm once told me that, years ago, when he was only a moderately successful broker, he got an inside tip. There was at that time much uncertainty as to whether or not a certain company would pass the dividend on its common stock at the next meeting of the directors. It happened that he knew the president of the company pretty

R-S
—the motorcycle that "gets there"

That's the real enjoyment of motorcycling—to own a dependable machine that will carry you anywhere under any conditions

The "R-S" bores through head winds, and levels-out mountain roads. Speed, 5 to 50 miles an hour. Easy-riding. Strong. Safe. Low center of gravity—the rider's feet touch the ground from the saddle. Belt or chain drive. Single and twin cylinders; 3½ to 7 h. p.

Many individual features. The famous "R-S" mechanical intake valve that insures positive action and increased power. New "R-S" carbureter. New pneumatic spring fork. "R-S" compensating sprocket. Improved "R-S" muffler. 26-inch wheels, 2½ inch tires

Write for free illustrated catalog describing the 14 "R-S" models for 1909

We want Live Selling Agents everywhere in localities where we are not represented. Liberal profits and a permanent business. Write us.

READING STANDARD COMPANY

Largest exclusive manufacturers of Motorcycles and Bicycles in the United States

River Street, Reading, Pa.

The first and only Motorcycle to [illegible] Pike's Peak

HANDIHOOK

The only tool the Handihook needs is your thumb.

No hammering—no screwing—no fuss. Just press it in and it's ready for work. The pin back construction is so clever that you can hang 10 pounds on a Handihook and it stays there. Won't leave any marks either. The Handihook can be used for hanging pictures, signs, calendars, [illegible] wraps, skirts, reference books, [illegible] etc. Brass 25c [illegible] metal nickel and antique copper 15c doz.

Send 10c and dealer's name for sample set.

August Goertz & Co.
[illegible]
Newark, N. J.

Actual size. Neat and ornamental.
The [illegible]

THROW AWAY PICK, SPADE

Quit the old, back-breaking, hand-blistering way of digging—use the new, up-to-date, low-priced Iwan Digger. It goes through gravel, clay, sand or gumbo [illegible] wet or dry. Pulls out and unloads quick and easy. Anyone can

Dig a Hole in a Jiffy With

Iwans' Patent Post Hole Auger

Write Now For Our FREE BOOK

Learn about this great tool

It pays for itself in one job. A simple pipe extension permits going down to 40 feet. Deep enough for wells. [illegible] Augers are [illegible] Remain sharp for years [illegible] Write now for our free book [illegible] Easy Digging [illegible] how easy it is to dig [illegible] We [illegible] are one of these [illegible] priced implements. Write to

Iwan Bros. Dept. 105 **South Bend, Ind.**

Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets From the Mill We Pay Freight

That you can save money buying rugs, carpets, blankets, curtains [illegible] direct from the mill [illegible] the well known REGAL RUGS, [illegible] patterns, for the [illegible] (\$3.75 [illegible] ART RUG at \$2.00 is the greatest rug value known. Just think! [illegible] Lace Curtains [illegible] 45c and up. Send for our illustrated catalog [illegible] You'll be surprised at the amount of money you can save

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
2450-2462 Jasper Street, Phila.

The Howard Watch

Rhythm and regularity of stroke is one of the great points of good oarsmanship. With long training a boat's crew attains it in imperfect degree.

In the balance-wheel of a fine watch this rhythm and regularity of beat is called *isochronism*—a difficult word for a difficult thing.

The HOWARD Watch is closely and permanently adjusted to *isochronism*.

A scientific test will show that in practical everyday use the balance-wheel of a HOWARD pulsates with more perfect rhythm and regularity than that of any other watch in the world.

Every HOWARD Watch is cased at the factory and timed and adjusted in its own case by the HOWARD watch-makers.

The price of each watch—from 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at \$35.00, to the 23-jewel in a 14-k solid gold case at \$150.00,—is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD Jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Drop us a postal card, Dept. N, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

QUICK-DETACHABLE
LOOK FOR THE
G J
MARK

Order Your Auto Equipped With

G&J TIRES

G & J automobile tires not only give the most mileage, which means less tire expense to the user, but their reliability increases confidence and insures safety, which adds much to the pleasure of motoring.

Sold by all automobile dealers and will be supplied on new cars without extra charge when you specify them. Write us for catalog and prices.

G & J Tire Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Detroit—Chicago—New York—San Francisco—Denver—Buffalo—Philadelphia—Los Angeles—Minneapolis—Omaha—Atlanta—St. Louis—Boston—Portland, Ore.—Cleveland—Pittsburg—Kansas City

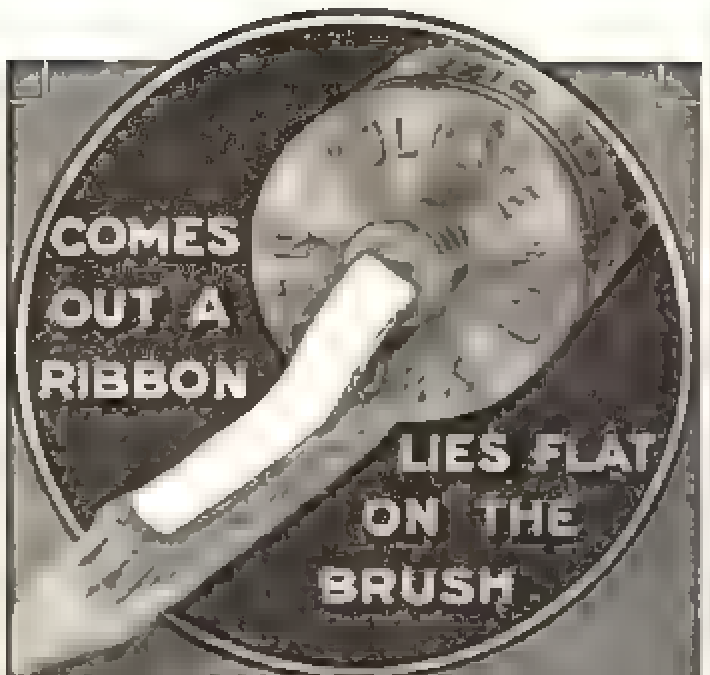
We also manufacture the highest grade bicycle and motorcycle tires.

JUST OUT Low priced 3-lb Mop: turn crank to wring; hands keep clean. Women all buy. 150% profit to Agents. Cost 40c dozen [illegible], retail at \$1 each, exclusive territory given. Send for free catalog.

U. S. MOP CO., 535 MAIN STREET, LEIPSIC, O.

YOUNG MEN Wanted to learn Telegraphy. Graduates assisted. School 36 years old. Has railroad wire from Chicago for business practice. Can earn board if desired. Illustrated booklet free. Write today.

Valentine's School of Telegraphy, Janesville, Wis.



COLGATE'S
RIBBON
DENTAL CREAM

DELICIOUS
and Antiseptic
The dentifrice which combines efficiency with a delightful after-taste.
It gives a pearly lustre to the teeth and a perfect polish to gold-work.

Trial ribbon tube sent for 4c in stamps

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. F, 55 John Street
New York

HEALTH
MERRY-GO-ROUND

MAKES HAPPY, HEALTHY CHILDREN

who prefer to stay at home and enjoy themselves rather than play on the streets. Operated by children themselves, the movement not unlike that of rowing, brings every muscle into play. Most healthful form of outdoor exercise, keeps lungs inflated, develops sturdy bodies, strong arms, straight backs, broad shoulders. Makes children studious. You owe the children this delightful pleasure—you can save it in doctor bills. Inexpensive, simple, absolutely safe, no cogs or complicated gears to catch and tear clothing. **Not a toy,** but a **real Merry-Go-Round.** Will last for years. Full particulars and handsomely illustrated booklet free.

HEALTH MERRY-GO-ROUND CO., Dept. N, QUINCY, ILL.

See that
Foot-Eazer

Tired, Aching Feet, Weak Ankles, Flat Foot, Rheumatism, are instantly relieved by wearing **SCHOLL'S "FOOT-EAZERS."** Supports the Arch in an easy, natural manner. Equalizes the weight of the body, removes all muscular strain and makes walking or standing a genuine pleasure. Rests the feet, body and nerves. Gives the foot a well arched, even tread—preserves shape of shoe. Made of finest German Silver springs, with leather top—light, springy, easy to wear and requires no larger shoe.

SOLD ON APPROVAL

All good shoe dealers sell **Scholl's "Foot Eazers"**—$2.00 per pair. Or direct by mail, prepaid upon receipt of price. Order a pair today, giving size of shoe. Use 10 days and if not entirely satisfactory money will be refunded.

VALUABLE BOOKLET MAILED FREE
THE SCHOLL MFG CO., 290 U Bldg., Chicago

WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?

Our graduates are filling **High Salaried Positions.** Good artists

EARN $25 TO $100 PER WEEK

and upwards, in easy fascinating work. Our courses of **Personal Home Instruction** by correspondence are **complete, practical.** Eleven years' successful teaching. Expert instructors. **We help graduates to positions.** Write for **Handsome Art Book, Free.**

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART (Founded 1898)
N 46 Gallery Fine Arts, Battle Creek, Mich.

25c
A WEEK
100
CANDLE
POWER

Makes and burns its own gas and produces a pure white, steady, safe, 100 candle power light. No wick, smoke, dirt, grease or odor.

THE BEST LIGHT

Lighted instantly. Over 200 styles. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th Street, Canton, O.

ALADDIN 5 Room HOUSE $126

[illegible] houses, [illegible] and garages. We save you half. Price [illegible] complete house. All lumber cut to fit. Plaster board, millwork, roofing, hardware, paint, included [illegible] No extras. Send stamps for catalog [illegible] American Construction Co., Bay City, Mich.

well socially. Of course, it was not nice to ask certain questions. The broker desired information translatable into a tip, and the president would not or could not with propriety give it. By good luck the broker met the president in the street and they went to lunch together. During the course of the luncheon the broker quite casually remarked:

"I hear you are going to pass the dividend on the common?"

"I haven't heard it," replied the president with an incredulous smile. It was a heaven-sent opportunity.

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars," said the astute broker, with a careful I-dare-you smile, "that the dividend is passed."

"I'll take you!" promptly said the president.

The broker concealed his exultation and promptly put up his hundred. He had obtained his tip: he had straight information from the inside. It was a cinch that the dividend would be declared. The Street, always glad to believe the worst of men and things, was betting that there would be no dividend. The stock was quite weak; the short interest was increasing from hour to hour. A day of reckoning would come when "he who had sold what wasn't his'n must buy it back or go to pris'n." The broker chuckled; for had not the president of the company bet that the dividend would not be passed? The Street, therefore, was wrong. The broker chuckled again and wisely bought five hundred shares. Well, four days later the directors met and the dividend was passed. The broker won $100 on his bet and lost $2500 on his tip. And, curiously enough, the president really didn't think the dividend would be passed! Possibly the majority of the directors were short of their own stock.

Puzzle: Find the chump.

Wall Street Becoming Better

At times, tips are good—the times you weren't around, gentle reader. Of course, often they are deliberate lies, though, at that, not so often as Wall Street's self-styled victims imagine. In all stock deals false tips are given out, but not always and not necessarily by the insiders. Probably no stock in the past ten years has made so many people lose money through inside tips as Amalgamated Copper. Indeed, even the enemies of Mr. Henry H. Rogers are tempted to believe that the disastrous tips were not always given with deliberate intent to deceive. Many of the tips' victims have been people who, by reason of their standing in the community or their personal relations with the inside clique, cannot have been intentionally misled. It is the cheapest kind of cynicism to say that the "hog finance," as Mr. Dooley calls it, spares neither friend nor foe. But Mr. Rogers cannot be suspected of the crime of stupidity. There were probably other reasons for the fatalities among the Amalgamated Copper tip-takers.

While manipulation may be necessary to conduct certain financial operations, not of themselves bad or illegitimate, it is probably true that manipulation itself, even when regarded merely as advertising, is bad and should be done away with, together with other things in other places. The trouble is that stock manipulation invariably plays the tunes that human greed loves to listen to. The artist money-maker plays and the greed-stricken multitude dances hilariously—for a time. Wall Street is, to say the least, more respectable today than it used to be, even if it continues to part the fool from his money with neatness and dispatch. Instances of outrageous stock jobbery are not so common, and it is not alone because methods are more intelligent. Fraud is fraud. Stock swindles are not often perpetrated on the Stock Exchange. If you don't believe it, ask for corroborative instances, and see if they are commoner in Wall Street than elsewhere. Study the losses of bona-fide investors and compare them with the losses of the blind gamblers.

Take the entire list of securities traded in on the New York Stock Exchange, investigate their market career, their course and their manipulation, and you will find that such a history as that of American Tobacco stock is not typical. It is a disreputable story, but it is characteristic not of the Street but of the groups of individuals that worked in it. In the old days the Street would be flooded with tips to buy. The price would duly go up. The insiders

COPYRIGHT 1909 BY ED. V. PRICE & CO.

Who's Your Tailor?

Individually cut from an individual pattern, and artistically tailored according to the requirements of your own form, any suit we make to your order will fit well, look neat, and keep its shape.

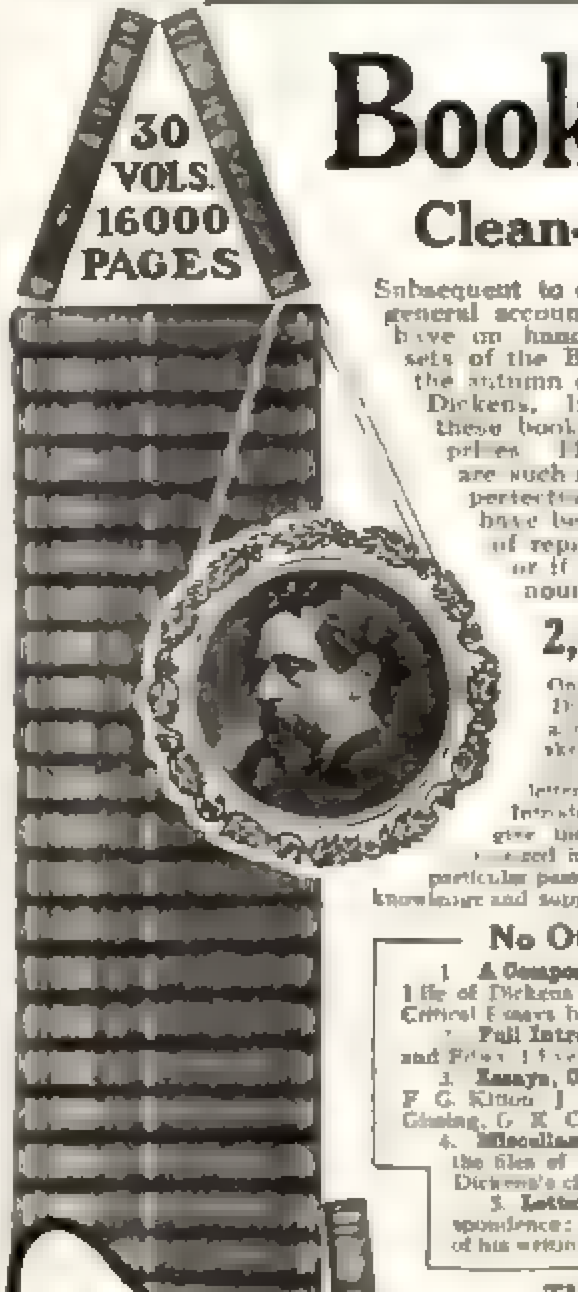
When you can have clothes made expressly for you, within a price range of $25 to $40—up to the moment in style, and from a choice of the world's handsomest fabrics, there's no reason to look further for clothes satisfaction.

Ed. V. Price & Co.

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

Price Building Chicago

Have our local representative show you our assortment of beautiful Woolens, and take your measure. If you don't know him, ask us.



Booklovers Dickens

Clean-up Sale. Big Cut in Prices

Subsequent to our holiday and midwinter campaigns, we have been taking a general account of stock and planning new business. We find that we have on hand, among other things, a limited number of slightly rubbed sets of the BOOKLOVERS DICKENS first placed before the public in the autumn of 1908 and the latest attempt to realize the ideal edition of Dickens. In order to make way for new stock, we propose to close out these books, while they last, at a sweeping reduction from the regular prices. The gloss is gone a little from some of them, a few of the details are such as to forbid us to ship them as A1 in every respect. But the imperfections are more than offset by the slaughtering of rates. If you have been thinking of adding these master works to your library—or of replacing your incomplete and unsatisfactory set by a new one—or if you hadn't thought of the matter at all until you saw this announcement—*this is a great chance for you.*

2,000 New Pages of Text — New Illustrations

One volume of the BOOKLOVERS is devoted to a unique composite life of Dickens, in which the author's remarkable personality is for the first time adequately portrayed. Another contains 500 pages of miscellaneous tales, sketches, etc., revealing Dickens's characteristics in new and interesting ways, [illegible] *ordinary editions.* Still another includes the best of Dickens's letters, speeches, and plays and all of his poetry. [illegible] Introductions place the reader fully in touch with each novel. Critical Comments give the best that eminent writers have said regarding each, and each is summarized in a concise Argument. Notes explain contemporary allusions and illuminate particular passages. In addition to all this, Suggestions for Study enable the reader to test his knowledge and supply material for study circles. (*New in design, content, and arrangement.*)

No Other Edition Has These Combined Features

1. **A Composite Life of Dickens.** One volume of the Booklovers is devoted to a composite life of Dickens by F. T. Marzials, Mamie Dickens, John Forster and A. W. Ward; with Critical Essays by Swinburne, Taine, J. L. Hughes, and others.
2. **Full Introductions** by Andrew Lang, Charles Dickens the Younger, H. W. Mabie, and [illegible]
3. **Essays, Critical Comments, Arguments, and Notes,** selected from the writings of F. G. Kitton, J. T. Fields, F. R. Stockton, W. Teignmouth Shore, Walter Jerrold, George Gissing, G. K. Chesterton, and many others.
4. **Miscellaneous Papers,** consisting of short stories, sketches, and articles, largely from the files of "Household Words" and "All the Year Round." One entire volume of Dickens's characteristic work is thus preserved.
5. **Letters, Speeches, Plays, and Poems** — The best of Dickens's remarkable correspondence; the most typical of his eloquent public utterances, three of his plays, and all of his writings in verse.

THE THIRTY VOLUMES FOR $1.00. NO DEPOSIT

If you will fill out and promptly return the coupon in the corner, an entire 30-volume set of the BOOKLOVERS DICKENS will be sent, all charges paid, for your examination. **No money need accompany the coupon.** If, after a leisurely, careful inspection and comparison of the books, you are not satisfied, you may return them at our expense. If you are convinced of their value, you may retain them by sending us $1.00 only. The balance may be paid at the rate of $2.00 per month.

BUT YOU WILL HAVE TO ACT NOW

The BOOKLOVERS is the first adequate edition of Dickens prepared for general distribution to American readers. Best, because it gives hundreds of pages of the author's characteristic work not found in the ordinary editions; because it possesses remarkable special features not in any other edition whatever. The subscription price is $66.00.

You can get a set now for $22.50 in the art-cloth binding and for $29.50 in the luxurious half leather. You have the privilege of paying for it a little at a time. Write at once. Shrewd bargain-hunters should appreciate the opportunity.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
44-60 East Twenty-third Street, New York

S. E. P.
4-3

The
University
Society
New York

Please forward prepaid, for examination, a [illegible] damaged set of the Booklovers Dickens in [illegible]. If the books are satisfactory, I agree to pay you $1.00 within [illegible] days after receipt and $2.00 each month thereafter until the full amount, $22.50, has been paid. If not, I shall notify you and hold them subject to your order.

________________ Name

________________ Full Address

MAIL THIS COUPON

The finest-and-cleanest cutting saws in the world are

SIMONDS SAWS

The steel so perfectly tempered that the blade bends almost double, without breaking, and springs back true. And so tough that the saw seldom needs setting or sharpening.

It is Simonds Steel, made by special process in our own mill and used exclusively in Simonds Saws.

This trade-mark etched on the blade of every genuine Simonds Saw is a guarantee of utmost quality and service.

At most dealers — if yours can't supply, let us know.

Send for our book "Simonds Guide" — free

Simonds Mfg. Co., Fitchburg, Mass.

Chicago, New Orleans, Montreal, Portland, New York, St. John, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver

How to Write Letters That Win

A 172-page book that tells vividly, clearly, *specifically*, how to write every type of a winning business letter. How to use words that mold men's minds, change their opinions, open their pocket books—and bring back actual orders by mail—how to express your everyday ideas whether in writing or speech in that crisp, clear-cut magnetic English that commands attention and inspires respect.

How To Do Business By Letter
SALES
PROFIT

Takes the actual, everyday correspondence you receive and shows you specifically how to answer it. Reproduces the actual letters, circulars, and follow-ups, that have sold goods, collected accounts, increased trade and prestige.

No long winded "grammar talks" — but 172 pages of hints and ideas you can use in dictating tomorrow morning's correspondence. If slips of speech are habitual with you. If your letters are dry, formal and poorly worded. If they lack the snap, — the tone of words that win, get a copy of this book at once and tighten your grasp on the English language. The book is well printed on book laid paper, size 5x7⅞ inches, substantially bound in vellum with attractive die-stamped cover.

FREE The way to get a copy of this book absolutely free, is through SYSTEM, which stands pre-eminent the magazine of business. 260 to 356 pages in every issue of SYSTEM and you cannot afford to miss a single page.

Simply send $2 in any convenient form. The book will go forward immediately, all transportation charges fully prepaid; and your name will be placed on SYSTEM'S subscription list for a full year — twelve complete issues.

SYSTEM, Dept. 38, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

KING MANTELS

are artistic in appearance, honest in construction, distinctive in style and sold at reasonable prices.

A 50c Book for Postage

Write for our Challenge Catalog "De Luxe," (pages 11 x 14) with supplement "Colonial Beauties."

It costs us 50c to deliver, but we send it to interested persons only, who state number of mantels needed, and send 12 cents to pay expense of mailing.

FREE "Evidence," a book of 72 pages showing 45 styles of KING MANTELS, with letters from satisfied buyers. Some in your vicinity.

Write today.

King Mantel Company,
547-549 W. Jackson Avenue,
Knoxville, Tenn.

"I MADE $12 PER DAY Selling This 7-Piece Kitchen Set"

From sworn statement of H. S. CUNNINGHAM.

AGENTS

are coining money—selling from 30 to 500 sets per week. Send your address today and let us PROVE IT. Experience unnecessary. We show you how to make $3 to $10 a day. OUTFIT FREE to workers.

THOMAS MFG. CO.
426 Home Bldg.
Dayton, Ohio

would unload. If the price remained high because the stories of wonderful profit by the trust were true, and had been too well told, the inside clique would smash the price in order to buy back cheap the stocks they had sold on the advance. If they couldn't effect the recession by the usual manipulation they hesitated at nothing. One time they passed the dividend just to make the price of the stock break. They repurchased their lines and jacked up the quotation. But they did not dare pay a cash dividend so soon after passing it. They, therefore, declared a scrip dividend. Such operations disgusted even the wildest gamblers in the Street and the stock fell into disrepute. The constant subordination of the company's business operations to the insiders' market operations helped to discredit all industrial shares. Banks would not lend on securities which, though they might have good earnings behind them, were, first of all, speculative footballs, kicked hither and thither by unscrupulous stock operators on the boards of directors. It is not true that today the controlling financiers join companies merely to profit in the stock market by their inside position.

How the Lambs Lose Their Wool

In other words, successful stock manipulation is not the sole aim of the Harrimans and the Morgans, and, for that reason, it is not manipulation alone that makes people lose money in Wall Street. The abuse of the inside position is one of the things that should not be, and laws aimed to prevent such abuses do not have to concern themselves with the machinery of the Exchanges. Knowledge is power; in this case it is power to make money, for it is knowledge that makes certain people rich in Wall Street as elsewhere.

Enough has been written to show the reason for stock manipulation and the devices employed. It is easy to see that reforms should be made, and that the public has reason for complaint. But it is also true that it is not chiefly because of manipulation that Wall Street is a good place for the lamb to keep away from.

Why do people lose money in Wall Street? For the same reason that they lose money outside of Wall Street. Ethical considerations are neither more nor less regarded in Wall Street than elsewhere; but the public that goes to Wall Street goes thither with different intentions and from different motives than actuate the people who go to the bakeries and the department stores and the shoe shops. If people wish to be buncoed they don't have to go to Wall Street. There are crooks there; also uptown and out-of-town. And when you analyze the stories of the victims of the stock market you find this: People lose money in Wall Street chiefly from these things: insufficient capital and ignorance.

Bradstreet's report of commercial failures in the United States in 1908 shows that 34.2 per cent resulted from lack of capital, and 21.6 per cent from incompetence. The rest were because of disaster, fraud, inexperience, neglect, unwise credits, failures of others, competition, extravagance and speculation. Only one per cent resulted from speculation! Of course, more than one per cent of our merchants must have speculated, but were successful probably because intelligent. Competition, notwithstanding this era of trusts and combinations, bankrupted only eighteen out of a thousand! The failures resulting from disaster—circumstances beyond the control of the business man—were only about 20 per cent. We thus find that 80 per cent of the bankrupts failed because they did not know how to run their own business; and the principal item was lack of capital.

It is the same in Wall Street. Insufficient capital is but another phrase for what in Wall Street they call over-trading, or shoestring margins. And what makes men overtrade? Greed. How are you going to force men—merchants and speculators—to become conservative and cautious as well as intelligent? Every man aspires to financial independence, to being his own master, to being the master of others, to going into business for himself. Does the study of Bradstreet's pathetic report of the causes of business failure, deter him from going on because so many others have fallen? The investigating commission is confronted by a problem as old as civilization! And even if losses by gamblers should be prevented, how about speculation?

The Modern Power FOR Home Cleaning and Repolishing

LIQUID VENEER

Sold on Approval

GET a 50 cent bottle of Liquid Veneer from any dealer and dust or wipe off your Piano, Furniture and Woodwork with it according to the simple directions, going over at least one entire room. If it does not make that room look brand new, and remove all Dust, Dirt, "Grime" or "Cloudiness," Stains and Mars, and do it infinitely better than anything else you have ever used — if you are not delighted and satisfied, then take the bottle right back to the dealer who is authorized to cheerfully refund your money, making no charge for what you have used in the trial.

Liquid Veneer is entirely unlike Varnish. It is a thin, non-coloring liquid for cleaning and repolishing. It is applied with a cloth much the same as though you were dusting. It leaves no coating — there is no drying to wait for. It instantly renews all surfaces it touches.

FOR HOUSECLEANING there is nothing equal to Liquid Veneer. Try it! It will be a revelation to you.

Sold All Over Town in 25c and 50c Bottles

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO. BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

San Francisco, Cal., London, Eng., Cologne, Ger., Bridgeburg, Can.

SEND FOR MY BOOK

STRONG ARMS!

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

10 cents in stamps or coin.

Send for my booklet containing 20 illustrated exercises for developing and beautifying SHOULDERS, ARMS and HANDS. Without apparatus. Regular price 25c.

Prof. ANTHONY BARKER
School of Physical Culture
16 Barker Building, 110 W. 42d St., New York

MY BOOK FREE

MEMORY THE BASIS OF ALL KNOWLEDGE

Stop Forgetting

The Key to Success

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, increases income; gives ready memory for faces, names, business, studies, conversation; develops will, public speaking.

"HOW TO REMEMBER" Write to-day

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 953 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

Are You a Mason? Get your charms and all emblems at factory prices. Anything in Masonic jewelry, from a button to a solid gold K. T. or 32 Degree charm. Write for illustrated catalog. RALPH S. COLE, Attleboro, Mass.

25% to 75% Saved On Any Make Of Typewriter

Factory Rebuilt, Unexcelled in Construction, Finish and Durability. Particulars on request.

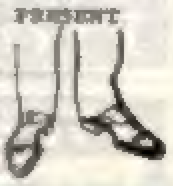
American Writing Machine Company
345 Broadway, New York
BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR ATTORNEY FEE RETURNED

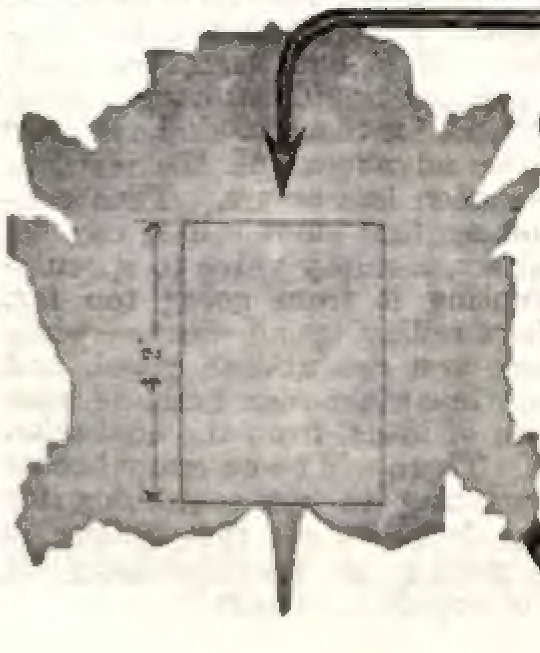
Send sketch for free search of Patent Office records. Our four guide books sent free. How to Obtain a Patent, Fortunes in Patents, Patents That Pay and What to Invent (containing list of inventions wanted) and prizes for inventions. Patents advertised free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C. (Formerly Evans, Wilkens & Co.)

Lame People

The Perfection Extension Shoe for persons with one short limb. Worn with ready made Shoes. Write for booklet. HENRY S. LOTZ
313 Third Ave., New York



PATENTS Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Est. 47 years. Box C, Washington, D. C. Best references. Careful work. Terms moderate. Booklet Free. Write us.



The portion inside the black lines on this picture shows you just what part of the hide we use in making our

SEA LION and RELIANCE Guaranteed Leather Belting

Center stock — cut from choicest, selected hides, oak bark tanned in the old-fashioned way. Not a single process is hurried in the making. Everything is done well and done right. Long practice has given our workmen such deft hands, quick eyes and all 'round skill that each is master of his special task.

That is why leather belting that bears the **Reliance or Sea Lion Waterproof Brand** means greatest economy — longest wear — highest efficiency — thorough reliability. We also make Imperial, Sterling and Dynamo brands that are equally as good values for specific purposes.

Under what conditions do you have to run your belts?

Write and describe them and we will advise you what is best to buy and send an interesting book on leather belting.

CHICAGO BELTING CO., 14 S. Green St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Branches:— New Orleans, Philadelphia, Portland, Ore.

BAILEY'S
RUBBER BATH AND FLESH
BRUSH
GIVES
PERFECT CIRCULATION
OF
THE BLOOD
PRICE $1.00
AND
PURIFIES
THE SKIN.
C. J.
BAILEY & CO.
BOSTON,
MASS.

LONGEVITY is promoted by friction; declining energy and decay follow decreasing circulation.

Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush

by its healthy, urgent action opens the pores and assists them in throwing off the waste which the blood sends to the surface. It quickens the circulation and renewed vigor courses through the body.

The brush used dry will give a delightful "Massage" treatment.

Sent on receipt of price.

Size 3x5 in.

Bailey's Rubber Shampoo Brush

Mailed 75c

Size 7x7

It thoroughly cleanses the scalp and hair of all impurities, leaving both in a clean and healthy condition, simply by using with pure soap and water.

FOR BATHING

It cleanses the skin of soil and oily waste, improves the circulation, builds up the muscles. Always sanitary.

Rubber Complexion Brush	$ .50
Rubber Massage Roller	.50
Bath and Shampoo Brush	.75
Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush	1.00
Rubber Toilet Brush (small)	.25
Skin Food (large jar)	.50

Agents Wanted. Catalog Free of Everything in Rubber Goods

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., Boston

Well-Finished Floors

give an air of elegance and refinement to a home. It is an easy matter to have nice floors if you use Patton's Sole-Proof Floor Coatings. They withstand wear to a remarkable degree, and they may be used with equally satisfactory results on all sorts of interior woodwork and furniture.

The Sole-Proof Graining Outfit, even in inexperienced hands, makes possible the most charming natural wood effects on furniture, floors, linoleum, oilcloth, etc.

Sole-Proof Floor Coatings are sold in ten colors by reputable retailers whose business existence depends upon the quality of their wares.

Free Sample — Write for beautiful color card and booklet and if you enclose 10c in stamps to cover packing and postage, we will send free sample can — enough to finish a chair.

PATTON PAINT CO. 4
931 Lake Street Milwaukee, Wis.

PATTON'S
SOLE-PROOF
FLOOR COATINGS

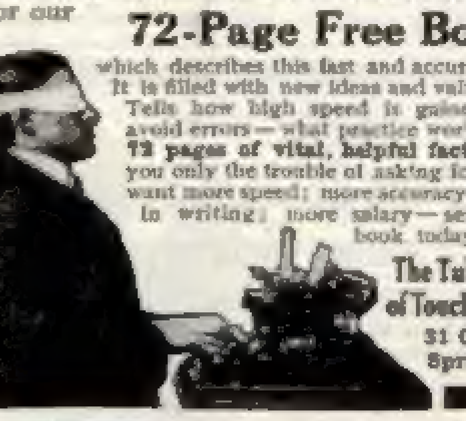
TYPEWRITER USERS:

Study the **TULLOSS TOUCH SYSTEM.** Gain speed — accuracy — ease of writing. Spare time study. No interference with regular work. Will bring the **speed and the salary of the expert.** Tulloss writers are fastest and best-paid. Send for our

72-Page Free Book

which describes this fast and accurate method. It is filled with new ideas and valuable helps. Tells how high speed is gained — how to avoid errors — what practice work is best; — **72 pages of vital, helpful facts.** It costs you only the trouble of asking for it. If you want more speed; more accuracy; more ease in writing; more salary — send for this book today.

The Tulloss School of Touch Typewriting
31 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio



AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler, and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 25c. for 50c. size, postpaid.

DR. LYONS, 182 Day St., Pekin, Ill.

A man who arrives at the thinking period of his life is justified in employing his surplus money in such a manner as to produce more than the 3½ or 4 per cent which the savings-banks pay or gilt-edge bonds yield. No fault is found with the man who buys unimproved real estate. And a man who buys a house with a mortgage on it is not called a gambler, provided his equity—his margin—be not too slim. It isn't buying stocks on margin that plays the mischief; but buying on a shoestring or inadequate margin. There is much to be said for and against speculation. But gambling is another thing. The law against games of chance is proper, though it is for the protection of the fool rather than for the suppression of the wicked. Stock speculation is not a game of chance as roulette is.

Where Reforms Will Reform

Ignorance! How to enlighten the man who would play the game of Wall Street? At first blush the solution would seem to be in constantly dwelling on the necessity of common-sense, on the asininity of risking money on ventures of which a man knows nothing. But exposures and denunciation of Wall Street methods are no new thing. I have a collection of books and pamphlets about Wall Street going back more than seventy years—facts and fiction, scientific and narrative; and in most of them great stress is laid on the difficulty of beating the game. No exposures today expose anything that hasn't been exposed before.

And always, in the stories of man's inhumanity to man in the Street, where the siren song of the ticker is heard by the very souls of men, we find that nearly all the "victims" hoped or expected or were led to expect that they would get something for nothing, money without work. For one deceived investor who has lost a dollar in Wall Street there are ten thousand gamblers who have lost hundreds. With frauds, misrepresentations of value, the obtaining of money under false pretenses—that is to say, with those crimes for which punishment is already to be found on the statute-books—these articles have no concern. To the extent that stock manipulation is the means whereby the stock operator advertises his wares, it must be intelligently studied. To the extent that it is misrepresentation, designed to make people buy or sell above or below value, manipulation is wrong and should be checked, even if it is not practical to eliminate it altogether. It is in the machinery of gambling that reforms must be made, and not in the machinery of speculation.

It is easy to look at only one side of a question! You hear a great deal about the iniquities of short selling. It is one of the things that proves that gambling exists, that speculation is nothing but gambling. And yet it happens to be the chief curb on crazy booming that we know. The public being what it is, short selling safeguards its pocketbook as no other device does. This is the way it works: In a boom we have the mental contagion that really makes all fads and crazes merely waves of national hysteria. Left to themselves fads—as, for instance, a stock boom—would go to such crazy extremes as to make the inevitable reaction positively calamitous to thousands. A man sells a stock short because he thinks it too high. Short selling thus checks undue rises.

Obvious abuses are often made possible by unrestricted short selling. A man does not have to be a philanthropist or an editorial writer to perceive this. But ponder carefully on this historical fact: John Law's Mississippi Scheme was one of the most disastrous stock speculations in all history. Short selling had not been invented then. If it had been, the final, inevitable collapse would not have worked the havoc it did, for there would have been limits to the advances and the reaction would have been less severe. Thus considered, you see that short selling can be, and is in effect, a safety valve to speculation, preventing it from going too far. Abolish short selling by all means—when you are sure you can abolish greed, and at the same time make men immune from the infection of ideas, from the contagion of example. There will be no crazy booms then, no wanting to get something for nothing, no desire to get rich quick, no profitable mining in the inexhaustible Golconda of cupidity. Great!

TRADE MARK FACE
Ever-Ready
ONE
Ever-Ready
BLADE
Photo of $1 Outfit, Opened

Nearly 2,000,000 men use and enthuse over the **Ever-Ready** 12 Bladed Dollar Safety Razor.

It is practically impossible to duplicate the shaving advantages of the **Ever-Ready** in high-priced outfits.

Go to your dealer to-day — buy your **Ever-Ready,** and if you don't agree that it's indispensable; that it will give you the best shave of your life, we will refund your dollar and take back the razor. That's fair, isn't it?

It's up to the **Ever-Ready** Safety Razor to make good, but it's up to you to give it a trial.

'Ever-Ready'
Safety Razor
With 12 *Blades* $1

See those blades, note the wrapping. The **Ever-Ready** is the best protected, keenest edge, smoothest shaving blade money can produce or money can buy.

There are 12 **Ever-Ready** blades in each Outfit of **Ever-Ready** Safety Razors, together with **Ever-Ready** frame, handle and stropper, at $1.00.

Extra Ever-Ready Blades 10 for 50c

You can exchange 10 used blades for 10 brand new ones for 35c.

Go to any local **hardware store, druggist, cutler, department store,** or **general store** and ask for the **Ever-Ready,** with 12 blades. Refuse imitations and send direct to us enclosing $1.00 and we will send the outfit to your home prepaid.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., 320 Broadway, New York
International Distributing Co., Montreal, Canada

Extra Ever-Ready Blades 10 for 50¢

Here's A Smoke You'll Enjoy Better

than any other. It's cool, delicious—without a bite or a regret. Absolutely pure, natural flavor. A trial will convince you.

Spilman Mixture
SMOKING TOBACCO

Special Offer *If your dealer will not supply you,* send his name and 50 cts. for 40c can of Spilman Mixture, and a 25c tobacco pouch prepaid. Money back if not satisfied.

1½ oz., 40c; 3½ oz., 75c; ½ lb., $1.60; 1 lb., $3.30 prepaid

Interesting booklet "*How to Smoke a Pipe,*" free.

E. HOFFMAN COMPANY, Mfrs., 181 Madison St., Chicago

The Greatest Texas Opportunities

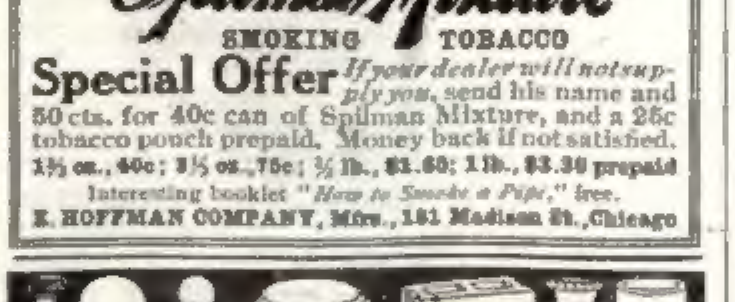
South Houston offers exceptional inducements to manufacturers, and unusual opportunities to the home-seeker, the health-seeker and the investor.

This thriving little community is within 20 minutes ride of the heart of Houston — the Chicago of the South. Its recent and wonderful growth promises, for the immediate future, a rapid increase in both wealth and population.

Situated in the fruit and orange growing section of Texas, the location of South Houston is ideal. The climate is delightful; frost rarely occurs, and overcoats are seldom needed.

Write to-day for full information of the best opportunities in the wonderful State of Texas. Address

The Western Land Corporation, Houston, Texas



MONEY MAKING CONCRETE

The great durability and handsome appearance of concrete products is now recognized world wide. **Big Money Making plants** being established everywhere. **It will pay you to investigate** our proposition for a factory in your locality. We furnish machines, molds and everything needed. ☞ **Write for particulars.**

THE PETTYJOHN CO., 666 N. Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

AGENTS!—A GREAT OFFER

We give a $1.50 Damascus Steel Razor free with every one of our wonderful, self-honing walrus-hide "Carbonite" Razor Strops at $1.00. You can sell a dozen strops a day if you are a hustler, and make a handsome profit. They sell at sight. We send you a free outfit, and allot you exclusive territory.

Write *today* for the agency in your town.

E B Home Mfg. Co., Philadelphia

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a 1909 Model "**Ranger**" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight,* and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and you *will not be out one cent.*

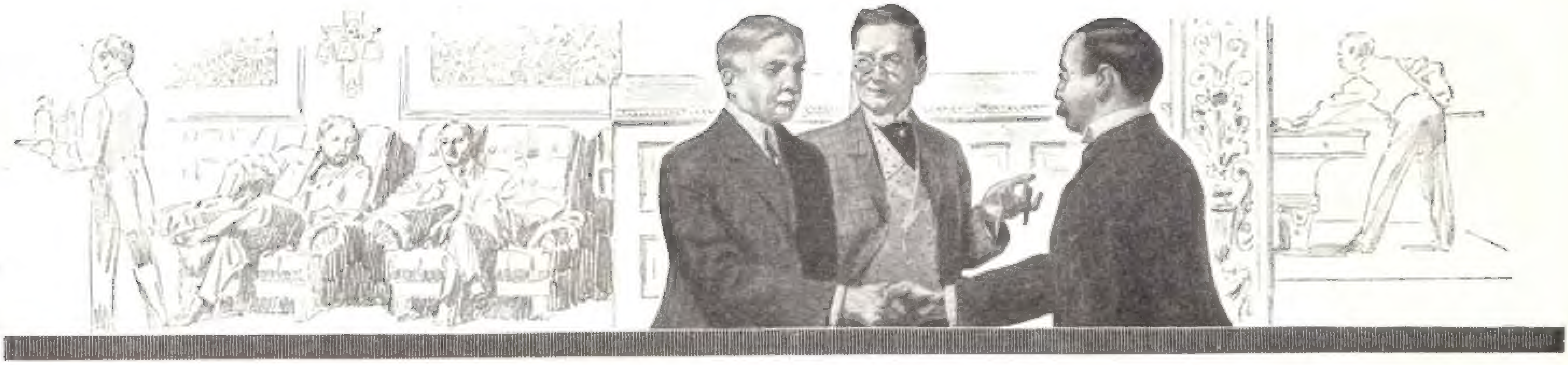
FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers* to **rider agents.**

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderfully low prices* we can make for 1909. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from **$3 to $8 or $10.** Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the usual retail prices.* **DO NOT WAIT,** but write today and we will send you **free** by return mail our **large catalogue,** beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information; also a *wonderful proposition* on the first sample bicycle going to your town. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. R 55 CHICAGO, ILL.



Clothes for Discriminating Men—

A Process Which Makes Style and Fit Permanent

The tendency to shrink—which exists in all woolen materials—is today the vital weakness in men's clothes as ordinarily made. They may fit ever so well, be ever so stylish in appearance *when bought*, but with the first rain storm or damp day this style and fit is gone forever.

Such garments may really be only a few days or weeks old, yet they look as though they had been worn for months.

You know this—every man who takes pride in his appearance knows it. It is the truth. We use a process which eliminates this trouble entirely. Be careful to insist on

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments

and you will have the assurance that all of the style, distinctiveness and elegance which you note as you view yourself in the clothier's glass, is *there to stay*, for our "Pre-Shrinking" Process makes style and fit permanent.

"Pre-Shrinking" means that every bit of the shrink tendency has been taken out of the goods before the cloth was ever touched with the shears, that there is no shrink tendency left to cause trouble after making.

Which means that Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" garments will not wrinkle, pucker, warp, bag nor pull up after you get them—

That coat lapels will not turn up at the corners, that pockets will not droop and sag, that coat fronts will not wrinkle and pucker, that trousers will not bag at the knees, that coat sleeves will not pull up or trousers become "high-waters."

In Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" garments the money paid for style and fit buys something tangible, definite and lasting. This is true of no other garments you can buy.

Other makers steam, soak or sponge their goods in an attempt to accomplish the same result. Such methods may remove part of the shrink tendency—but they cannot remove it all. The goods will still shrink from three to six yards to the roll—sufficient to warp a suit all out of shape in the first shower. Such garments are a poor investment, to put it mildly.

Kaufman Garments Are Supreme in Style

Aside from the vital, all-important "Pre-Shrinking" feature found exclusively in Kaufman garments, they are always equal and usually superior in all other respects to any garments you can buy.

They are supreme in style—designed by one of the most skillful designers of men's clothing in the United States. No other garments can surpass them.

They are well-made in our own commodious, sanitary, well-lighted work rooms, under our own supervision, by workmen of proved skill and ability. In workmanship and the finer points of tailoring they stand pre-eminent. Compare Kaufman garments with any others you may have in mind, no matter what priced garments they may be.

They fit perfectly—no matter what your build—being cleverly designed to emphasize and bring out your good points and subtly conceal those slight defects of form or figure which we all possess.

And when considering these points of excellence, remember that they are fixed—made lasting and permanent by the Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Process, which we alone use.

Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Money Back

Because of this "Pre-Shrinking" Process, which keeps Kaufman garments shapely and pleasing for months instead of days, we are able to guarantee satisfaction on every garment we produce.

Every Kaufman dealer has our authority to make this guarantee in our name:

"*If any garment, bearing the Kaufman label, is not satisfactory, it may be returned and money refunded.*"

We do not know of another clothing manufacturer who would make such a strong, binding guarantee. For it goes without saying that a garment which becomes ill-fitting and out of shape after the first shower can *never be really satisfactory.*

We frankly admit that we ourselves would not care to make such a guarantee were it not for our "Pre-Shrinking" Process, which alone makes it possible.

* * * *

Your dealer will gladly show you Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments in any of the popular fabrics for Spring and Summer at $12.00 to $30.00 the suit.

Our handsome STYLE BOOK will post you on the correct styles for Spring and Summer. Ask your dealer for it—or send to us direct, if you prefer. It's FREE. You should have it before deciding.

Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago, Ill.

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURNS
TRADE MARK
Gold
MEDAL
FLOUR
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Every Maid!
Every Housewife!
Every Girl!

TAKE NOTICE!

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
will never fail to help you make the most of your art in baking.

The wheat we use consists only of firm, plump grains, carefully washed, scoured, ground: then sifted thru fine silk mesh, then purified, again sifted and again purified, over and over, many times. Neither the wheat nor the flour is touched by human hands until you mix the dough in your own kitchen. We have a perfectly adjusted, purely mechanical process which is our own and superior in every way. **WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.**

COPYRIGHT [illegible] WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. MINNEAPOLIS - [illegible]

Address all correspondence to Washburn-Crosby Co., Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.